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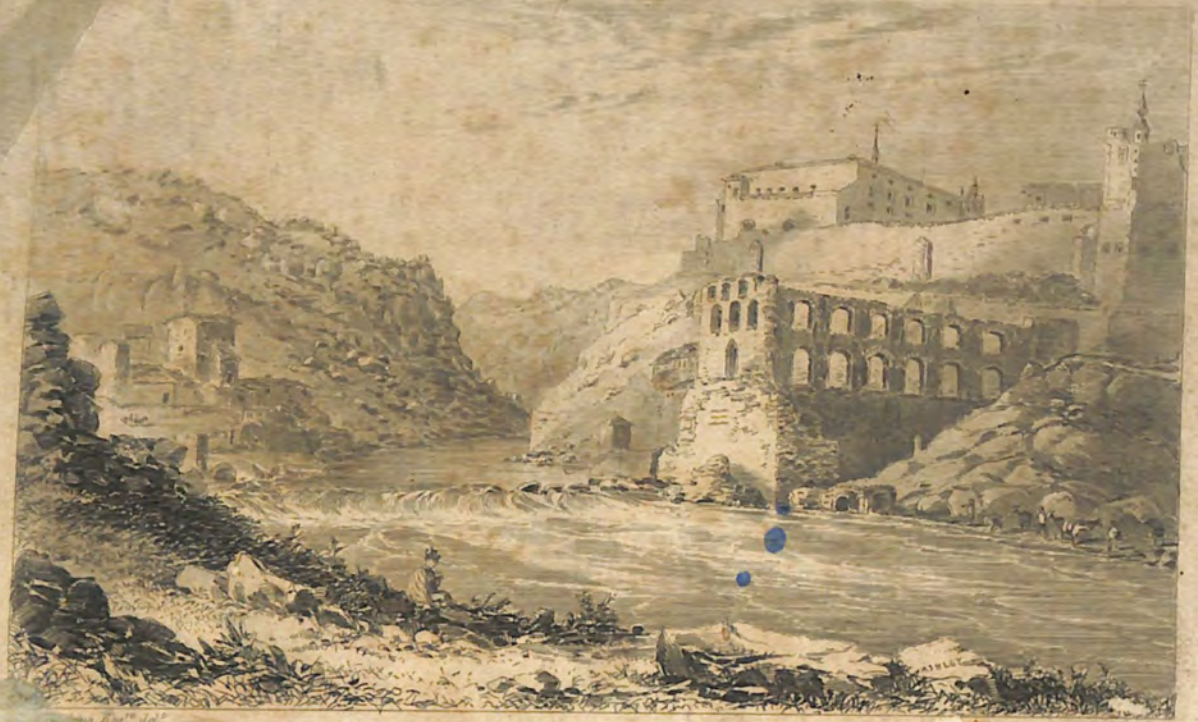

# SPAIN, AS IT IS.

BY

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AUTHOR OF

"TRAVELS IN ETHIOPIA, AND VISIT TO THE GREAT OASIS,"

ETC. ETC.

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# SPAIN

# AS IT IS.

## CHAPTER I.

CHURCHES—SAN JULIAN—SAN LUIS—SANTA PAULA—UNIVERSITY—SAN CRISTOBAL—SAN PABLO—SAN ANTONIO—SAN VICENTE—SAN LORENZO—SAN CLEMENTE—OMNIUM SANCTORUM—SAN MARTIN—SAN ANDRÉS—SAN JUAN DE LA PALMA—SAN PEDRO—SAN BERNARDO—SANTA MARIA DEL BLANCO—SAN ALBERTO—LA CARIDAD—THE FINEST MURILLOS IN SEVILLE.

THERE are a great many churches in Seville worth visiting for their architecture, and especially for the valuable paintings they contain; but those who are not interested in this subject, may pass on to the end of the chapter. Travellers should give their *valet-de-place* a list of those churches and sights they wish to see, as they know best when they are open.

In the Church of San Julian we saw a San Cris-

tobal, colossal as usual, by Juan Sanchez de Castro, painted in 1484, and therefore one of the oldest works of art in Spain. Unfortunately it has been restored, and is now again in a bad state, but the drawing is very good. In his belt are small representation of pilgrims, and a figure is looking up in amazement at the giant. They have also a Holy Family, by the same painter, which enjoys a high reputation for curing the sick, but unluckily it is now in the chamber of an invalid, and we could not see it. As the guide remarked, it might cause her death to remove it (Cosas de España). There is a little Conception, pretty, and somewhat in Murillo's style.

The *façade* of the Jesuit's church, San Luis, now a workhouse, is a rich specimen of the platercsque. The tower of the Church of St. Mark is Moorish, and ornamented with arches.

The Church of Santa Paula has on the portal leading to it a beautiful azulejos dado, representing a lady, four cypresses, and arms, pavements, &c., and the arch of the portal is pretty. The portico of the church is still more beautifully decorated with azulejos, Raphaelesques, and figures and angels. Two St. Johns, by Cano, were put by in a storeroom, the church being under repair.

The University was also erected by the Jesuits, after designs by Herrera. The court, with its marble columns is pretty, but the church is not

remarkable for its architecture. In a simple Corinthian retablo are three fine paintings, by Roelas, who was the painter of the Jesuits as Murillo was of the Franciscans and Zurbaran of the Carthusians. One is a Holy Family, in which there is a fine figure of a Jesuit in the foreground. The Madonna is very beautiful, and St. Joseph unusually so; the drawing of this painting is excellent, and the colouring extremely rich. This painting and the two others, the Nativity and the Adoration, are the finest paintings in Seville of this great painter, and deserve to be particularly studied. Above is a Holy Family, painted by Pacheco.

In this church are two colossal statues of St. Peter and St. Paul, said to be by Montanes; also a fine Crucifixion, by the same artist, and a small painting of an infant, by Roelas. The tombs of the Duke of Medina Celis' family, removed from the Carthusian, are very fine. The columns, are covered with plateresque decorations. The figure kneeling before the open book, and the angel opposite, forming together what may be intended for the Annunciation, are very beautiful.

In the Church of San Salvador the San Cristobal, by Montañes, is fine. The legs are extremely good, but the light is so bad, the rest of the figure is imperfectly seen. This church was built on the site of a mosque, but the small court, planted with

oranges, and the fountain where the Moslems performed their ablutions, is all that remains of the ancient building.

San Pablo is large, with a gorgeous retablo; but the church is not in good taste, and is scarcely worth visiting. The large fresco in the transept, representing I think the apotheosis of some church dignitary, is by Lucas Valdes, who was born at Seville in 1661. The saints at each end of the painting are graceful, but the colouring is not good, and apparently injured. There are four large figures (frescoes) of the Evangelists, on the columns of the nave, which are finely drawn and well coloured. In the sacristy there are three subjects, painted on the roof by Arteaga, one of a family of engravers, who flourished at Seville in the seventeenth century. Our Saviour appearing to St. Paul, surrounded by a host of soldiers, is not bad; but the best is a group of angels, carrying up the saint to heaven.

In the Church of San Antonio Aben there is a Christ, by Montañes, the head and hands of which alone are visible, and are very fine, though the silver ornaments with which it is loaded, destroy the effect. In another part of the church they showed us the large tortoise-shell cross, belonging to this figure, when it is carried during the processions of the Holy Week.

In the Church of San Vicente there is a tolerable

Deposition from the Cross, by Morales, and some indifferent, large paintings, by Francisco de Varela, who was born at Seville, towards the end of the sixteenth century, and was a pupil of Roelas; but, to judge from these paintings, not one of his best.

San Lorenzo is a curious old church, and the Conception, by Pacheco, is beautifully coloured and well drawn, and certainly the cleverest painting I have seen by this master. The retablo is good, and ornamented with excellent and richly-coloured sculpture, by Montañes, representing the life of the saint. Il Nuestro Señor de Gran Poder, by the same artist, is an uncommonly fine statue, and full of expression.

The Church of San Clemente has a beautiful roof of alerce wood, with charming open-work, the great attraction of Moorish rooms. The retablo of the high altar is by Montañes, in the plateresque style; but the effect is rich, and some of the decorations, especially on the columns, are very elegant. There are numerous niches, filled with statues, crowned with a Christ and the Creator above; and all seemed to be by Montañes, and good. There is also, in a side chapel, a St. John the Baptist pointing to the Lamb on a rock, very excellent, by Pedro Delgado; and there are also two indifferent paintings of St. Ferdinand, by Pacheco.

The Church of Omnium Sanctorum has a Moorish tower, having formerly been a mosque, and in

the church there is a little Moorish arch, with very pretty azulejos.

The Church of San Martin consists of one aisle, and its retablo contains some old paintings, by Herrera el Viejo, in his earliest style, and not at all good. The Chapel of Juan Sanchez Gallego, built in 1500 and repaired in 1614, is covered with beautiful azulejos, and over the altar is ornamented with a Descent from the Cross, which, from the inscription, is a Roman painting. The colouring of the flesh is good. In a chapel at the end of the church there is a large and fine painting, by Valdes, of Our Saviour bearing His Cross.

In the Church of San Andrés there is a Conception, but not by Montañes, being very inferior to that master's works; and some little pictures, by Villegas (born here in 1520), of which the one of the Creator is certainly the best. It is well drawn, and the colouring is good. There is a face of the Virgin de la Valle, said to be by Montañes, and it may be, for it is well executed, but the hands are stiff.

In San Juan de la Palma there is a Crucifixion, by Campaña, which is rather hard but the Virgin and the Magdalen at the foot of the Cross are beautifully drawn, and the colouring and the expression admirable. A San Juan, carved in wood, by Castillo, is full of expression and very good, the hands also are well painted. The Christ at the column, mentioned in the Handbook, does not exist there now.

This church was once a mosque, and on the left of the entrance there is an Arabic inscription, stating that "this great temple was rebuilt in 1080, by Axataf."

The Church of San Pedro has a tower, which is rather Moorish, and the windows lighting the staircase are curious. The roof of the church is open carved work, and very beautiful. There are some paintings, said to be by Campaña, but spoilt by repainting. The Angel delivering St. Peter, by Roelas, is very fine; the colouring and drawing admirable, particularly the angel.

The Church of San Bernardo has a pretty dome and tower, and contains a fine Last Judgment, by Herrera el Viejo. Some of the figures are very excellent, particularly the angel in the centre with the sword, and the figure in red in the right corner of the picture. On the other side of the painting are some half-naked figures, finely drawn. I could not get sufficient curtains drawn to see this picture as it deserves. The statue of San Bernardo, by Montañes, is cleverly executed; and there is also a tolerable painting of the Last Supper, by Varela, the drawing and colouring of which are better than the expression, yet still it is a good painting.

The Church of Santa Maria del Blanco, which was formerly a synagogue, contains a Last Supper, by Murillo. The Christ is fine, and the light on the cloth good; but the painting is much

injured and dirty, and could never have been a first-rate work of the master. There is also a Dead Christ, and a St. John and a St. Francis on each side; all three pictures by Vargas. The Magdalene kissing the Saviour's feet is very beautiful, but this painting is also in a wretched state.

The Church of San Alberto is not worth visiting, as the Cano, spoken of by the handbook, does not exist now. I observed a St. Michael, which seemed to be by Pacheco; but it was the time of High Mass, and I could not examine the church well without disturbing the congregation.

La Caridad, outside the walls, is a refuge for bedridden old men, and was rebuilt and almost founded by Signor Miguel Manara, a friend of Murillo's. It now contains eighty invalids, but as they must be bedridden, they are seldom allowed to leave their beds, even if partially restored health enables them. The building itself is worthy of admiration, independent of the treasures of art it contains. The court is beautiful, and ornamented with marble columns. Looking through a window, I saw the old people lying in their beds chatting cheerfully. The room seemed well ventilated and comfortable, and scrupulously clean, as is usual in Spain. Entering the church we first observed the Descent from the Cross, by Peter Roldan, carved in wood; the background is admirable and perspective excellent, but the silver ornaments on the Dead Christ, and other figures in

the foreground, spoil the effect. Pedro Roldan was born at Seville in 1624, and was a scholar of Montañes, and so fond of his art, that it is said that when business obliged him to leave his studio to go to Seville, he used to carry a lump of clay in his hand, and model as he jogged along the road on his ass.

We then observed a horrid, disgusting painting of a dead prelate, by Valdes Leal, which Murillo said he could not look at without holding his nose; and opposite to it the Triumph of Time, by the same painter, who was born at Cordova in 1630, and was a pupil of Castillos. As Sir F. Head observes, this observation was probably made by Murillo to soothe the irritation of an artist who was dangerously jealous of every painter of talent. In the Triumph of Time, the skeleton, instruments, globe, and book are finely coloured. Under the roof is a painting representing the Triumph of the Cross, also by Valdes, but not particularly good.

The first of the Murillos we saw was San Juan de Dios; St. John of God carrying a poor man to the hospital. The head of the poor cripple is not seen, but the attitude is fine. The principal light is admirably thrown on the head of St. John, and on an angel with exquisite drapery behind, to whom the Saint is turning to see who is assisting him in his labour of love. This painting is full of expression, extremely natural, and the colouring admirable. The background is very dark, but the light is bad.

The Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes is a splendid painting: the five thousand are grouped in the distance, and a wild landscape beyond, such as may often be seen amongst the sierras of Spain, with a fine sky and beautiful play of light. In the foreground, on one side, the principal figures of a group of ten, are Peter speaking to a boy with a basket of fishes, whom Murillo only could have painted so inimitably, and another Apostle giving our Saviour the loaves. Christ is seated, calm and dignified, not very beautiful in feature, but natural and unpretending, the meekest of men, when performing one of His greatest miracles. Other Apostles are watching our Saviour, and two grand figures are looking at the multitude. The group on the other side of the picture consists of a matron and her child, and an old woman with a remarkably fine head. They are gazing at our Saviour with feminine curiosity, to see what He is doing. The basket in the foreground, which contained the bread, is well painted. Beneath this painting is a little St. John and the Lamb, by the same artist.

The finest Murillo here, and perhaps in the world, is the Moses Striking the Rock. The figure of Moses with his hands folded, and white beard, looking up to heaven, is majestic beyond description; and his yellow tunic and crimson mantle are admirably painted. The rock from which the water flows is dark, and in the gloom of this sole portion of the picture

figures are scarcely seen enjoying the source. To the right of Moses is a crowd of excellent figures; the woman, with a can in her hand, looking up, is very beautiful; and the little boy on the grey horse charming; nothing can be more natural than the expression of his joy at the sight of the water rushing from the rock; and the little girl handing him a pitcherful is very fine. There is also, on that side, an exquisite group of a lovely woman drinking, while a child she is carrying holds out its little hands to beg a drink; the dog at her feet is also thirsty, and looks up wistfully for its share. On the left of Moses is a group of seven or eight figures eager to quench their thirst; amongst them a beautiful woman giving some water to her eager boys; one admirable figure is on his knees, putting out his can for some; and a head of a camel is visible, waiting patiently its turn. This painting may well be called "La Sed" (the Thirst.) It reminded me most forcibly of the arrival of a caravan, after traversing a desert, at a river or a source, and the eagerness men and beasts exhibit to relieve their sufferings. The colouring is only tolerably good for Murillo, but the composition is truly magnificent.

The two colossal paintings of the Miracle of the Loaves, and Moses striking the Rock, have the advantage of being seen in the situation for which Murillo painted them. Soult carried off five others which were here: Santa Isabel, now at Madrid; the

Angels and Abraham and the Prodigal Son he sold to the Duke of Sutherland; the Healing of the Cripple to Mr. Tomline; and the Angel and St. Peter the Marshal still retains, and thirteen other Murillos, as his son informed me in Paris; but the gallery was in disorder, and they could not be seen.

We went up stairs, and saw a full-length portrait of the founder, M. Manara, by Valdes. He is seated at a table, pointing to a cross and it is quite like a Titian in expression and colouring. In one corner is a little boy with a book in his hand, a finger to his lip and a smile on his face; the crumpled letter on the ground is also admirable. Beneath this excellent painting is his thin sword and a table covered with the crucifix and other things copied in the painting; the cloth did exist, but is now worn out. They show roses in pots in the little garden only a few years old, which they say are descended from trees planted by M. Manara himself, and it seems to have been a work of love to preserve this remembrance of a good man, the founder of this valuable institution, and the patron and friend of Spain's best painter.

## CHAPTER II.

THE MUSEUM—THE WALLS—THE BARBICAN—THE HOSPITAL DE LA SANGRE—THE LONJA—THE AYUNTAMIENTO—MURILLO'S HOUSE—THE INQUISITION—TOBACCO MANUFACTORY—PRIVATE HOUSES—PROMENADES.

THE museum of Seville is, they say, the best in Spain after Madrid, yet it was in a sad state, and as usual without a catalogue. We entered into a court encumbered with fragments of statues, and then went into a beautiful patio decorated with marble columns, azulejos, and in the centre a fountain. The first room we saw in the museum contains some fine carvings (of alerce wood) from the choir of the Carthusian Convent. Over each stall is a figure of a saint, above which are medallions with angels, &c., all good, and many of them admirable. The ornaments are also beautifully carved; and the chair of the Prior is very handsome.

A description of the interesting painted sculp-

ture, and principal paintings will be found in Appendix C.

The walls of Seville are very picturesque, with their towers and battlements, reminding us sometimes of the Romans, and sometimes of St. Ferdinand and his gallant host. We saw the Carthusian Convent from the opposite side of the river; and from there its towers are pretty, though mixed with furnaces, for it is now a pottery, and all is blackened, and there is little to see of the riches it once contained. In the distance we saw Italica and the Convent of St. Jerome. We followed the fortifications to the Hospital de la Sangre; the walls and towers increasing in height and in picturesque appearance, and we often passed considerable remains of the barbican. The Hospital de la Sangre is simple and elegant, and is said to be by Herrera. The *façade* is six hundred feet long, and appears rather low for its length. The windows of the ground floor are small, and between each are Doric pilasters. Those on the first floor are very neat, and are divided by Ionic half columns. A marble doorway, ornamented with Doric and Ionic columns, leads into a patio, in the centre of which is a church, with an elegant *façade*. The beautiful portico leading into this church, is decorated with Doric and Ionic capitals in a very pure style. The excellent marble sculptures over the door, representing Charity in the centre, and Hope and Faith on

each side, are by Pedro Marchuca, who was a painter, sculptor, and architect, and studied in Italy, and afterwards resided chiefly in Granada, where he worked for Charles V. at the Alhambra. The interior of the church is not good. The retablo of the great altar contains some tolerable paintings by Alonso Varquez, who died about 1650. The St. Joseph and Child perhaps the best. There are several paintings of female saints by Zurbaran, remarkable for their beautiful drapery; the St. Dorothy I admired the most. The Hospital is for all kinds of diseases, and often contains three hundred patients, though at present only two hundred and sixty, who are nursed by sisters of charity, with white head-dresses, like the Beguin nuns in Belgium. The patio, full of oranges and roses, is pretty, and all the rooms seemed neat and comfortable. The most interesting portion of the walls of the city is between the Hospital de la Sangre and the Capuchin Convent, as in that part, the barbican is more perfect, and the views of the towers often picturesque. The foundations of the walls are very massive, and apparently of very great antiquity. The Capuchin Convent is a large straggling building, now occupied by poor tenants, but it is interesting, as the place whence many of the fine Murillos in the museum came from. Before entering the Puerta de Cordova, we passed the Chapel of San Hermenigildo, where the saint was killed and Herrera was confined. Looking along

the fortifications from this point, the barbican may be traced for some distance, but not apparently so perfect as between that gate and La Sangre. The walls and towers are high and very picturesque, with La Trinidad in the distance. The gates of Triana and Xeres are the finest entrances into the city.

The Lonja, or Exchange, designed by Herrera, an isolated quadrangle, each side being two hundred feet wide and sixty-three feet high, stands on an elevated basement, seven steps leading up to it all round. On the highest are half columns and chains surrounding the building. The exterior is very elegant, with simple, plain windows, with square slabs above, and Doric pilasters between them; but I do not admire the pyramidal pinnacles at each angle. The patio is beautiful, and consists of five circular arches on each side; the buttresses between them ornamented towards the court with half Doric columns. The decorations are similar on the floor above, but the columns are Ionic, and the arches are filled up with windows; the floor is paved with small square slabs of alternately black and white marble. A magnificent staircase, of rose and grey coloured marbles leads to the first floor, where the archives of the Indies are kept. There are papers of Columbus, Cortes and Pizarro, though the latter could not sign his name, but these treasures are not shown; each package is registered and dated with

apparent order, and deposited in mahogany Doric cases without glass, in a handsome room, extending almost round the building, with a roof beautifully arched and groined. The floor is paved with rose and white marbles, except at the angles, where there are circles, and other patterns of rose, grey, and white marbles. The portrait of Columbus was presented by his family, and, therefore, more likely to resemble him than the apocryphal one by Parmegianino at Naples. It represents a hard-featured, clever man, clad in armour, but the figure is badly drawn and wretchedly coloured. There are also portraits of Cortes, Charles III., Charles IV., and Ferdinand VII.

The stone staircase leading up to the roof is curious, as it is not perceptible how the large stones are supported. The view from the top is fine of the town and the adjoining country. On the ground floor are two rooms which are scarce worth visiting, though each contains a portrait of the Queen, one as a child, and the other just before her marriage. One of these rooms is called the Tribunal of Commerce, and there five merchants sit and decide all mercantile differences and suits at a slight expense, advocates sometimes appearing before them. There is an appeal from this court to the regular tribunals, but appeals they say are rare.

The exterior of the Ayuntamiento, or Town-hall, is a beautiful specimen of the plateresque

style, and some of the ornaments of the pillars and pilasters are quite Raphaelesque. In the interior there is a handsome room, the roof of which is divided into forty divisions, each containing a carved representation of a king with a spear and mace. In the small room there is a good painting of the Queen, by Gomez, the best of any I have seen. In the Academia there is a Conception, painted by Roelas. The angels holding the crown are very beautifully coloured.

Murillo's home is in the ancient quarter of the Jews, but the Israelites have had no abiding-place in Seville since Ferdinand and Isabella foolishly expelled them, though many of the nation are said to exist in all the large cities. Most of the streets in this district are narrow, and some of them picturesque; many of the houses are large, and the one Murillo lived in is a comfortable and pleasant residence. We entered a good-sized porch, at the end of which, opposite the doorway, are two arches, divided by marble columns, and above them the inscription: "En esta Casa murio, B. E. Murillo;" and over the inscription a tolerable portrait of the artist. Through the iron lattice gates which fill up the arches, we passed into a pretty patio ornamented with marble columns, a fountain in the centre, and the walls of the court covered with paintings. We went up stairs into the rooms in which the great artist

worked, and in all Seville rooms more suitable for a painter could not be found, as the house is situated close to the walls, which are not so high as the windows, and, therefore, do not interfere with the light nor interrupt the pleasing prospect of gardens and the distant country. There are three rooms which command this view, a centre room and a smaller one leading out of it at each end. They are all full of paintings, the owner, Dean Cepero, being passionately fond of them, and possessing a good private fortune, besides his income from the Church. There is a good copy of Murillo in the principal room, and a fine Spagnoletto. In one of the small chambers a St. Joseph and Child, and a Conception, though not, I think, as he says, by Murillo. In the library, several doubtful Murillos, but two very nice little paintings, by San Juan de Sevilla. In another room a pretty Child Asleep, by Cano, said to be by Murillo; and a really fine Murillo of the Virgin, with her hands closed, and looking up to heaven. Though most of the paintings in this collection are very indifferent, it is a great pleasure to see the house of the great Sevillian artist in the possession of a gentleman, who has not only a taste for art, but was, more than any person in Seville, a preserver of the works of Murillo when the convents were destroyed.

The house where the Inquisition stood, when the mob broke into it, and set fire to some gunpowder

which blew up the chapel, is a pleasant-looking place, fronting the old Alameda, and one can scarcely conceive it to have been the scene of so many horrors.

The Inquisition appears from the earliest period to have been connected with the political government in Spain. Ferdinand was crafty enough to see the utility of such a power in alliance with the throne, and the gentle Isabella's religious confidence in her artful confessor led her, no doubt, to think that the end justified the means, and induced her to ask for the introduction of the holy office into her dominions as a Christian benefit to her people.

The first court commenced operations at Seville on the 2nd of January, 1481, in the Convent of St. Paul, but want of space soon obliged it to be moved to the Castle of Triana, of which there are now scarcely any remains. Llorente, in his History of the Spanish Inquisition, of which he was Secretary, states, on the authority of Bermeldes, a cotemporary historian, that seven hundred persons were burnt in Seville alone, during the first eight years, and he calculates, that on an average, during that period eighty-eight were burnt annually, forty-four more in effigy, and six hundred and twenty-five otherwise punished.* And yet Mariana, speaking of the establishment of the Inquisition, says, "A greater blessing and more fortunate event for

* Llorente, vol. i, p. 414.

Spain, was the establishment about this period, of a new and holy tribunal." Yet even the Jesuit historian, though he did not dare to do otherwise than praise a power which high and low, the intellectual and the ignorant, were compelled to bow to, exhibits the misgivings of his own mind when he describes the complaints that were made of children being answerable for their father's crimes, and the accused being ignorant who were their accusers, and not allowed to be confronted with the witnesses, contrary to the ancient customs of other tribunals; and when he describes the secret agency and *espionage* which existed in the cities, towns, and villages, depriving every one of the liberty of hearing and speaking, as a slavery, some say, as bad as death.

Perhaps it was for the expression of these doubts and objections to the Inquisition, which he answered most feebly, that the learned Jesuit was summoned himself before the Inquisition, in order to avow his submission to its authority.*

That a religious war of nearly eight centuries should have made the Spaniards the bitter enemies of all who did not bow to the Cross, is not surprising. They could never forget that the Jews, an Oriental people, were the natural allies of the Moors, facilitated their conquest of the kingdom,

* Tickler, p. 427.

and in the enjoyment of a religious toleration, which the Moors, to their great credit, conceded to every sect, were with their vast treasures, literature and science, the most valuable subjects of the Spanish caliphs. The ostentatious wealth, great learning, and rare financial talents of the Jews, excited the jealousy of the Spaniards, and it was undoubtedly an easy way to cancel their pecuniary obligations to that ever money-lending people, to cast them into the prisons of the Inquisition, whence no voice was ever heard, except that of agony in the *autos da fès*. Those who escaped, stripped of their wealth, broken in fortune and in spirit, would probably hasten to some corner of the earth, where they might die in peace rather than linger in the place of their captivity, and venture to ask Christian creditors for the gold they had lent to them.

The free exercise of their religion, which the Spaniards promised the Moslems, must have been galling to the sight of such bigoted Christians, and their crafty priests would find it easy to persuade them that it was a greater crime to keep than break such engagements. The impatience of the Moors under the Christian yoke, and at last their repeated revolutions and backslidings, removed all scruples from even the most lenient of their oppressors.

When, however, we think of the immense popula-

tion which existed in the cities and districts where the Jews and Moslems ought to have been allowed to dwell, in the peaceful enjoyment of their wealth, their arts, their learning and their religion, instead of being cruelly persecuted, and ultimately inhumanly and impolitically driven into exile, there is truly a poetical retribution in their present decayed state, in the comparatively deserted streets, and in the numerous wild plains (*despoplados*) once so rich and beautiful.

The tobacco manufactory is well worth seeing; the building is immense, but here also there is great difficulty in obtaining permission to go over it; the administrador must be asked, and he is never in the way or engaged, and they will not disturb him. I went there twice, and I heard of others who had been three or four times. Spaniards think nothing of the value of time, and seem to delight in making you wait an hour or two; generally they are civilly dilatory, but here they were rude and insolent. The great sight of this manufactory is the long room where the women work; there were three thousand of them rolling the dirty-looking fragments of the tobacco in large, clean-looking leaves, which give them their neat appearance. Among the three thousand, it was quite extraordinary how few were at all good-looking, and not one really beautiful. There were women of all ages, and most of them had made the best of them-

selves, their hair being neatly dressed and decorated with flowers, but there were scarcely half a dozen that would be called pretty in England.

They are paid by the quantity of work they accomplish, and earn generally about sixpence or eightpence a-day. There are some men employed, who are paid in the same way, and gain, they say, double as much as the women, whose fingers, I should have thought, would have been more nimble than the men's, but I think they lose a deal of time in gossiping. I never heard such a Babel of tongues, it was as stunning as the whirl of as many spinning-jennies. Many of the men were very handsome, which confirms my impression that the males generally in Seville are better-looking than the females, and that the latter are not remarkable for their beauty, though their grace and elegance are beyond all praise.

We visited in the rappee manufactory a room where there is clumsy machinery for chopping the tobacco, the wheels of which are turned by mules, the Spanish substitute for a steam-engine, which in England would do the work, and we then saw the rooms where the tobacco is steeped in a decoction to give it its peculiar pungent flavour, but the smell was so disagreeable I was glad to escape from them, and they say, that in the heat of summer, all who work in the manufactory are affected by it. We afterwards went into a room where the rappee is put into large

earthen vases, where it effervesces, and lastly it is put into tin canisters made in the establishment. Throughout Spain there is an estanco publico even in the smallest village; and in the large towns many, where the manufactured tobacco is sent for sale, and at no other place can cigars or snuff be legally purchased. I used often to buy them to give to the muleteers, mayorals and others, an attention which made them very friendly for the journey at least; but I seldom saw any good ones except in the sea-ports, where I had every reason to suppose they had been smuggled into the kingdom from Gibraltar. The Government buys the raw tobacco at four reals a pound, and sells it manufactured at twenty-four.

Seville, as a residence, is a charming place; the streets and plazas are so picturesque, especially the Plaza del Ayuntamiento and the Plaza del Duque, where crowds assemble every evening under the shady trees, and also the Plaza de San Salvador, and numerous others. The streets are all white, and clean, and pretty, from the general effect of the balconies, covered with flowers; but they are very narrow, so much so, that when a carriage passes, the foot passengers have often to retire into the always open porches of the houses; and through some of them carriages cannot pass at all. Every street has a row of flags on each side near the walls for foot passengers, but, not being elevated, it is no

protection. Seville is so large, and so few of the streets are straight, it would be difficult to find the way to the sights without a guide; I strongly recommend Diego Hainsworth, who does not ply at the hotels for custom, but who may be found at No. 15, Frente à la Torre de San Bartolomé. He is a very honest, respectable Englishman, an old servant of Mr. Wetherell's.

The number of excellent houses is immense, though few of the *façades* are remarkable for their architecture; but the pride of the Sevillians is their patio. A hundred thousand columns are said to decorate the courts of Seville, and I cannot conceive the number exaggerated. I was never weary with looking at them, with their marble columns and pavements, the pretty fountains and flowers in vases generally so fresh and so beautiful. In searching for private collections of paintings, I saw the interior of many houses belonging to nobles, members of the Cortes, *employés* and tradespeople, and they were always scrupulously clean and neat, and often handsomely furnished. The windows are invariably covered with iron lattices, which give a Moorish appearance to the houses.

The walls are generally whitewashed, but almost always quite fresh, and without a spot. The floors were sometimes covered with carpets, but often with the beautiful mats which they make in Seville. The walls of the houses I was taken to, were

generally covered with paintings belonging to persons who had a taste for the arts, or who had inherited pictures. In the rooms which were not thus adorned, and in other houses I saw, there were frequently prints on the walls, mostly coloured ones of a very inferior kind, proving that in the birthplace of Murillo there is not now much feeling or taste for high art. In the summer time, when the family migrates from the upper rooms into the marble courts, which are then covered with an awning, the pictures and prints are carried down, and decorate the walls of the patio.

It is astonishing how few paintings for sale are to be seen by Murillo in private hands, scarcely above two or three in his best style, and those enormously dear. A Mater Dolorosa, very small, £1000, at Signor Romero's. A Virgin, also small, £300, at the Dean C.'s. In the house of a member of the Cortes, a very fine St. Joseph and Child, £400. Some in Murillo's cold style, but chiefly disagreeable, or, at all events, uninteresting subjects, such as evangelists and saints, in friars' dresses. The English Consul has several. At Signor G. Cala Naravete's, is a good Head of St. Francis, in Murillo's cold style, £40. In several houses, I saw some Zurbarans, but all uninteresting, and very dear. In many collections, there are paintings which they call Murillo's, but they do not require much examination to perceive they are by very different artists. Many of his scholars

coloured like their master, but none drew in such an admirable style. It is, therefore, more by the drawing than the colouring that real Murillos may be distinguished from good ancient copies, or from the works of his pupils. The Torre del Oro, so called because the treasures of the Indies were deposited there, is very picturesque, though the whitewash gives it almost a modern appearance. The tower, fringed with its pretty battlements, might well from its solidity be supposed to have been built by the Romans, but it is Moorish, and the thin minaret upon it is very elegant. The tower of Don Fabrice is also one of the best in Seville, and is ornamented with battlements and pointed arches. The old Alameda of Hercules is little visited, though its elms are fine.

The Santa Catalina and Las Delicias, near the cool Guadalquiver, are the favourite resorts. As the Arabian poet Ibnu Saffar says:

"The breeze falls playfully on the river, and, lifting up the skirts of its robe, agitates the surface of its waters; the stream, resisting the outrage, hastens down to revenge it.

"The ring-dove laughs on its banks from the excess of his love, and the whole scene is covered with the veil of tranquillity and peace."*

The gardens are pretty, and filled with roses, and the walk on the side of the river delicious, and must

* Makkari, vol. i, p. 57.

be especially so on a sultry autumnal evening. On *fête* days there are many carriages, but the Spaniards are fond of walking, and generally descend from their vehicles. The Infanta has purchased a grand palace close to this promenade, a handsome building, with a churrigueresque entrance; the garden front is gaily painted, and looks into a large grove of splendid orange-trees.

The time for walking for all ranks is from just before sunset until long afterwards. Often, when the streets have been quiet and lifeless during the hot mornings, suddenly they become so animated and gay about dusk, that any one would suppose it to be a *fête;* and the streets are crowded, but always far more men are seen than women. Seville ladies make their purchases generally by gas-light, and there is no better place than the shops for a stranger to judge of their beauty; but only on the promenades can he form a true estimate of their easy carriage and inimitable grace and manners. I think, however, that the men are better-looking than the fair sex, and that without the fascinating mantilla and those dark glances, they, above all other women, know how to throw, their charms would never equal expectations, though their figures are generally excellent, and undoubtedly their manners are perfection, so unaffected and so natural. The ladies of high rank and station go out very little — many only on *fête* days, and not always then.

The Promenade del Duque is, perhaps, the best place for observing the beauties of Seville, and their graceful walk and manners, especially for those who have not access to the tertullias, or little conversazionis, where, without form and stiffness, they receive every evening their intimate friends. In every corner in Seville, and especially all round this plaza, there are little picturesque stalls, painted green, and other gay colours, and laden with glasses and liqueurs, vases filled with iced water, and rows of oranges and lemons. The Spaniards excel in all kinds of cool delicious drinks, to assuage the thirst of this parching clime. The iced lemonade is nectar itself, and the orgeat and other drinks are worthy of the gods. With a large glass of this delicious beverage, let the traveller seat himself on one of the benches, and watch the passing crowd—there is no danger of the Andalusian belles not giving him ample opportunity to appreciate their charms—and there, at his ease, in perfect good-humour with the gay scene around him, and in the enjoyment of the delicious climate—alone great happiness—he will perhaps agree with Byron in his description of Spanish women :—

The seal Love's dimpling finger hath impressed,
Denotes how soft that skin which bears his touch;
Her lips, whose kisses pout to leave their nest,
Bid man be valiant ere he merit such;
Her glance, how wildly beautiful! how much

Hath Phœbus wooed in vain to spoil her cheek!
Which glows yet smoother for his amorous clutch.
Who round the north for paler dames would seek?
How poor their forms! how languid, wan, and weak!

* * * *

Match me, ye climes which poets love to laud;
Match me, ye harems of the land where now
I strike my strain, far distant, to applaud
Beauties that e'en a cynic must avow;
Match me those houris, whom ye scarce allow
To taste the gale lest Love should ride the wind,
With Spain's dark glancing daughters—deign to know
There your wise Prophet's paradise we find,
His black-eyed maids of heaven, angelically kind.

The mantilla is invariably worn in the South, and a head-dress so becoming and so suitable to the climate will never, I trust, be changed for frightful bonnets. In cold weather, the silk or velvet mantilla trimmed with rich lace, and in summer the beautiful fabrics of blonde, of which Catalonia may well be proud, make even plain women good-looking. Black is still the general colour of the dress, but gayer silks are creeping in very fast, and French fashions to such an extent, that it is very rarely that even the peasant women wear any of those beautiful costumes for which they were once so distinguished.

Every woman has her fan, her eloquent fan, which often says more than she would dare to utter, though Spanish women are not very particular in what they say. It requires more experience than mine to

explain its mystery. An Andalusian woman might as well lose her tongue as her fan, which has this advantage over the natural organ of speech, that it conveys thought to a greater distance. A dear friend at the furthest end of the public walk is greeted and cheered up by a quick tremulous motion of the fan, accompanied with several significant nods. An object of indifference is dismissed with a slow, formal inclination of the fan, which makes his blood run cold; the fan now screens the titter and whisper; now condenses a smile into the dark sparkling eyes, which take their aim just above it. A gentle tap of the fan commands the attention of the careless; a waving motion calls the distant; a certain twirl between the fingers betrays doubt or anxiety; a quick closing or displaying the folds indicates eagerness or joy. In perfect combination with the expressive features of the Andalusian women, the fan is a magic wand, whose power is more easily felt than described.*

* Doblado's Letters, p. 56.

## CHAPTER III.

EXCURSION TO ITALICA—TRIANA—CARTUJA CONVENT—RUINS OF THE AMPHITHEATRE—SANTI PONCE—HOUSE OF CORTES—EXCURSION TO ALCALA DE GUADAIRA—CASTLE—WATER-MILLS—CONVENT DE LAS MONJAS—SAN SEBASTIAN—PRICES AT SEVILLE—HÔTEL D'EUROPE.

THE neighbourhood of Seville is flat and uninteresting compared to many parts of Spain, but still there are several objects of considerable interest to be seen. We left our hotel at half-past seven o'clock in a *calèche*, large enough for two besides the driver, who sat at our feet. Our machine was almost exactly like the Neapolitan *calesso*, as gaily painted, and the harness of the horse, consisting of a decorated saddle and a plume of narrow ribbons on his head, reminded me of my Neapolitan friends. It seems also as easily upset and may be very good for smooth roads, but is not at all calculated for the rough ones in Spain.

We drove through the suburb of Triana—which is believed to owe its name to the Emperor Trajan, who was a native of Italica.* Passing this dirty place, containing ten thousand inhabitants, we came to the Cartuja Convent. The gate at the entrance is pretty, with its azulejos, and the little chapel still contains a portion of the choir, consisting of sixteen beautifully carved figures of saints, similar to those I described in the museum; but by this light, and in this more appropriate place, they are seen to better advantage. There is also there a Virgin and Child in marble, well executed; and the azulejos of the rose-window of the *façade*, over the pointed arched door-way, are very beautiful. The interior is now a pottery; and the handsome marble floor, a great part of which is still remaining, is degraded and covered with the dirt of a manufactory of chamber-pots; and yet this was the magnificent church of the Carthusians, once full of treasures of art, and some of the finest paintings and statues in the world. The form of the roof is seen, and the part above the transept and the dome of one of the chapels are very interesting. There are also several azulejos, quite Raphaelesque in their patterns.

The delicious gardens are full of superb orange-trees, and contain two pavilions, erected by the owner of the pottery, an Englishman, who employs five hun-

* Mohammedan Dynasties, vol. I, 363.

dred and fifty hands. From the convent we drove through the village of Santi Ponce, and there selected one out of half-a-dozen little urchins, who offered us worthless coins and their services to show us Italica, not ten minutes' walk from the village, and scarcely two from the road.

The ruins appeared on our left, like a collection of wild rocks; but these masses are the only remains of the amphitheatre. The form of the arena is still perfect, though few of the seats are remaining. Nothing can now be more green and verdant than the once-crowded amphitheatre of Italica. It is covered with grass, and a variety of wild flowers, prickly pears and shrubs are mingled with the ruins. This is all that remains, except some baths of no importance, of the birth-place of Adrian, Trajan and Theodosius.

Aqui ya de laurel, ya de jazmines
Coronados los vieron los jardines
Que ahora son zerzales y lagunas.
La casa para el César fabricada,
Ay! yace de lagartos vil morada:
Casas, jardines, Césares murieron,
Y aun las piedras que de ellos escribieron.*

Where gardens bloom'd, with jess'mine crown'd
and laurel,
Now briary wilds and deserts point life's moral.

* Francisco de Rioja—A las Ruinas de Italica.

The palace built for Cæsar, nations quelling.
Alas! is now of lizards the vile dwelling.
Palaces, gardens, Cæsars too have perished,
Even the stones, their fame that told and cherished.

The view is verdant over the well-wooded country, and in the distance the tower and town of Logava. In the church of Santi Ponce is a good retablo, with some tolerable sculpture, especially the Nativity, and the Adoration of the Magi. In the centre is a remarkably fine St. Jerome, an almost naked figure, carved in wood by Montañes, looking at a cross with a figure of Christ crucified. The body of the saint is emaciated, and displays wonderful anatomy; the limbs especially are splendid, and the expression admirable. Above the St. Jerome is a figure of San Isidoro, with a crosier in his hand, which is also fine, especially the head. On one side of the altar is the kneeling effigy of Guzman el Bueno, and on the opposite side his wife.

In a chapel adjoining, is the tomb of Doña Maria Osorio, a full-length figure, with the head and hand of her servant at her feet. The Doña was burnt to death by Pedro the Cruel, for rejecting his addresses, and the flames consuming her dress and discovering her body, the servant is said to have rushed in to conceal her person. Opposite is the sepulchre of the husband of Osorio, a fine figure extended full-length; and beneath it is the tomb of Guzman in the same style. From Santi Ponce we went to Castileja de

la Cuesta, where Fernando Cortes died broken-hearted, December 2nd, 1547. It is now a poor building, consisting of three small rooms, and though the house has been divided, it must always have been very little for one who had such large possessions in the New World; and may account for his being accused of parsimony during the last few years of his life, by those who were not aware that the maritime enterprises of Cortes, during the latter period of his life, had cost him three hundred thousand castellanos of gold without the return of a ducat, and that he had been obliged to borrow money and pawn his wife's jewels to procure funds for his last enterprise, thus incurring a debt which, increased by the great charges of his princely establishment, hung about him during the remainder of his life. Over the door of his house is this inscription:

AQUI MURIO,
VICTIMA DE LA DESGRACIA,
Y LA TRISTEZA, EL INSIGNE
HERNAN CORTES
GLORIA A NUESTRA PATRIA,
CONQUISTADOR DEL,
IMPERIO MEXICANO,
EN 2 DE DICIEMBRE A.D. 1546.*

His bones were not destined to rest in peace.

* Mr. Prescott and Mr. Ford say he died Dec. 2nd, 1547; and as the former says his will was executed Oct. 10th, 1547, I think I must have made a mistake in copying this inscription.

He was first buried in San Isidoro at Italica, and his funeral attended by a long train of nobles and citizens of the neighbourhood and from Seville. In 1562, they were removed by his son to New Spain, where they were laid by the side of his daughter and mother in the convent of St. Francis in Tezcuco. In 1629, they were again removed, and on the death of the fourth Marquis of the Valley, the remains were conveyed with extraordinary pomp to the church of St. Francis, in the capital of Mexico, where they remained until 1794, when they were removed to the Hospital of Jesus of Nazareth, a noble institution founded and endowed by Cortes as some atonement for his many crimes; but even there they were not allowed to be undisturbed. In 1823, the patriot mob, in their zeal to commemorate the eve of their national independence and their detestation of the "old Spaniards," were for breaking open the tomb and scattering the ashes to the wind; but the friends of the family entered the vault by night, and secretly removing the relics, prevented the commission of this sacrilege.*

The view is fine from the hill of the city of Seville and the plain, and still finer from the road going to Alfarache. The olives planted in rows, as is the custom round Seville, are not so beautiful as the

* Conquest of Mexico, vol. III, p. 308; Letter of the Mexicans to the King, 25th of June, 1540, p. 423.

groves of those trees in Italy, and the stems are also less picturesque. San Juan de Alfarache is situated on a hill, and its picturesque walls and towers are still standing.

The view from the terrace is extremely fine of the Guadalquiver, winding prettily through the verdant plain, the muddy colour of its waters not perceptible at this height and distance, and therefore from no other point is it seen to such advantage; and beyond the river is Seville glittering in the sun, with its vast mass of buildings, towers and spires; but above all, rising immeasurable above every other eminence, like a giant amongst pigmies, the lofty, but so light and graceful Girandola, that one can almost excuse the superstition which supposed the supernatural agency of the Saints Justa y Rufina requisite to protect it from the violence of the storms.

We met to-day immense quantities of heavy carts of grain drawn by oxen, five or six sets of thirty each, but the oxen are such quiet, tractable creatures, that one man often managed four or five carts.

Alcala de Guadaira. We intended to have started early for this excursion, but rain, to our surprise, interfered with our plans, being only the second day of bad weather we have had since we entered Spain; but as it cleared up at eleven o'clock we drove there in a *calèche*. We passed a great number of arches, called the Canos de Carmona an aqueduct,

which brings the water from Alcala, erected, some say, by Ferdinand and Isabella, and after passing many olive farms arrived at one o'clock P.M., at Alcala, where there is a comfortable little inn. The distant view is extremely picturesque, of eleven towers, beautifully grouped together on the summit and extremity of a hill, beneath which the Guadaira, decked with pretty white mills, flows through gardens of orange-trees and olives.

The exterior walls of the castle, extend along a hill, and enclosing a church, which adds greatly to their appearance, run down picturesquely to the river. The towers are square, generally plain, and not singly picturesque. We walked over the castle, and observed the stones still remaining of the drawbridge, the deep well which supplied the garrison with water, the subterranean cellars for the grain, and several circular arches in the doorways, over one a coat of arms.

The view from the towers is very extensive, of the low hills which surround Alcala, the river, with its mills, olive farms, groves of orange-trees, and the extensive plain in the distance covered with foliage, and Seville glittering in the distance. There are thirty-six mills for grinding corn in Alcala, one containing twenty stones actively employed, but the generality of them have only four or five. The town is neat, and flourishing from its supplying Seville with excellent bread; and

the breezes on the hill make it very salubrious. Water is its treasure, and the tunnels and excavations through which it flows are curious. The Convent de las Monjas contains, at a side altar, a retablo containing a Virgin and six *bas-reliefs*, by Montañes. Some of the figures are finished with great delicacy, particularly our Saviour offering a cup to an Apostle, and the Santa Clara receiving the Sacrament.

In the Church of San Sebastian there is a good painting by Pacheco, one of the best of that master. The Saint is represented ill, in bed, on the point of taking some broth, and visited by his mother, a sleepy, but well-coloured figure. The Saint also is well drawn, and the colouring is good. Through a small window, a view is seen, of the last passage in his life, the archers shooting at him, bound to a tree. I observed another good painting in this room, a San Caretano, and a Madonna and Child in the heaven (not sufficiently elevated), which is very good, and appears very much in the style of Campaña.

In returning, I observed several plantations of young olives. Branches eight or nine feet long are cut off the old trees, and stuck about three feet in the ground in straight lines, from twenty to thirty feet apart from each other. As soon as they are planted they are banked up with earth in the shape of a cone to keep them cool. Between the age of thirty and

forty the tree is in its prime, and its vigour is preserved by continual pruning.

Seville is dear for Spain. The charge at the Hôtel d'Europe is from thirty to forty reals a-day. A house with ten rooms, besides offices, costs about £40 per annum; meat is twenty-eight and thirty-two quartas the pound of thirty-two ounces; bread, four and five quarats (twopence) the pound of sixteen ounces; wine, forty and forty-five reals for a small cask. The duty on wine, on entering the city, is about one-third the price; and meat pays about the same.

Our dinners at the Hôtel d'Europe were but indifferent, the meat not always good. One day, however, we were rejoicing in fresher and finer beef than usual, when somebody unfortunately remarked, we may thank the matadores for this treat; down went the knives and forks of the ladies; the possibility of owing their dinner to the poor animals they had seen killed in the arena was dreadful.

## CHAPTER IV.

### BULL-FIGHT.

THERE was no necessity to ask the road to the Plaza de Toros. Half the inhabitants of Seville seemed to be wending their way to their favourite amusement, some in carriages, others in *calèches*, but most on foot, and all joyous and excited. Mr. Ford says truly, that there is no sacrifice, no denial, which a Spaniard will not undergo to save money for the bull-fight, especially in cities where they seldom occur. It is the bird-lime with which the devil catches many a male and female soul.

The amphitheatre is not imposing for its architecture, but convenient, every one finding their numbered place without crowding or difficulty. The prices are suitable to all pockets, a *billetin de sombra*, or ticket on the shady side, being of course the highest. An excellent place may generally be obtained for

five shillings ; but the prices are always fixed in the bills which are published a day or two before, containing also the names of the performers, matadores, chulos, &c., and the colours and breed of the bulls. The effect was very fine of the amphitheatre, filled with so many thousands, comprising all the rank, beauty, fashion and Majo finery of Seville, the picturesque peasants all dressed in their best, those on the sunny side armed with huge gay-coloured paper fans to screen them from the scorching rays ; and the effect was still more imposing, when occasionally all on one side rose excited from their seats to see some terrible conflict immediately beneath them.

There is a covered balcony round two-thirds of the plaza, ornamented with arches, supported by marble columns, and commanding a fine view of the Giralda. Under this balcony there are eight rows of seats, the lowest protected by an iron railing ; and on the shady side is the royal box, ornamented with white and crimson satin. The Prince de Montpensier was there, but not the Infanta. Below the balcony there are seven rows of seats, and then a barrier and narrow passage into which the bulls sometimes leap, as the next barrier surrounding the arena is only six feet high ; this place is, however, the resort of the aficionados or the fancy, of the chulos, picadores, carpenters to mend any damage the bulls may cause, surgeons to dress wounds and set limbs which may be broken, and priests also are in attendance, lest

any should die without confession, and be denied a Christian burial.

There are eight small portions of the barrier surrounding the arena, which project slightly, leaving just space for a man to enter when pursued by the bulls, though good leapers, as all connected with bull-fighting must be, have no difficulty in clearing the barrier itself. The crowd was amusing; sellers of gingerbread, fans, oranges and water, shouting which could shout the loudest, and such a chattering of tongues that the band was completely inaudible.

Punctually at four o'clock the sports began. First, the alguazil in an ancient costume, a black cloak and picturesque sombrero, rode beneath the Prince's box for the key of the cell of the bulls, which the Prince threw, but in catching it the alguazil exhibited such bad horsemanship, the crowd were convulsed with laughter. Then came in procession the three matadores with yellow jackets and green breeches and crimson cloaks; then the picadores, strong, athletic-looking men, with white hats decked with ribbons, the hats the shape of their heads, with broad, flat brims, and their dark-coloured jackets and gay vests covered with silver, and ornamented with red ribbons. They had a crimson silk sash round their waists, and their legs are cased sometimes with iron, or stuffed to double their natural size with soft paper, and covered with strong yellow

buckskin, the right leg especially, which is most exposed. Their spears are poles with a blade only an inch long, with which they pierce the fleshy parts of the neck of the bulls, and thus irritate and turn them aside; but this weapon is not capable of doing them serious injury. In the conflicts with the picadores the bulls have decidedly the advantage, as many of them are seriously injured and sometimes killed. The saddles of the horses are like the Turkish, high in front and behind, with shovel stirrups, and their heels are always armed with an enormous spur.

Then came eight gay-looking chulos dressed in full Majo costume—jackets of different colours, covered with silver embroidery, and ornamented with crimson ribbons, and their waists girt tight with red sashes. They all wore silk stockings and knee-breeches, and were light, well-made, good-looking fellows, such as would be called on our stage admirably dressed Figaros. With their cloaks or broad rolls of satin of various showy irritating colours, but chiefly crimson, they hover round the bull, and whenever requisite to save a prostrate picador, fling their cloaks into the animal's face, retaining hold of one end of it. Their duty also is, to plant the banderillas or small darts about two feet long, armed like arrows with barbed points, and the other end gaily decorated with painted paper. The banderillero advances towards the bull with one of these darts in each hand, and

when he sees the enraged animal going to attack him, thrusts in the two darts at the very moment it lowers its head to toss him, and then with marvellous dexterity escapes from danger. As may be conceived, it is not always that both or even one of the darts is fixed in the bull's neck, and this uncertainty and the apparently fool-hardiness of these exploits make their attempts interesting. Then followed a crowd of attendants in silk cloaks; and two gay teams, each drawn by three splendid mules abreast, with blue flags on their heads, destined to drag the dead bodies of horses and bulls out of the arena, closed the procession.

The first animal that came in gazed round at the multitude, then eyed the three picadores drawn up behind each other, and seemed confounded. The bulls have always a bunch of ribbons fastened to a small barbed steel dart stuck into their necks, denoting their breed and owners, which colours are accurately described in the printed lists hawked about like the cards at our races, describing the names, weights, and colours of the riders. This one was thought to be of a bad breed, and the people murmured; the chulos began to tease him; at last the picador provoked an attack which brought him to the ground and seriously wounded his horse, which rose with its bowels trailing on the arena. In this horrid state the picador mounted again, and in truth this is the most disgusting part of the exhibi-

tion. The enraged beast then attacked the other picadores one after the other; the trumpet sounding, and the horsemen retiring, the banderilleros hovered round the bull and with great skill planted half a dozen darts in its neck. These irritated the animal still more, and the trumpet sounding again, the matador advanced, and playing with him for a time with his red mulata or flag, which is little more than a yard square, pierced him with his long, straight Toledan sword between the left shoulder and the blade. Then the band played, and one team with three mules galloped out with its carcass, and the other with the dead horse; the two other horses with their bellies hanging down waiting for the second bull, which soon came in.

The picadores began, as usual, the first act of the drama; and when excited, they threw their large hats off, and their hair appeared bound together like a woman's, and enclosed in a silk net. This bull not having killed his horse, the people called out for fire, and hooted the coward; the banderillas of the chulos were hissing hot, and charged with crackers, which exploded in his neck. The matador killed this beast with great dexterity, and was rewarded with thundering applause and throwing of hats. The band commenced playing; the team dragged it out; and immediately another fine black animal came rushing into the arena: he pawed the ground, and then ran to the

opposite side, amidst the hissing of the people; then upset a horse, and the picador would scarcely have escaped, if the bull had not cleared the barrier into the gallery. Immediately the aficionados in the front rows, who always go to these shows provided with heavy sticks, belaboured him most energetically, and hurled upon his parents as well as himself such a torrent of abuse as the rich vocabulary of Spain alone could supply. It was a bad bull, and they had no mercy on him for disappointing their sport. The animal was soon driven into the arena, where he ran about wishing to escape, but finding no other exit, again he cleared the barrier. It was surprising with what agility the people in the passage between the two barriers got out of the way, and that no accident occurred. Fire, fire, was called for by the impatient crowd, the trumpets sounded: hot darts were stuck in him, charged, as before, with crackers; and again, a third time, he leapt the barrier. The people were weary of the coward, and loud in their applause, when the trumpets sounding again, the matador appeared, and speedily buried his sword near the shoulder, and in two minutes he fell dead.

Another black bull came in, and instantly wounded a horse in the thigh, and an ocean of blood gushed out; immediately afterwards he lamed another steed, and the picador had a narrow escape; then he upset again the same horse, which never rose

afterwards, and the picador had a heavy fall. With a fearful rush, he threw over another steed and his rider. The shoulders of the bulls are often mangled, and bleeding from the spears. The picador approaches quietly towards him, and sometimes even when his miserable horse is blindfolded, the grooms in attendance are obliged to beat it to make it advance. If the bull will not attack, the picador often taps him on the head with the spear; but he generally rushes at the horse, and the picador receives the charge on his lance, if possible pushing him to the right, and turning his steed to the left. The picadores are seldom severely wounded, as they are generally near the barrier, so that they can easily escape over it when thrown; and when they are under the horses, or otherwise in danger, the chulos rush to their assistance, flinging their gay cloaks at the bulls to entice them away. Twice again this fierce beast upset men and steeds. Having killed and wounded several animals, the banderillas were called for, the trumpet sounded, and the banderilleros came, and I counted seven of their darts in his neck at once. The matador killed this bull without leaving hold of his sword, and was rapturously cheered.

Then we had a dun-coloured bull, who rushed furiously at the chulos, and afterwards at a horse whose rider escaped over the barrier, but the steed was mortally wounded; the picador mounted him

again, but in a few minutes it fell down dead. The furious beast then upset another horse and his rider, wounded a third poor animal severely, the picadores escaping with their usual luck; then attacked a fourth steed, which had just come fresh into the arena, killed it on the spot, and then jumped over the barrier, after clearing the ring and conquering his foes almost with greater celerity than I could note down his victories. The cheers were deafening for the bull: "Viva, viva, toro!" "Bravo, toro! bravo, toro!" from every part of the arena. Afterwards, he wounded two horses on the shoulder successively, and rushing against another unseated the picador. The animals, though blindfolded, would not advance against him; and the spurs of the riders, and the blows of their grooms, were ineffectual; they seemed by instinct to guess what a terrible opponent they had to encounter. The trumpet summoned the banderilleros; and great skill is indeed required to plant two darts at a time, one on each side of the neck over the horns of such an active bull as this, but it was accomplished twice over. After the chulos had teased him for a while, the trumpets sounded again, the matador came forth, and after more than usual fencing with the mulata, plunged his sword up to the hilt near his shoulder. The band played, and the teams of mules, with their gay blue flags and tinkling bells, dragged out at a great speed the bull and the three dead horses.

A brown bull with white spots, then came in and soon rolled on the ground two picadores and their worthless steeds; one of the animals killed on the spot, and the other soon dropped on the ground. Immediately the bull upset the third horse and his rider, and was rapturously cheered: "Viva, toro! viva, toro!" (Well done, bull), "Bravo, toro!" (Bravo, bull). Again he upset two more steeds, and the picadores fell heavy on the ground; the plaudits were deafening. Soon he raised from the earth the third horse and his rider, who kept his seat at first, but both fell, the picador underneath, stunned, but able, after a short time, to mount again. Horse after horse this fine beast attacked: one poor animal and his rider were soon prostrate on the ground, and immediately afterwards another. The banderilleros made him still more mad, and the chulos were obliged to run their best to escape his rage. It was most exciting to see them vaulting over the barriers, flying, as it were, out of his horns.

A frantic bull is often less dangerous to the matador than one more calm; a sly one, which combines a certain degree of cunning and physical force, requires more fencing with to study his character.

At last the matador stuck him, and though the sword was as usual deep between the left shoulder and the blade he seemed as fierce as ever. He was near the enclosure, and a man adroitly drew it out.

The matador was preparing to strike him again, when he lay down as if to die, but soon rose, apparently desirous of revenge—after one effort he sunk on the arena, and the matador gave him his *coup de grace*. The band played, and the teams dragged out its carcass and three dead horses, besides two which he had wounded dreadfully; the Spaniards sang with delight. The more horses slaughtered the better the fight: a good bull ought to kill three.

No time is lost between the acts: this is too exciting a spectacle for the people to brook delays. As soon as the traces of the last were removed, another small black bull rushed in, one which would be thought contemptible in Smithfield market, or at any of our great agricultural shows; indeed, generally, they are inferior in size to ours, though it is said the best are still bred where Geryon's herds lured Hercules into Spain. The value of a good one is generally from £20 to £30, and their fierceness and activity is doubtless attributable to the bleak wastes and sierras, where they are allowed to roam almost as wild as the buffaloes in the prairies. In a moment, this fierce little fellow rolled over a steed, and the picador was in danger. The chulos flew to his assistance, and a cloud of cloaks, crimson, red, blue and purple, floated around his head, astounding and irritating him to madness. He galloped after one at a fearful speed, and it seemed truly a race for life

and death. Not a voice was heard, so deep was the anxiety; but the chulo flew over the barricade as if the bull had pitched him, so near to his legs were its horns; the animal seemed astonished at having lost its victim, and then vented his rage on the red cloak the chulo had been obliged to drop. Afterwards, he gored a horse in the thigh, and then he killed another steed on the spot, and upset its rider. This was a most sickening exhibition: all the bowels rolling out. Horse after horse he attacked, tossing over both the steeds and the picadores. Two lame ones were led away, as not likely to die soon, and yet scarcely able to move; another was lying dead on the ground, and two more were dragging their entrails around the arena, but still bearing the picadores on their backs—a horrid sight to see. Soon afterwards, he upset another picador and his horse, the picador falling underneath, and yet escaping miraculously. In a few minutes, he rolled them over again; but the poor steed could scarce move after he rose, and soon fell dead. When the darts were planted in the bull, he galloped furiously about, and cleared the ring of every chulo; then gored disgustingly a dead horse. The trumpets sounded, and the matador advancing, he rushed furiously at him: but he avoided the attacks with great dexterity, and then again twisted his red flag before his eyes, until he rushed at the mulata, and he dispatched him. When this is done with extra-

ordinary skill, the delighted spectators fling their hats into the arena, and the matador pitches them back. A friend of mine saw a priest, unable to contain his admiration, fling his canonical hat into the ring: as the matadores are an ungodly set, and detest the clergy, he hurled it back far beyond the priest, with a look of contempt for such homage as only a matador could assume.

The eighth and last bull came in, and rushed at a horse, before the picador had time to get on it. A matador began the sport, playing with his mulata before him for some time, avoiding his attacks with wonderful agility; sometimes laying the flag on the ground, and then in defiance putting it on his own shoulders, and mocking the wild animal. Two horses, one after the other, this bull gored on the thigh; then he upset another steed and his rider; the matadores played beautifully before him: two held the flag before his face, and passed it over his head when he rushed; and this they did again and again, with slight variations. The crowd was enraptured with their activity, and certainly this was the most graceful, and perhaps the most dangerous, part of the day's exhibition, requiring the greatest agility and address. Soon the enraged bull raised from the ground a steed and his rider, and rolled them on the arena; the horse never rose again. The beast was furious, when nearly a dozen darts were planted in his neck, attacking the poor animal lying

on the ground. The matador did not wait for his rushing upon him, but ran into the bull; which dangerous feat closed the day's sport. The band played, the bull and three dead horses were dragged from the arena; and the people, delighted with their day's sport, applauded the matadores to the skies.

I saw these heroes of the day afterwards go away in open carriages with their mistresses, to end the day in festivities, and, it is said, in every kind of debauchery.

It is impossible to see a bull-fight for the first time without being disgusted at the cruelty to two of the most noble and useful creatures in the world —the bull and the horse; and cruelty to game and smaller animals cannot be compared to this, as neither the hare nor the fox, nor even the stag excites our sympathies to such an extent. The most revolting part of the exhibition is undoubtedly their allowing the horses to continue the fight when wounded to death, and dragging their intestines after them round the arena, which is seldom without one in this condition. The wretched ponies they use have no chance of escaping, being poor creatures not worth above two pounds here, nor perhaps more in England. Most of them have fatal diseases, as a Spaniard said to me, of which they must die, and the bull greatly alleviates their sufferings; but still it is disgusting to see the bellies of these poor animals ripped up, their bowels

hanging out, and also painful to see the shoulders of the fine bulls covered with their blood, and mangled with the lances.

No exhibition in the world can, however, be more imposing and more exciting. The amphitheatre, commanding a splendid view of the Giralda, was filled with fourteen thousand people, whose very souls were wrapped up in the excitement; silent, or screaming with agony when the picadores were in danger, or breaking forth in thundering applause when men or bulls distinguished themselves; for, to do them justice, they are most impartial in their approbation. The noble bulls galloping about in their rage, assuming the grandest attitudes, pawing the ground and tossing their heads with cowardly impatience, or bravely charging headlong all who opposed them, are undoubtedly the most pictorial of animals; then the gay costumes of the matadores, picadores, chulos, and the gentry and people in their majo finery, all glittering under a bright Andalusian sky, is a truly brilliant sight. There is little apparent unfairness in these combats; in the first act of the drama, the bulls can only receive slight wounds, but the picadores, though always strong, athletic men, are well known to have seldom a sound rib in their bodies, and many of them are killed. In the second act also, the bull can only be slightly wounded, but death perhaps to the chulo whose fleetness does not save him, or a false step betrays. In the third act of

the drama, the all-absorbing death-struggle takes place — overwhelming physical force, with horns almost as fatal as the sword, opposed to a man whose adroitness, and thin, shining weapon can alone compensate for his comparative feebleness.

The bull is rarely victorious; long experience, and exquisite skill, exhibit in this, as in other encounters, the superiority of science to brute force; but every matador is occasionally wounded, and a very large proportion of them end their lives in the arena. There may be portions of a bull-fight which are tiresome, but undoubtedly there are moments of interest exciting beyond description. The Spanish ladies around me screamed and were as alarmed as English ladies could have been when the picadores were in danger, and covered their faces with their fans when bloody scenes occurred; it is also questionable whether their great object in visiting the arena, is not rather to be seen, than see the fight.

The Spaniards are kind-hearted in all the relations of life, and there is no reason to suppose that these exhibitions have had any influence on their character any more than the horrors committed during the civil war; and though I could wish the Spaniards would have better horses, and remove them the instant they are wounded, I cannot join with those who place the whole nation beyond the pale of civilization, because they have been born and bred to delight in the excitement of a bull-fight.

## CHAPTER V.

CORDOVA IN THE TIME OF THE MOORS—OMEYYAH DYNASTY —LEARNING—SCHOOLS—LIBRARIES—SCIENCE AND LITERATURE—PALACE OF AZ-ZAHRA—CORDOVA—TAKEN BY THE CHRISTIANS—DISTINGUISHED FOR LITERATURE—THE MEZQUITA—CHAPEL OF VILLA-VICIOSA—SAN PEDRO—CAPILLA DEL OS REYES—VIEW FROM THE TOWER—ALCAZAR—WALLS —BARBICAN—TOWERS—FOUNDLING HOSPITAL—PRESENT STATE—CLIMATE—CHOLIC.

THERE is considerable difficulty in planning the journey from Seville to Madrid, so as to allow more time for seeing Cordova than the short hour that the diligence stops there for dinner. At this season of the year there are so many passengers on the road, that it is requisite to take places to Madrid several days previous to the time you wish to start; and, of course, they will not book to Cordova alone, when they have chances of passengers to the metropolis. The courier being dearer, and less comfortable perhaps, than the *coupé* of the

diligence, and therefore less in request, I applied for places twice in the morning, and they told me they would give me an answer at seven in the evening, that is, two hours before the departure, when, if no one wanted them for a longer distance, I might have them. I said, as there was a lady in the case, I was anxious to know as soon as possible, especially as in Spain they require the luggage an hour before the time for starting; and I begged they would give me an answer exactly at seven o'clock, as every moment was of such consequence, and they promised they would. The bureau was opened at seven precisely, but the clerk never made his appearance until an hour afterwards.

The officials in Spain make appointments, but never care about keeping them themselves; their idleness and indifference about anything but their own comfort, and the delays and difficulties they raise in transacting business, are inconceivable. They make an engagement, and will not attend to you, if you arrive before or after the time; and if you are punctual, the probability is they will keep you waiting for hours, or put you off until another day. (Cosas de España.)

Fortunately I got places, and engaged the *coupé* of the diligence two days later from Seville to Madrid. From nine o'clock until daylight the next morning it was miserable work, rattling at a great rate over a road full of holes and ruts. Sleeping

was out of the question. If the carriage had not been very strong, it would have been shattered to pieces five hundred times. When we passed Carmona, I could just distinguish the beauty of the scenery before we commenced a steep descent.

We had a very good breakfast at Ecija, a large city of thirty-five thousand inhabitants, called, from its extreme heat, La Sartanilla, the frying-pan of Spain; and walking through the place, had time to admire two beautiful towers of the churches, and the picturesque Moorish plaza. The country around is verdant and rich, and they say there are many wealthy inhabitants and nobles. The Marquis de Cortes' house is gorgeously painted, and quite fresh; but Ecija is very dull—no society no amusement, they say, but the promenade.

Many of the Goths, who escaped the disastrous battle of the Guadalete, fled to this city, which was fortified with walls. The citizens joined them, and ventured to encounter the Moors in the plain; but, the Christians being defeated fled in different directions; and the city, destitute of defenders, surrendered. The Moors, following the advice of Count Julian divided their forces; one body, under Magued, a renegade from the Christian faith, marching on Cordova; and the rest of the army, under Tarik, laying waste Andalusia.

The road from there to Cordova we found pretty good, and the country rich and green; sometimes

barren, but generally planted with olives or grain; often we saw extensive pastures, covered with herds of cattle.

The view on approaching Cordova, is pretty, situated in a verdant plain, with a fine range of mountains beyond.

Cordova retains its ancient name. The city was taken by Cæsar, who, according to Mariana, put to the sword twenty thousand of its inhabitants, the partisans of his rival Pompey. Marcus Marcellus, the general of Cæsar, was called the founder of Cordova, adorning the city with magnificent edifices, and conferring on it the title and right of a Roman municipal city, and those privileges which attached to the empire their hard-earned conquests. It was then called Colonia Patricia, from the number of princes, or, as Mariana calls them, the escogidos, the *élite* of Rome and the world who inhabited it; and to this very day, the nobles pride themselves in the purity of their descent, which made the Great Captain say, "Other towns might be better to live in, but none were better to be born in."

There seems to have been something in the atmosphere of Cordova congenial to talent and learning; for in every age this city has been fruitful of great men. In the time of the Romans, the two Senecas and Marcus Pontius Latro, and the poets Sextilius Ena and Lucan, were born here.

It was at Cordova that Roderick, throwing aside

the luxurious indolence and sensuality which had hitherto paralyzed him, assembled a mighty army of fifty thousand horsemen, and a countless host of undisciplined soldiers. The plain where they assembled was called El Campo de la Verdad, or the Field of Truth, from the solemn pledge given by the nobles and soldiers.

After the disastrous battle on the banks of the Guadalete, the panic which spread over Spain soon reached Cordova. Many of its inhabitants fled to Toledo, and a peasant betrayed the city to the enemy, showing them a place where they might enter. In the dead of the night, one thousand horsemen, with a foot-soldier behind each, swam across the river, and having reached the other side in safety, the infantry scaled the ramparts, and, seizing one of the gates, admitted the cavalry, which was soon followed by a part of the army, and Cordova was taken. The Governor and four hundred soldiers having taken refuge in the Church of St. George, where they defended themselves for three months, perished; but the inhabitants were treated with that clemency and generosity which distinguished the Moors throughout their conquests. For nearly three centuries, ending A.D. 1031, Cordova, the capital of the Omeyyah dynasty, was distinguished for her great and talented kings, whose valour checked the growing power of the Christians in the north, and whose wealth we can judge of by their still existing

works scattered over the districts then under their dominions—some ornamental, exhibiting a knowledge of the arts and tastes then unrivalled in Europe; and others, such as fountains, aqueducts, bridges, roads and hydraulic works, useful to the Christian conquerors, and still serviceable to their descendants.

Without giving entire credence to the accounts of Arabian historians, of the twelve thousand villages, farms, and castles, scattered over the districts watered by the Guadalquiver, and doubting even whether Cordova contained, as is stated, a million of inhabitants; yet when we consider the thousands who perished in the civil wars of the Moors, the tens of thousands who perished in the religious struggle of nearly eight centuries with the Christians, and that, according to some authorities, about three millions of Jews and Moors left Spain voluntarily or as exiles, there is good reason for supposing that Andalusia must alone have contained a population of between five and six millions during the reigns of the Omeyyah dynasty.

The revenue of Cordova is said to have been then six millions sterling, an almost incredible amount for that period; but the fifth of the spoils taken in battle amounted to a large sum in those days of continual warfare; and besides a capitation-tax on Christians and Jews, and tolls on the transportation of goods; the taxes were a tenth of the produce of their un-

rivalled husbandry and flocks, of their commerce so extensive, especially with the Levant and Constantinople, and of the mines of precious metals which the Phœnicians and Romans had not entirely exhausted.

Schools and libraries were established, and every pains taken to improve the people. Hisham, A.D. 791,* who rebuilt the bridge and finished the Mezquita, was one of the most pious and charitable of the Moorish kings; he and his successor established schools at Cordova for the teaching of the Arabic; and obliging their subjects to use that language, forbad their making use of the Latin, which may account for so many Arabic words still existing in the Spanish vocabulary.

The Court of Alhakem, the ninth of the Omeyyah dynasty, the most distinguished for his cultivation of literature and talent, was the resort of the eminent scholars in Europe. His library, collected at a great expense, is said to have consisted of six hundred thousand volumes, besides seventy other public libraries scattered over his dominions, and that at a time when Europe was immersed in darkness; and three or four hundred books were considered a magnificent endowment for a monastery. Eighty freeschools were opened in Cordova alone; and the professors in the different branches of litera-

* Condé, vol. I, chap. xxviii.

ture and science attracted scholars from every country in Europe. Pope Sylvester II., one of the most remarkable men of his age, is believed to have owed his elevation to the pontificate to the culture he received in Seville and Cordova.*

Their observations of the heavens from the lofty minarets of their mosques, contributed greatly to astronomical knowledge; according to an Arabian author, cited by D'Herbelot, they could boast of thirteen hundred writers in the department of history; and their treatises on logic and metaphysics amount to one-fifth of the surviving treasures of the Escorial. The Cordovan Averroes contributed more than any other to establish the authority of Aristotle over the reason of mankind for ages; and they made great progress in the sciences of medicine and chemistry, introducing many salutary remedies into Europe. Algebra was taught in their schools, and diffused over the Continent; the manufacture of paper was derived from them, as I have stated in my account of Xativa; and also the more doubtful benefit of the application of gunpowder to military science. If their vivid Oriental imaginations ever inclined to the mysterious, and the superstitious, led them to debase their physics by magic, degrade their chemistry into alchemy, and their astronomy into astrology; the same temperament,

* Tickler, vol. III, p. 346.

clothed in a language remarkable for the purity and elegance of its idiom, exhaled in bold and impressive poetical effusions, coloured with the brightest imagery. All were poets, from the chiefs to the peasants; and the Caliphs of Cordova, as was ever the custom in the East, solaced their leisure hours with listening to their bards, who sang to them of "sucesos de armas y de amores con muy estranos lances y en elegante estilo."*

"Of ladye-love and war, romance and knightly worth."

The luxury and the architectural magnificence of the Omeyyah dynasty may be conceived from the description of the beautiful palace of Az-Zahra, erected by Abdu-r-rahman, near to Cordova, at San Francisco de la Arrizafa, and one would think it almost a tale of the Oriental nights, a romance of the grave historian, as no traces of it exist, did not the Mezquita remain to satisfy us that the splendour of the Omeyyah dynasty was a reality, and not altogether a dream.

The arches were sustained by four thousand three hundred marble columns, and all the pavements consisted of squares of marble of different colours, tastefully arranged. The roofs were painted with azure and gold; and the beams were of precious wood, worked with great skill. In the large hall, fountains of sweet

* Prescott's Ferdinand and Isabella, vol. I, chap. viii.; Condé, vol. I, p. 457.

water played into marble basins of various forms, and in the centre of the court, which was called the Saloon of the Caliph, there was another fountain of jasper, ornamented with a golden swan brought from Constantinople. Above the head of the bird was suspended a very large pearl, which the Emperor Leon had brought to Abdu-r-rahman.

Contiguous to the palace were gardens of fruit-trees, and bowers and arbours of laurels and myrtles, surrounded with pieces of water, which reflected as in a mirror the branches of the trees and the blue sky and clouds. In the middle of the garden, on an eminence commanding a view of the surrounding country, was the pavilion of the King, where he delighted to repose on his return from hunting, adorned with white marble columns with gilt capitals, and in the centre of the pavilion was a fountain of quicksilver, which, flowing into a vase of porphyry, reflected the sun's rays in a surprising manner. Many elegant baths distributed in the garden increased their delight, and the curtains and carpets were of rich gold and silk tissue, wrought into representations of birds and animals. A mosque less large, but richer perhaps than the Mezquita of Cordova, was built near the palace.

"O Cordova!"
Exclaimed the old man, "how princely are thy towers!
How fair thy vales! thy hills, how beautiful!
The sun, who sheds on thee his parting smiles,

Sees not in all his wide career a scene
Lovelier, nor more exuberantly
By bounteous earth and Heaven blest.
The time has been when happy was their lot
Who had their birthright here."—DON RODERICK.

When the Omeyyah dynasty fell, and the Kings of the Almoravides and the Almohades succeeded, the power of the Moors was shaken to its foundation. Strifes, civil wars, kingdom divided against kingdom, town against town, afforded opportunities to the Christian princes to extend their conquests.

Don Alonso, King of Castile, Leon and Galicia; Don Garcia, King of Navarre, and Don Ramiro, King of Arragon, arranging their differences, entered Andalusia, sacked and burnt the towns and laid waste the country around Cordova. The Moors were then divided into the three parties of Zefendola, the real descendant of the Moorish princes; the Lord of Rota and of Azuela, the Governor of Valencia; and Abengamia, the Governor of Cordova under the Emperor of Morocco. The latter, alarmed at the great preparations of the kings, surrendered the city to the Christians, and assisted them with provisions and money, and the Archbishop of Toledo consecrated the Mezquita, the richest and most superb temple in Spain; but no sooner had the Christians left the city without leaving a garrison, than Abengamia disregarded the oath he

had taken on the Koran that he would keep the city for the Christians.

In 1286, the Spaniards, under Don Ferdinand, taking advantage again of the Moorish dissensions, took the city a second time, notwithstanding the gallant defence of the numerous population, fighting even in the streets and the squares for their liberty and their country, and only surrendering at last when they heard from some prisoners they had taken, that Aben Hut, the King of Granada was dead, and Don Lorenso Suarez had gone over to the Christians. Their lives were spared, the inhabitants were allowed to go where they liked, and the Mezquita was consecrated a second time.

Cordova continued to be prolific of great men. Juan de Mina, born in 1411, was a kind of poet-laureate, and the historiographer of John II. His long poems were fashionable, if not popular; and though most of his writings are disfigured with pedantry and conceits, the language of Spanish poetry was strengthened, and its versification ennobled by his efforts to enlarge the Castilian vocabulary.* Antonio Morales was born in 1517; but unfortunately only commenced his valuable continuation of the History of Spain, by Ocampo, at the age of sixty-seven, and in eleven years, when he died, had only brought it down to 1037. Luis de Gongora,

* Tickler, vol. I, chaps. xix and xx.

born in 1561, had to struggle all his life with poverty, but his early lyrical ballads in short lines, are remarkable for their simplicity and beauty; though his affected style had a most prejudicial effect on the literature of Spain. At Montilla, near here, Gonzalo de Cordova, the Great Captain (and well he deserved that title) was born in 1453, and died in 1515 at Granada; the victim of the jealousy of his King, after gaining him a kingdom. Pedro Cespedes, who was a poet, painter, architect and sculptor, was born here in 1538, and studied in Italy. Laborde mentions with admiration a head of Seneca which he added to an antique statue of that philosopher; and his paintings in the cathedral are decidedly good. Antonio Castillo, was born in 1603, and died of envy of Murillo in 1667.

Century after century the city became poorer and poorer, and at last in 1808, the French entered Cordova, under General Dupont, and sacked the decayed place of plunder amounting it is said to £100,000.

An Arabian author has said, Cordova surpasses all other cities on earth in four principal things: its bridge over the Guadalquiver, its great mosque, the city of Az-Zahra, and the sciences therein cultivated.

The Mezquita or Mosque, commenced by Abdu-r-rahman in 786, and finished by his son, Hisham,

in 791, is almost all that remains of the magnificence of the metropolis of the Moors; but none of the illustrious family of the Omeyyah dynasty died without making considerable additions, or contributing in some way to the ornament of this sumptuous building.* The exterior is quite Moorish, and similar to a portion of the enclosure of the Court of Oranges in Seville, consisting of high walls with buttress towers and a battlement. There were formerly nineteen entrances, but they are now all closed but one. Those on the east side are very beautiful, consisting of charming horse-shoe arches surrounded with rich Moorish work, and on each side small arches. The arched doorways on the west side have windows with lattice-work on both sides of them: the centre and largest entrance, La Puerta del Pardon, is still open, and is by far the most beautiful; the fine horse-shoe arch is surrounded with Moorish work and coats of arms, around which are some frescoes of a more modern date; the huge tower adjoining, though imposing, is not remarkable for its architectural beauty.

This entrance leads into a spacious court filled with beautiful orange-trees, and three fountains, where formerly the pious Moslems performed their ablutions. A number of men, basking in the sun, formed picturesque groups, though many of them would have

* Mohammedan Dynasties, p. 219.

been greatly improved if they had made the same use of the fountains, and washed themselves in the basins. At each end of this court is a colonnade of marble columns, supporting circular arches, and on each side the entrance of the cathedral is a Roman miliary column, stating the distance—one hundred and fourteen miles—to Cadiz. A fine arch leads into the interior, the first view of which is curious, and at first rather disappointing. Formerly, there was a forest of about twelve hundred columns, some say more, and now there are still eight hundred and fifty remaining, chiefly collected from the Roman temples in the Peninsula and from the temple of Janus which stood on this site.

One hundred and fifteen, Mr. Ford says, came from Nismes and Narbonne, sixty from Seville and Tarragona, one hundred and forty were presented by Leo, Emperor of Constantinople; and others came from Carthage. The interior of the cathedral, four hundred and seventy feet by three hundred and fifty, consists of seventeen naves from north to south, not including two naves turned into chapels; and from east to west thirty naves, besides the side aisles, now also converted into chapels. The columns support two rows of arches one above another, and some of the upper ones are interlaced, which have a good effect; the roof is only thirty-five feet from the pavement; and the shafts of the columns are about eleven to twelve feet high, and without bases, in

order to afford more space to walk; they vary in diameter, and not two capitals together are alike and few good. The columns are all monolithic and of marbles of various countries, different coloured granites, jasper, and porphyry, but the greater number of a light rose-coloured Spanish marble.

On entering, the effect of the double arches is very displeasing, but by degrees, and on a second visit, the eye becomes more reconciled to it. We must, however, recollect this is a monument above one thousand years old, spoilt by the Christians changing the centre of the mosque into a cathedral, and thus destroying the effect of the immense court; and the present white-washed roof is also a poor substitute for the beautiful alerce artesonado work of the Moors.

The Chapel Villa-viciosa, formerly the Maskurah, or seat of the Caliph, is very interesting; the one in front of it, in the plateresque style, and gorgeous with gilding, promises little of the elegance which it conceals. The Moorish decorations are very rich, the half lions at the spring of the arches, those of a full size at the beautiful side arch, and the different ornaments and Cufic inscriptions are extremely interesting. The roof is of alerce wood, and very handsome; the gilding still remains in considerable quantities, and the azulejos are charming; the recess, or mihrab, in which the Koran was placed, is larger than usual, but very beautiful.

We then visited the chapel of San Pedro, called by

the Spaniards Del Zancarron, in derision of the foot-bone of Mohammed; seven beautiful arches, supported by marble columns, form the *façade* of this interesting chapel, and lead into what was originally a gallery, but is now formed by iron railings into three rooms. One of them contains a painting of the Last Supper, by Cespedes, the composition and colouring of which deserve praise, but there is little beauty in the expression; and there is no possibility of tolerating anything which destroys the effect of this interesting Moorish chapel.

The other room, corresponding with this, has a doorway ornamented with a beautiful horse-shoe arch, richly decorated with mosaic azulejos, the patterns of which are quite charming. Over the arch is what appears to be a window with a lattice carved in marble. The centre and chief room contains the tomb of the Constable, Condé de Oropesa, the plainness of which contrasts strangely with the richness around, and especially the gorgeous roof above, supported by eight clusters of three marble columns each, and glittering still with gilding, inscriptions, and beautiful ornaments. The arched doorway, leading from the centre room into a little gem of a chapel, is exquisite beyond description. The mosaic azulejos which cover the wall are perfectly charming, and the interior of the arch glitters as if the mosaic pieces were of solid

gold. This gem of Oriental magnificence, an octagon of fifteen feet, was the Holiest of Holies of the great mosque, and the pilgrims made the tour of it seven times, as was their custom at Mecca. It is ornamented with six beautiful arches, two little columns, all of different marbles, with gilt capitals and bases, supporting them on each side; and the dome of the roof, in the form of a shell, is one piece of marble. The walls of the chapel are of the same material; the lower part smooth, and the upper carved into the richest decorations. The splendour of the Omeyyah dynasty was not then a dream, an illusion; a thousand years have passed, and Europe cannot exhibit better taste or greater magnificence.

In the Capilla de los Reyes is a fine coloured figure, by Cespedes, the expression is good. There are handsome brass gates leading into the choir, which is plateresque, but very imposing, and the carving excellent, by Pedro Cornejo, born at Seville, 1677. There are seventy or eighty different Biblical subjects, and the ornaments of the stalls and columns are very rich and beautiful. In the centre is the Transfiguration. The roof is in bad taste, but really it requires some philosophy to examine patiently this fungus which destroys the splendid Moorish mosque. Well might Charles V. exclaim: "You have built here what you or any one might have erected anywhere; but you have destroyed what was unique in the

world. You have pulled down what was complete, and you have begun what you cannot finish."* The pulpits of wood, resting on marble groups of a bull and an eagle, and an angel and a lion, are also beautifully carved. The retablo of the high altar is good, and the marbles rich; but the general effect is bad, and the paintings by Polomino wretchedly coloured, and wanting in expression.

The numerous other chapels in this immense church seem to contain nothing but rubbish. The Madonna and Child, with St. John, St. Andrew and St. Ann, by Cespedes, is much injured; but the painting is good, and the figure of the Madonna very beautiful.

In the Capilla del Cardenal is the tomb of Cardinal Pedro de Salaza, which is rather fine, but too much ornamented; and though imposing from its size and design, the execution is bad. In the same chapel is a painting representing the taking of Cordova, interesting for its subject. In the sacristia is a beautiful silver custodia, a splendid work of Henrique de Arphe, 1517, in the most elegant Gothic style. The sacred subjects and figures are of silver gilt, and well executed; and the filigree ornaments are also very exquisite. There is a silver crucifix of the same period; and another chiefly of gold, ornamented with precious stones. We were

* Handbook, p. 301.

then shown what is considered by the guides the greatest wonder of Cordova—a delineation of a cross, with a figure upon it, scratched, they say, by a Christian prisoner with his nails.

The summit of the tower of the cathedral is the best place for forming a correct idea of the ancient capital of the Moors. One of the bells has a Gothic inscription on it, and it is said to be of that period: the others are not worked in a manner to make them musical; two men were labouring away, and their occupation appeared to be simply turning the bell round and round.

The view, looking towards the bridge, is picturesque, of the towers, the winding Guadalquiver, the Moorish bridge, the verdant Mont Mariano, and in the distance the Sierra de Cabra. In the other directions the vast city appears one mass of grey-roofed houses and white walls, mingled with trees and courts; and many of the houses have open galleries and square windows, quite Moorish. Around the town are groves of oranges and pomegranates, and large plantations of olives; and farther off, the verdant plain, probably El Campo de la Verdad, where Roderick's nobles pledged their faith; and beyond, forming a fine natural boundary to the valley, the Sierra Morena, well wooded, and many farms and villages scattered high up its acclivities, and finishing with a steep hill, on the summit of which is the Moorish Castle of Almodovar.

The ancient walls and towers of Cordova are visible from here; and they point out a large building where Hisham's powerful minister Al-Mansur had his palace.

Standing on the summit of this old mosque, with Moslem remains around, and the once-splendid metropolis, still Moorish in all its features, and now so changed, recalls vividly the misfortunes of the Arabs, and especially the last of their kings, the unfortunate Boabdil, who was here so splendidly entertained by Ferdinand, when his influence was supposed to be great with his subjects in Granada, and here also subsequently neglected by the King, when his subjects had driven him from his throne, and he was no longer useful in stirring up the flames of civil discord.

Changed as Cordova is, its population of a million sunk to forty thousand, there are still sufficient architectural remains to recall its ancient glory, and time can never destroy its kindling associations. Though the plains may be less carefully cultivated, the Sierras and the noble Guadalquiver are still the same; and gilded, as I saw this view, with the rays of the declining sun, and not a cloud visible in the blue expanse, it was intensely interesting. Southey might have been here, his description is so accurate:

> The temples and the towers of Cordoba,
> Shining majestic in the light of eve,
> Before them Bætis rolled his glittering stream

In many a silvery winding traced afar,
Amid the ample plain. Behind the walls
And stately piles which crowned its margin, rich
With olives, and with sunny slope of vines
And many a lovely hamlet interspersed,
Whose citron bowers were once the abode of peace,
Height above height, receding hills were seen,
Imbued with evening hues; and over all
The summits of the dark sierra rose,
Lifting their heads amid the silent sky.
The traveller, who with a heart at ease,
Had seen the goodly vision, would have loved
To linger, seeking with insatiate sight.
To treasure up its image, deep impressed,
A joy for years to come. O Cordoba!—DON RODERICK.

Of the Alcazar, built on the site of the Castle of Roderick, there are few remains; a circular, an octagonal, and some square plain towers, are all that exist. They are surrounded with gardens of lemon-trees and pomegranates, the latter now covered with their orange-coloured blossoms.

The circuit of the walls is interesting. Starting at the cathedral, we first examined the fine gate built by Herrera, ornamented with four columns of the Doric order. The bridge was built in 719, on Roman foundations, by the Governor As-samh, and is picturesque; the arches are very irregular, some appearing almost pointed, others circular, and they differ also in size; yet the general effect is good, and the Arab writers might well consider it one of the most magnificent structures in Andalus.

On the opposite side to Cordova is a fort, with a fringe of battlements, and a watch-tower in the centre of the bridge. Turning down the Alameda of the Obispo, we came immediately to a ruin, decorated with three horse-shoe arches, called the Baths of the Queen, and certainly well adapted for the purpose. It is now a mill, and there are others in a line with it. Some of the foundations of the walls are of immense stones, but hewn regularly, and probably Roman, with Moorish tapia-work above. The towers at starting from the cathedral are circular, and occur every forty paces; but in other places they are square, and only half that distance apart from each other. The barbican can be traced for a long way.

Before arriving at the gate of Sevilla, which appears to be Roman, with Moorish arches engrafted on it, we observed how the city had been curtailed, the ancient walls extending beyond the present enclosure. We passed the Alameda de la Agricultura, which is very pretty, with its trees and roses. The octagonal tower of the Mala Muerte is very picturesque. The large churrigueresque convent of the Merced—now converted into a useful asylum for widows—and the Catolina, and its orange-trees are rather pretty; as is also the plaingate of Placencia, with the two palm-trees adjoining.

The first palm planted in Spain was at Cordova, by Abdu-r-rahman, in the garden made by that brave

and wise Caliph. It is said that the philosophic monarch used to take great delight in gazing at his date-tree, as it recalled the changes of his own eventful life—once a wanderer in the tents of the Zaneta —and called to occupy so gloriously the throne of Spain. In the midst of his prosperity, thoughts of the land of his birth sometimes forced themselves on the mind of Abdu-r-rahman when he gazed at the palm, and compared his own lot with that of his favourite tree: "Beautiful palm! you are, like me, a stranger in this land; but the winds of the west caress gently your branches, your roots have struck into a fruitful soil, and you raise your head towards the sky. Like me, you would shed sad tears, if you felt the cares by which I am oppressed. You have nought to fear from fortune, but I am always exposed to her caprices. When cruel fate and the fury of Al-Abas banished me from my dear country, my tears watered often the date-trees which grow on the borders of El Forat; but neither the palms nor the river have preserved the memory of my griefs. Thou, O beautiful palm! hast no regrets for your country; but I, sad and melancholy, cannot cease to lament her."*

Cordova has lost what treasures of art she once possessed, but we visited a private collection, where the paintings were bad and ridiculously dear: a

* Condé, p. 169.

doubtful Murillo, £400; six other paintings dreadfully injured, and without a name, £200 each; a wretched head, said to be by Morales, £20. Andalusia is certainly not the country for collecting paintings, and assuredly not for bargains.

Near to the cathedral is one of those institutions for orphans, which are generally found in every large Spanish town. It contains about two hundred of different ages, and there are always about eight or ten wet nurses in the establishment and about fifty others for older children; the infants are deposited in a kind of cupboard, which turns with a wheel: close to it is a bell, which the depositors of the child can ring, so that it need not be exposed above a minute or two. They say that about one-third of the children thus abandoned by their parents die.

Cordova is a miserable-looking town—a poverty-stricken place. One misses sadly the clean houses and beautiful balconies of Seville, covered with shrubs and flowers.

The Plaza de la Constitucion is picturesque. Three sides are exactly alike, and seem to be nearly all windows, or rather green shutters, as they were almost all closed; but the paint had not the usual Spanish freshness, and though there was more than sufficient whitewash on the houses to do away with their ancient appearance, they wanted another coat to present the redeeming brightness and cleanliness of Seville. The streets are wretchedly paved

and extremely narrow and twisting; but apparently the narrower the street, the more aristocratic; for the broadest and straightest in the city is inhabited by the poorest people.

Nothing can be more melancholy than the deadness in these almost deserted lanes and squares. I saw two or three carriages, almost a century old in their build and appearance, dragged by ill-fed mules, and servants in shabby liveries, driving to the Alameda; and the pale, cadaverous-looking ladies inside, sangue azul (blue blood), no doubt, looked as if they did not often enjoy an airing; but I did not see a single one of those steeds for which Cordova and the neighbourhood was famous until the French invasion.

The Plateria is interesting to those who are curious in old jewellery. I saw a beautiful cross for sale, formed of fine emeralds, which I regret I did not purchase. The silver ear-rings and brooches are curious. Cordova is a very cheap place; bread much lower than in Seville; meat, half the value; house-rent so reasonable, that almost every poor man has a good one to himself. As the circuit of the existing walls is greater than those of Seville, and the population of that place is one hundred thousand and Cordova less than forty thousand, houses may well be plentiful. It is truly difficult to conceive, that in the tenth century, a million inhabitants, three hundred mosques, nine hundred baths, and six

hundred inns, were in a city where there is now only one fonda, which, I am glad to say, is a good one, and charges moderate.

The climate of Cordova is delicious. Would that I could remain here, instead of returning to the cold, damp climate which has driven me from England. I thought of the words of Musa, when, at the Caliph's command, he set out to give an account of his stewardship, and his unworthy jealousy of Tarik. O Cordova! great and glorious art thou among cities, and abundant in all delights. With grief and sorrow do I part from thee; for sure I am it would give me length of days to abide within thy pleasant walls.

Travellers in Spain must, however, recollect that with all the beauty of the climate, the warm sun and the clear blue sky, care should be taken not to eat much fruit, and avoid chills. Anxious to carry away a sketch of this interesting place, I arose with the dawn, the day after my arrival, walked hastily to the banks of the Guadalquiver, and, rather warm with the walk, sat down to draw, unmindful of the cold morning air blowing along the river. That evening I had a bad attack of cholic, the disease of the country, and had to nurse all the night and the next day, preparatory to starting in the evening for Madrid, and was thus prevented seeing the Church of San Hippolito, which contains the tomb of Don Alonso de Aguilar, the celebrated companion

and friend of the Marquis of Cadiz, and one of the most distinguished warriors in the Moorish wars. His exploits are the theme of many a song; and some years after the fall of Granada, he died gallantly, overwhelmed by a host of Moorish mountaineers who had broken out into rebellion. My illness also prevented my visiting the Church of St. Peter, where I believe there are some very ancient paintings on the right wall. At least I have a note to that effect, but I forget from what work I made it.

Mrs. H—— made an excursion to the hermitages in the Sierra Morena, a league and a half distant, which are well worth visiting, if only for the sake of the beautiful view of Cordova and the verdant plain, and in the distance the mountains towards Gibraltar. The hermitages are small huts, with a box at each door for the presents of their charitable friends and pilgrims, and a bell to summon the hermits. Mrs. H—— was in one which was unoccupied, and saw the hard boards on which they lie, and one of the iron chains, with which it is said they scourge themselves.

## CHAPTER VI.

DEPARTURE FOR MADRID—BAYLEN—DEFEAT OF THE FRENCH —CAROLINA—GERMAN COLONISTS—GORGE OF DESPENA— PERROS — ANDALUSIANS — LA MANCHA — DON QUIXOTE — VENTA DE QUESADA—WINDMILLS—ARANJUEZ—PALACE— BEAUTIFUL GARDENS—ARRIVAL AT TOLEDO.

We started from Cordova at nine o'clock in the evening; but I had very nearly abandoned the places I had taken from Seville to Madrid, price eight guineas; for, although so much better when I left the hotel that I thought I was cured, I had scarcely got seated in the *coupé* when I fainted completely, and on my recovery felt quite unequal to the journey. Fortunately, a friend, Mr. L——, happened to be in the diligence, who had a bottle of good brandy, which revived me, and repeated doses made me all right. The *coupé* was so roomy and comfortable for two persons, and the road so good, especially compared to the bad one from Seville to Cordova, I bore the journey

admirably, and Mrs. H—— was not at all fatigued. Ladies generally dread this long journey from the North to the South of Spain, but the diligences are so heavy, they are not easily shaken; and though the idea of travelling two days and two nights is formidable for all accustomed to English railway speed, the fatigue is really not great, and is felt less the second night than the first.

Travellers should take a good supply of provisions for the whole journey, for the meals are almost always at unseasonable and irregular hours; and not a single dish without the Spanish abominations, bad oil, saffron and garlic. When I awoke the first morning, we were just approaching Andujar, an interesting town on the Guadalquiver, with brown towers and roofs, a picturesque old bridge, and rather a fine range of hills behind, of the same tawny colour. We then ascended some wild hills, through which the river Herrumblar rushes, the views occasionally picturesque, especially near the bridge. Passing groves of olives and vineyards, we came to Baylen, a miserable little place, famous for the splendid victory gained by the Spaniards over the French. Castanos's army consisted of twenty-five thousand infantry, two thousand cavalry, and a very heavy train of artillery, and large bodies of armed peasantry, commanded by officers of the line. The whole multitude that advanced towards the Guadalquiver could not have

been less than fifty thousand men. After very little fighting, eighteen thousand French soldiers, under Dupont, laid down their arms before this raw army, incapable of resisting half that number, if they had been led by an able man. Joseph Buonaparte fled from Madrid, and all Europe was astonished at this victory and its results. The French troops, instead of being sent to France, according to the capitulation, were maltreated, and a number of them murdered in cold blood, especially at Lebrixa, where above eighty officers were massacred in the most cowardly manner. All who survived the march to Cadiz, after suffering every species of indignity, were cast into the hulks, where the greatest number perished in lingering torments,* and others were exposed on the destitute Island of Cabrera, without food or clothing, to feed on each other like howling wild beasts. These horrors were said to have been instigated by the clergy reclaiming the plunder the French had taken from the churches,† and may, in some measure, atone for the terrible retaliation of the French when they again invaded Spain. From Baylen to Guarroman, a miserable little village, the country is poorly cultivated.

We have now bid adieu to the beautiful villages and towns of the South of Spain, and really it is

* Napier's Peninsular War, vol. i, p. 125.

† Foy, iv, p. 107; and see Handbook, 305.

difficult to bear the loss of the exquisitely white houses, the freshly painted balconies, the Moorish lattices, the appearance of comfort, and even opulence—all is now changed for wretched dirty-looking huts and undisguised poverty. The country after passing Guarroman became rather pretty, covered with magnificent carob-trees, under which were tolerable crops of grain, and the hills planted with groves of olives. As we approached Carolina, the view is extensive, and the ranges of the Sierra Morena visible in the distance. This is one of several towns, built and colonized, in 1767, by Germans and Swiss, brought here to supply the place of the banished Jews and Moors; but the promises held out to induce them to leave their country were never kept, and most of the foreigners died broken-hearted.

The town is uninteresting, with wide streets, and is anything but Spanish in its appearance. The inhabitants appeared generally dark, but I observed some with very light complexions, and two or three with sandy hair, the descendants, no doubt, of the colonists. The peasants working in the fields were coolly and picturesquely dressed, having nothing on their bodies but a white shirt, reaching half way down their thighs, and bound at the waist with a red sash; white stockings, extending from the knees to their ankles only, sandles on their feet, and a conical-shaped hat, seldom without holes or bruises, completed their costume. Leaving Carolina,

we entered a pretty rocky country, with patches of cultivated land amongst the cliffs; and afterwards we enjoyed some fine extensive views of the Sierra Nevada in the distance, and large plains, one of them said to be the scene of the great battle of Las Navas de Tolosa, when two hundred thousand infidels were killed, and only a hundred and twenty-five Christians; so records an eye-witness, a better hand, says Mr. Ford, at guess-work, than arithmetic.*

We then reached a miserable little village, which, with our notions of Spain, we should scarcely have thought to be Spanish, but for the costumes of the peasants, and two or three youths playing their guitars to their wives, working at the doors of their hovels. Leaving this hamlet, we immediately descended at a rapid rate an admirably constructed road into a wild valley, and soon reached the splendid gorge of Despeña Perros (though over the dogs, cast over the infidel hounds.) The pass is narrow at the base, where the river flows; but where the road winds, the rocks are some little distance apart, forming, on entering, a fine natural amphitheatre; and the formation of the last rock on the right, at the end of the gorge, is magnificent. At one point of view, it appeared almost like a conglomeration of pinnacles, some perfect, and others broken.

* See Handbook, p. 306.

The rocks are generally of a grey colour, covered with yellow and red tints, and illuminated, as I saw them, with a setting sun, were really splendid. This is the boundary of La Mancha, and here we bid adieu for ever to gay Andalusia, certainly the most charming district in Spain. The Andalusians are often vain and conceited, but always good-tempered, civil and obliging—full of wit, fun and pleasantness—indolent, but, as far as my little experience extends, honest.

Now we enter La Mancha, a dreary, impoverished country, which even the genius of Cervantes and the exploits of Don Quixote cannot make interesting. I soon fell asleep, and awoke at Valdepeñas, where the diligence stopped to dine at midnight, not having halted since eleven A.M. The inn appeared clean, but the meal looked detestable, and I was told every dish had garlic in it. The wine, which they called the best in the place, was very inferior to the excellent Valdepeñas I have drunk in many places in Spain. I awoke in the morning just before arriving at the Venta de Quesada, the celebrated inn where Don Quixote was knighted. The round buildings at one side might well be imagined to be towers of a castle by a crazy knight, and the high enclosure the castle walls. The country around is flat, and covered with corn; in the distance is a low range of hills.

The tropical vegetation is now changed for less picturesque trees. At Cordova, we bid adieu to the

graceful palm-trees; and on entering La Mancha, to the few aloes which we had seen in the hedgerows just before leaving Andalusia. We passed Villarta, a small village, and then drove through extensive but indifferent pastures, covered with poor sheep, and still poorer looking shepherds. We breakfasted at Puerto Lapiche, a miserable place, where Don Quixote told Sancho they might get elbow-deep in adventures, which they very soon did. At a little distance on each side is a hill, with groves of olives around them.

Soon after leaving Lapiche, we observed several mills a long way from the road, which, in the distance, when their sails are not visible, might well be taken for giants by a crazy knight, and especially, as at that time windmills were novelties in the country; and having formed this opinion of them, and worked up his imagination to the belief, and closed his visor, he might well be described as encountering the giants of his disordered brain.

Madridejos, a town of seven thousand inhabitants, is a poor-looking place, but the most convenient for those who wish to see Tobosa and the Cave of Montesinos, which really do exist;* but as I am satisfied, from what I have seen, that the localities in Cervantes' admirable tale are sketched from nature, and having no fancy for the cheese Sancho liked so much, or

* See Handbook, p. 84.

or any wish to be starved to death, I should be sorry to linger in a country apparently without a decent town, a clean village, or a tolerable inn—destitute of art and beauty, and where the peasants, male and female, are as brown and uninteresting as the mud huts, and the burnt-up pastures and sierras. I have observed on the deserts in Africa how the animals, and even birds and insects, often assume a sandy hue; here, almost everything has a general sameness in the colouring, a deeper tawny tint, but there is scarcely a bit of colouring to be seen which would not require a large mixture of burnt sienna. Alas! I fear, there will really be no tolerating the North of Spain, after the picturesque South.

La Mancha is celebrated for good mules, and generally we had remarkably fine teams of eight, two abreast, or rather six mules, with their hair shaved almost entirely off, to keep them cool and clean, and two horses. The mayoral and zagal, in their gay costumes, managing the six nearest the carriage, beating and shouting most vigorously, often pelting them with stones when ascending the hills; and a postillion, with yellow buckskins and jack-boots, riding the left leader. One of our mules fell exhausted, and was with difficulty raised.

Not the least of our regrets now is the beautiful *coiffure* of the South; for the gay handkerchiefs the women of La Mancha wear round their heads are

but a poor substitute for the mantilla—the most becoming of all costumes when adjusted, as only a Spanish woman knows how. Passing an uninteresting country covered with poor crops of corn, we arrived at Tembleque, a miserable place, in a treeless plain. We then came to La Guardia, another wretched-looking village, on a sand-stone hill, in which the inhabitants have excavated caves for their dwellings. Similar barren hills, with singular flat summits, extend around the plains, which are also dreary and treeless.

At a clean-looking inn at Ocana, the diligence stopped to dine; and we then proceeded to Aranjuez, where we arrived in time for an eight o'clock dinner. This royal sitio is a charming place, a perfect oasis, after the deserts we have passed; but the grounds, and even the palace, would be admired in England. I never saw a royal residence on the continent abounding with walks so natural and so delightful. The exterior of the palace has not much architectural merit to boast of, but still looks well. The best point of view is from the small iron suspension bridge. There is a tolerably handsome *façade*, with high roof, containing, apparently, different floors of offices, like the Louvre, and there are two domes at each end. The river flows below a plainer front, and forms a cascade. A garden, filled with flowers, clipped evergreens, and orange-trees, and ending in a fountain, is in front of the principal

*façade.* The other side of the palace is more imposing for its size, but architecturally not so good. Fine avenues of trees lead from it to the hills.

The entrance to the plaza before the garden-side of the palace is handsome. The extensive offices, with their arcades of arches, and the ornamental gateways, and the wavy hills beyond, are imposing. The views from this area looking towards the palace—the beautiful Alameda, formed almost entirely of magnificent elms, raised from plants brought from England — or towards the gardens of the palace, are very beautiful. The King arrived there to-day, which prevented our seeing the interior, which, however, I did not regret, as it contains no works of art. We rambled for several hours in the grounds, and saw what is called the Labradors (the Labourer's) house, but it is large enough for a prince, or, at all events, for a nobleman. The *façade* of the exterior, in the Italian style, ornamented with statues and busts, is nothing remarkable. The interior is expensively furnished with a variety of costly clocks, silk tapestries, views of the royal palaces; one room, ornamented with silver-gilt furniture, in the worst style of Louis XV., and odious frescoes on the roofs.

Of the fifty-six clocks, there was scarcely one in good taste. The paintings were positively daubs, and the rooms of the second floor very little above

six feet high. There was nothing, indeed, that I admired in this building, which the Spaniards are so proud of, but the beautiful marble floors, which are certainly exquisite. The fountains they boast of are not deserving of much notice as works of art; that of the Giants is not bad; one, in lead, would have been good if in marble; a fountain of Apollo, with an indifferent statue of the god, and columns supporting geese, I longed to have a shot at, and hurl from their pinnacles; and there are some ponds, with conservatories and islands. The great charm of Aranjuez consists in the delicious avenues of noble trees, the variety of foliage, and the shady walks. There are gardens left delightfully wild, except one opposite the Labradors House, which they pay us the compliment to call English, as it was laid out by Richard Wall, an Irishman, though anything more stiff or more monstrous cannot be conceived. I could, however, have walked all day along in the shady avenues of elms, amongst the fine tulip-trees, cypresses, splendid poplars, and others very rare, especially some American elms, with magnificent leaves. Anything more delightful and more refreshing, after crossing La Mancha, cannot be conceived; and there is a noble terrace on the Tagus; but like the gardens, it is not kept in good order—a good fault for a royal domain; as it is better to see the grounds looking a little wild than excessive primness and

stiffness, scarcely allowing a single branch to grow as it wishes.

Not the least charm of this delightful place is the choir of songsters in the trees. They say they abound in nightingales, and at times I thought I distinguished them; for in Spain, it is said, they often sing in the day, but the blackbirds, thrushes, and some I could not recognise, were quite delightful. All the birds of Spain seem to have congregated together, leaving other places singularly destitute and are absolutely clamorous in the enjoyment of their liberty and security. The town of Aranjuez is evidently the offspring of royalty, consisting of wide streets and houses like barracks, uninteresting in the extreme. The Plaza de Toros, neater than usual, is outside the town, and on a conspicuous hill is a telegraph. The Four Nations is a tolerable, but dear inn; make your bargain before you enter, and do not ask the landlord to hire you carriages, though he is an Englishman, an unusual event in Spain.

We left Aranjuez at eight in the morning, hiring a conveyance for ourselves and Mr. L—— for twelve dollars. The rogue agreed first to take our heavy luggage; but, at the suggestion of our English landlord, he asked four dollars more for it. Avoiding this imposition by leaving our heavy boxes at Aranjuez, he then filled the cabriolet with other passengers, and we had no alternative

but consent to their remaining, or wait two days for a diligence. My indignation at being cheated in this way got the better of my discretion. I used a harder word to express my sense of their conduct than was prudent, a host of them attacked me in the street, and I had some difficulty in fighting my way into the inn.

Nothing can be more uninteresting than the drive to Toledo; except the first four miles through the magnificent avenue of elms—a splendid approach to a royal residence—the rest of the way was little better than a desert. On the arid hills, at a distance, we saw occasionally a few villages, and there was a large building like a convent. The Tagus might be traced from the vegetation on its banks, and was sometimes visible. Toledo looked imposing, even when first we distinguished it at a great distance, and the approach to it is remarkably fine. The general view of the city, with its lofty cathedral is splendid; the buildings picturesque in their appearance, rising terrace-like one above another on the slope of the steep hill, the Alcazar crowning the summit; the view crossing the bridge of

"The glen where Tagus rolls beneath his rocks,"

the Moorish castle and other ruins; and then the Plaza, the most picturesque in all Spain, which we passed through, on our way to the good Posada de los Caballeros, were all intensely interesting, and

fully realised our great expectations of this celebrated city. Well, indeed, might an Arab poet exclaim, "Toledo surpasses in beauty the most extravagant descriptions; she is indeed the city of pleasures and delights. God has lavished upon her all sorts of ornaments; he has given her walls for a turban, a river for her girdle, and the branches of trees for stars."*

* Mohammedan Dynasties, vol. i, p. 48.

## CHAPTER VII.

CAVE OF HERCULES—THE GOTHS—THE GOOD KING WAMBA—THE COUNCILS OF TOLEDO—THE TALE OF FLORINDA—THE ENCHANTED TOWER—THE MOORS—CAPTURE BY THE CHRISTIANS—THE MUZARABIC RITES—ARABIC LANGUAGE—THE CASTILIAN—PRESENT REDUCED STATE.

THE learned Salazar de Mendoza, in his history of the Cardinal Primate of Spain, states that this ancient city dates its existence almost from the time of the flood, claiming as its founder, Tubal, the son of Japhet, and grandson of Noah, and was the warrior hold of many generations and a strange diversity of races. Of all the marvels of Toledo, the most wonderful was the Cave of Hercules; which, according to the learned Salazar, was first wrought out of the rock by Tubal, and afterwards repaired and greatly augmented by Hercules the Egyptian, who made it his habitation after he had erected his pillars at the Straits.

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In 1546, Don Juan Martinez Silicco explored this cave, which is said to extend three leagues beyond the Tagus, and to have found a chapel ornamented with bronzes, but from terror at the roaring, rushing sounds they heard, and the foul air, the explorers fell sick and died; and a like fate is said to have been the lot of many who have penetrated into it in search of the treasures the Romans are said to have left there.* Who can doubt this, as the cave really exists? The entrance to it is said to be in the church of St. Genes, and, as in duty bound, I went to see it; but the door was always locked, though a respectable-looking man assured me that the entrance to a cave was in the church, though now it was walled up. When the Romans conquered Toledo, 193 B.C., the city was small; but Leovigild made it the capital of his kingdom, and from that time Toledo was called a royal city, and considered the metropolis of the kingdom of the Goths.

There are few of the Gothic kings worthy of any notice, but there is one whose name is soon familiar to all strangers. If the guide is at a loss for the builder of any old wall, Wamba has immediately the credit of it. As Mr. Ford says, "En el tiempo del Rey Wamba, denotes a date beyond legal memory, as old as the hills; au temps ou la reine Berthe filait." It is extraordinary the fond tra-

* Legend of the Conquest of Spain, pp. 160 and 164.

ditionary love which is still retained for the good king Wamba, as if his reign was the only bright speck in the dark annals of their country beyond the hated period of Moorish domination. At the death of King Resessuinto, A.D. 672, the great men of the kingdom elected Wamba, a man of great power and consummate judgment, a brave warrior, and so modest that it is said he begged with tears in his eyes that they would not lay so heavy a charge upon him, and only consented to accept the crown when threatened with death if he refused. Navarre and the Court of Nismes would not acknowledge him; but the King waged war against them, with great valour subdued his enemies, and re-entered Toledo in triumph; the rebels mounted on camels with their beards and heads shaved, without shoes and miserably clad; Paul, whom they had elected for their King, with a crown of leather on his head.

Spain enjoyed a long peace under the prudent government of Wamba, and he beautified the kingdom, especially the royal city of Toledo with a new wall, and erected towers, which he adorned with marble statues of saints, the patrons of the city. The Moors even then were tempted by the rich harvest Spain offered them, and one hundred and seventy vessels were laying waste the Spanish coast; but Wamba ordered all to take arms, except the infirm, and women and children, and decreed

that every one should send to the war at least a twelfth of his people well-equipped, and the bishops and the priests were obliged to join the army with their forces. Wamba gained a great victory over the Moors, but this was the end of his glorious reign of more than eight years. Ervigius, a relation of the late King, but not so near as to have any claim to the throne, half-poisoned Wamba, and when in this state caused his head and his beard to be shaved like a priest's, so that he could not reign again, and then induced the monarch to nominate him as his successor. Wamba recovered, but finding Ervigius in possession of the crown, he did not deem the bauble worth an effort to recover it, but chose rather to retire into a convent, where he remained until his death, seven years afterwards.

The first of the celebrated councils of Toledo was held A.D. 400, and many of them, as described by Mariana, are curious and characteristic; and though they were generally occupied with events of little political importance, such as questions of ecclesiastical discipline, the appointing of fast-days, the reproving of heresies, the reconciling and excommunicating bishops, condemning or approving the works of the learned, we find many subjects of great importance, particularly a series of decrees against the Jews, which may account for their hatred of Christians and their assisting the Moors in conquering the country.

In the sixth council, held in 637, they determined they would not give the crown to any one, unless he would swear to grant no favours to the Jews, and not to permit any person to enter the kingdom who was not a Christian.

At the eighth council, held in 653, the Jews presented a petition, from which it appears King Chinthila had obliged them to become Christians, and renounce their Sabbath and ancient laws; and all that the Jews requested was, that they might not be compelled to eat pork, which their stomachs could not digest, not being accustomed to such food, but offering to eat other meats prepared in the same way.

At the seventeenth council, A.D. 694, they considered, at the request of the King, whether the Jews should be driven from the kingdom, as the King proved that they had been concerting with the Moors to rebel, and deliver Spain into their hands. The prelates determined that all the Jews should be made slaves, their property confiscated, and their children taken from them at the age of seven, and given to Christians to educate.

During the reign of Witiza, a King remarkable for his cruelty and wickedness, the eighteenth was held, which was scarcely considered a council, as it disregarded the ancient laws, especially in allowing the Jews more liberty. The Gothic monarchy was becoming degenerate and corrupt. The

nobles, once so valiant, and capable of enduring every hardship, were effeminated, and revelled in sensual delights. Don Roderick, before his accession to the throne, promised to be a Wamba, but he proved to be a Witiza in cruelty and vices. All will recollect the tale of Florinda bathing in the Tagus, and Don Roderick from a window gazing at charms too powerful for such a licentious monarch to behold unmoved. When a king was the suitor, and an unprotected girl the victim, historians and poets may differ to eternity as to whether violence was resorted to by her Sovereign, in order to gratify his passions, or whether she was the wanton others represent Florinda to have been; the crime in either case was great; for her father, as was the custom of the Gothic nobles, had confided his daughter to the care of Don Roderick, and he abused the trust. All agree as to the remorse of Florinda, and the vengeance of Count Julian, except those who reject the tale altogether.

It seems monstrous for a Christian noble to abandon his religion, and betray his country to the great enemies of his faith, to revenge a private wrong, and one is naturally led to doubt the possibility of such apostasy; but it appears from the seventh council of Toledo, that Teodisclo, a Christian Bishop of Toledo, had set him the example, and gone over into Africa, abandoning his country and religion; also for centuries afterwards the Spanish

kings, in their quarrels, often sought the assistance of the Moors, and Moslems and Christians fought in the same ranks, sometimes against Christians and sometimes against Moors.

Count Julian had married the sister of Witiza, and was naturally the partizan of his nephew, who had not only been deprived of the throne by Don Roderick, but was also cruelly persecuted by that monarch, and obliged to take refuge in Africa, having previously engaged his friends to assist him when an opportunity should occur. He may therefore have brought over the Moors to revenge his private wrong, and to set the rightful heir, his nephew, on the throne.

Condé says nothing of the tale of Florinda; and though the chronicles of the period may be silent on the subject, tradition is not to be rejected when connected with such an important event as the subjugation of Spain by the Moors; and in this land of romance, with the wild Tagus still rolling through its rocky bed, and monuments of Gothic power and Moorish dominion still existing to assure us that all is not a dream, one feels inclined to be credulous, and not reject altogether as a fiction what is gravely recorded in the standard histories of Spain, and is also the theme of the legendary ballads of the country.

The coming of the Moors may well have been prophesied, as the rich spoils of the Gothic kingdom

had already attracted the Moslems to the shores of Spain, the kingdom was become degenerated and more defenceless, and Roderick was not a Wamba; but never did prophecy assume so marvellous a shape, and yet Mariana gravely relates it.

Every one has heard of the wonder of Toledo, its lofty tower built on four brazen lions, with a massive iron gate covered with seventy locks; of Don Roderick's compelling the ancient guards to unlock the portal; of the gigantic figures with huge maces, who guarded the entrance; of the beautiful gems which decorated the interior, and the marvellous radiant light, though there were no windows; of the golden casket which none but a king could open, and the linen cloth he found, covered with drawings of Moors; of the dismay of the monarch when he read the inscription, that these were the men who would drive him from his throne: then how the linen cloth amplified into a vast transparent cloud, and a great battle was seen in the air between the Christians and Moors, the King observing his steed Orelia galloping about the field without a rider; how, next day, an eagle let fall a burning brand on the tower, and fanned the flame with its wings, until it was reduced to ashes; and how a mighty wind, created by a vast flight of birds, raised the ashes into the air, and all on whom they fell, perished in the great battle of Guadalete, when Spain was conquered by the Moors.

When the panic which paralysed all Spain, after the defeat of Don Roderick, reached Toledo, the Archbishop Urban, notwithstanding the strength of the city, fled into the Asturias, leaving behind him the five-and-twenty crowns of gold, set with precious stones, the splendid emerald table, and other treasures of the Gothic kings; but carrying with him all the sacred relics, that they might not be profaned by the enemies of their religion; the cassock the Virgin placed on the shoulders of St. Ildefonso; the chest of relics removed from Jerusalem, when it was taken by the Persian Chosraes; the holy books, the Bible and the works of the Saints Isidoro, Ildefonso and Julian, "models of learning and holiness, treasures more precious than gold and pearls." Don Palayo accompanied Urban, and, in order that these relics might be more free from danger, they placed them in a cave, two leagues from where the city of Oviedo (where they now are) was afterwards built.

The relics and the written works of saints,
Toledo's treasures, prized beyond all wealth,
Their living and their dead remains,
These to the mountain fastnesses he bore.—DON RODERICK.

It is impossible to ramble round Toledo, and see the noble Tagus rolling amongst the steep granite boulders, the strongest natural fortifications surrounding the city, except on one side, and the still exist-

ing lofty walls, towers and castle, without wondering how it was, the capital of the Goths, enjoying an almost impregnable situation, surrendered almost without a blow, her treasures, her liberty and her religious supremacy, to the small army Tarik commanded. It almost makes one believe that the legend of the enchanted tower was not a fiction of later ages, but that the people really believed they were bowing to the inevitable will of fate.

Some say that the Jews, without delay, opened the gates to the conquerors; and others that the Christians, though reduced in number, resisted for several months; but whilst they were engaged in a religious procession, commemorating the Passion of our Saviour, the Jews opened the gates to the Moors. If either of these accounts be correct, the city, through the instrumentality of the Jews, was taken by surprise, and yet the most liberal conditions were granted to the Christians. Those who wished might leave the city, taking with them their goods; and all who remained were allowed the free exercise of their religion, and seven churches granted to them for that purpose. The taxes were what they had been accustomed to pay to their own sovereigns, no new ones were imposed; and, a still greater privilege, they were governed by their own laws, electing their judges themselves.

We are accustomed to consider the religion of Mohammed as the religion of the sword, but the

terms granted to the vanquished Christians prove the liberality of a people who then excelled every other nation of the earth in their various attainments. What is still more creditable to the Moors, the conditions were honourably fulfilled, and not broken, as the Spaniards did those they granted, eight centuries later, to the Moors of Granada. The Spanish writers, it is true, make out a list of about forty Christian martyrs, during centuries of Moorish domination; but it is generally supposed that these were men who were determined to be martyrs, and their sufferings may be traced to political causes, and rather to their aggressions on the Moorish government and religion, and not to their adhering to their own opinions.

More than two centuries later, Toledo, under Giafar Ben Hafsun, made a long and brave defence against Abdurahman III.; and when famine raged within the walls, the gallant Moor, with four thousand followers, broke through the Caliph's army, and escaped.

Again, in 1085, Toledo was taken by Alonso VI., after a siege of several years. Besides that monarch's own subjects from Leon, the Basque provinces, Galicia and the Asturias, Don Sancho, King of Arragon and Navarre, with a large army, and others from Germany, Italy and France, hastened to participate in an enterprise which attracted the attention of the Christian world. Marvellous were

the skill and courage exhibited during this siege, and still more marvellous the vision of St. Isidoro appearing in a dream to Cyprian, Bishop of Leon, to announce to him that the city would be taken in fifteen days.

Famine rendered further resistance impossible, and honourable terms were granted to the Moors. The King, and all who chose to accompany him, were allowed to retire to Valencia; and those who remained enjoyed their property, and even for a while their Mezquita, contributing the taxes they had been accustomed to pay.

Soon after the conquest of Toledo by the Christians, a singular discussion arose as to whether the old Muzarabic missal and breviary, used in Spain from time immemorial, by the authority of the Saints Isidoro, Ildefonso and Julian, or the Gregorian mass, supported by the Legate of the Pope, should be used. The term Muzarabic is taken from the Arabic, Must-Arab, which means a man endeavouring, in language and manners, to be an Arab,* as later on the Moslems were called Moros Latinados, thus the Moor Alfaraxi, in the "Poema del Cid," is described:† "De tan buen entendimento e era tan ladino que semejava Christiano."

The people were attached to their ancient rites,

* Mohammedan Dynasties, I, pp. vol. 419, 420.

† Ver. 266. Tickler, vol. III, p. 347.

and demanded that the question should be decided by arms, according to the custom of those times. A day was appointed, and two champions were chosen, when Juan Ruiz, who defended the ancient breviary, was victorious. Not satisfied with this result, a bonfire was made in the Plaza, and the two missals flung into the flames. The Roman leapt out, a little singed, but the Muzarabic remained in the fire a long time, without the least injury. The King, not altogether impartial, adjudged that both were pleasing to God, since neither were burnt. The Queen, the Primate, and the Legate, succeeded in establishing the Gregorian Mass, though the ancient rites were preserved in several Muzarabic churches; and a chapel ages afterwards was endowed by Ximenes, to preserve the memory of a ritual so ancient, and which is supposed to approach nearer than any other to the Apostolical primitive form.

The features of this ritual, Mr. Ford says, are its simplicity and earnest tone of devotion, and the absence of auricular confession. The prayers and collects are so beautiful, that many have been adopted in our Prayer-Book. The Host was divided into nine parts, which represent the Incarnation, Epiphany, Nativity, Circumcision, Passion, Death, Resurrection, Ascension, and Eternal Kingdom.

In Toledo, under the tolerant dominion of the Moors, the Muzarabs had six churches; and at

Cordova, where the King resided, they had at least as many public places of worship within the city, and more than ten monasteries and churches in places adjacent. They had a regular succession of bishops, and held several councils. Priests, monks, and nuns, walked about in public, in the habits of their orders. They had large schools, abounded in wealth, and held offices of honour and trust under government.*

Arabic was the common language, and the Latin scarcely used or known, so that John of Seville translated the Scriptures into that language; and Mariana adds, that in his day there were copies existing of this translation in different parts of Spain. Even down to the fourteenth century, public acts and documents were often written and signed in Arabic.

Toledo, when rescued from the dominion of the Moors, was consecrated as the ecclesiastical head of Christian Spain, and so loyal to the throne of Castile, that Alonso XI. exclaimed, when Burgos disputed the precedence of Toledo in the Cortes: "Let Burgos speak first; I will speak for Toledo, which always does what I wish."

Toledo was always celebrated for the superiority of her schools and learned men, and also for the purity and correctness of the Castilian language,

* Robinson's Ecclesiastical Researches, p. 233.

which is still said to be spoken better there than in any other city in Spain. War, and more especially the destruction of the monasteries and convents, and appropriation of the Church revenues, have ruined Toledo; a population, once numbering two hundred thousand, is now sunk to only twelve or thirteen thousand souls; and yet for its locality, its historical associations, its cathedral, and still existing remains, it is still, with the exception of Granada, the most interesting city in Spain.

## CHAPTER VIII.

THE CATHEDRAL OF TOLEDO—SAN JUAN DE LOS REYES—SAN TOMÉ—SANTA MARIA LA BLANCA—CONVENT OF LOS SILOS—HOSPITAL DE LA CRUZ—THE ALCAZAR—EXCURSION OUTSIDE THE WALLS—MOORISH REMAINS—THE HOSPITAL DE AFUERA—ROMAN CIRCUS—EL CRISTO DE LA VEGA—THE BATHS OF FLORINDA—MOORISH BRIDGE—FINE VIEWS—MANUFACTORY OF ARMS—STREETS—HOUSES—MOORISH PLAZA—PEASANTS—LADIES—ARRIVAL AT MADRID.

THE cathedral, the pride and glory of Toledo, where all the works of art, wealth and treasures of the city are now concentrated, is truly a museum requiring almost a volume of description. It was designed, says Mr. Ford, by Pedro Perez, and completed in 1492. The exterior is so built up and disfigured, that it has little to recommend it except one tower, three hundred and twenty-five feet high. The *façade* of the cathedral is tolerable, but would scarcely be so except for

this fine tower; the best view of that part of the exterior is from a corner near the archbishop's palace. La Puerta del Reloj would be good, if not disfigured and partly concealed by buildings. The bronze doorways with the carvings inside are beautiful. The Puerta de los Leones, opposite, is very fine, the pointed arch large and deep, and the niches on each side carried round it have a very rich appearance. The doors are splendid, the exterior of bronze with Raphaelesque ornaments, and those inside are of wood, beautifully carved, representing battle scenes.

The fine interior of the cathedral is about four hundred feet long, by two hundred wide: the central nave is one hundred and sixty feet high, the side aisles are low; but the general effect is good and rich, all the windows are full of stained glass of lighter tints than usual, but extremely beautiful in design and colouring. There is little to offend the eye in this cathedral, and a great deal to admire.

The Capilla Mayor, thanks to the great Cardinal Ximenes, is worthy of the church. The retablo is lofty and imposing, and the carvings, representing the life of the Saviour and the Virgin, are by Juan de Borgoña and others; but few of them seemed to be of much merit. This chapel contains the tombs of Alonso VII., Sancho el Descado, Sancho el Bravo, and the Infante Don Pedro; but the sepulchre, which will entirely rivet the attention of the

visitor, is that of the great Cardinal Mendoza (ob. 1495), with two *façades*, one towards the chapel, the other fronting the aisle, plateresque in style, but good of the kind, and worthy of this splendid chapel and the King-Cardinal, *a tertius rex* even when Ferdinand and Isabella reigned, who were anything but cyphers.

The exterior of the chapel is as magnificent as the interior; the rows of figures at the sides are admirable and most effective from every point they are seen from. The transparente is abominably churrigueresque in style, though it cost two hundred thousand ducats. The reja in front of the grand altar is fine, and the pulpits of gilt metal, on marble columns, look very splendid.

The choir is a treasure of carving; the lower stalls are, Mr. Ford says, by Rodrigo, and represent the war of Granada, and the surrender of the Alhambra to Ferdinand and Isabella. The carving of the upper stalls, and the line of alabaster figures above are by Berruguete and Vigarny; those to the right on entering the choir, by the former, who also executed the throne of the Primate, and the immense Transfiguration above. These carvings are wonderful for expression, and admirable for the elegant draperies and designs, and it may truly be said such a choir does not exist in the world. The organs are in bad taste.

The ante-room of La Sala Capitular, with its

beautiful roof, contains wardrobes exquisitely carved by Gregorio Pardo, a pupil of Berruguete; and apparently from these works, which are quite Raphaelesque in style, almost equal in talent to his master. A doorway with Moorish decorations leads into the principal room, which is truly magnificent, with its splendid roof and excellent frescoes, by Juan de Borgona, who lived and died here early in the sixteenth century. The gift of the Casulla, the cassock with which the Virgin is clothing the Saint Ildefonso, is perhaps the best; but they are all deserving of praise, for the drawing and composition, and for colouring also, as may be seen from those on the side of the windows less exposed to the sun and light. Beneath is a series of portraits of the primates, and few dynasties of kings present a longer list of benefactors to their country than that of these Prince-Bishops. Many of them spent their enormous incomes in founding schools and universities; some in building bridges and making roads; others in erecting hospitals and forming charitable institutions, while again others headed victorious armies; and Mendoza and Ximenes were the most talented as well as the most powerful ministers Spain ever possessed. The good they did, and the numerous now dilapidated monuments of their wealth and charity, may well make the people doubt the wisdom of reforms which swept away the splendid incomes

of their primates, and a chapter consisting of about one hundred dignitaries and prebendaries.

The Mozarabe Chapel, endowed by Ximenes, is very interesting; the neat altar is decorated with a beautiful Roman mosaic of the Madonna and Child, the latter with a spear spearing a saint; but the chief interest of this chapel consists in the paintings representing the landing of Ximenes in Africa, the taking of Oran, and his embarking for Spain. As a work of art, the first, though small compared to the battle scene, is the best; the one representing his departure from Africa being much injured. The Cardinal in his dress, is in the front ranks of his army, determined to succeed on an enterprise which was entirely his own, and paid for out of his princely revenues.

The entrance of La Capilla de los Reyes Nuevos is very rich, and the chapel itself very pretty, with its groined roof and plateresque arch. Under four niches, the ornaments of which are poor and contemptible, are the effigies of Henry II., ob. 1379, and his wife Juaña, ob. 1381; Henry III., ob. 1407, and his wife Catherine, daughter of our John of Gaunt, ob. 1419; Juan I., ob. 1390, and his wife Leonora, ob. 1382: and kneeling figures of the two latter are on each side the altar, but none of these royal tombs are worth observing as works of art. The paintings in the church are certainly the chief works of Mariano Salvador

Maella, who was born in Valencia, in 1739, and died in 1819 at Madrid, and generally considered a feeble painter. An Adoration of the Shepherds is beautiful, the Child very well done and the drapery Guido-like. The Nativity is also a good painting, but not equal to the other. The expression of the Saint in the Martyrdom of Santiago is fine. The St. Ferdinand and St. Hermenigild, and the large painting over the altar of St. Ildefonso and the Virgin are good, the Virgin beautiful; but the lower part of that picture is not equal to the upper.

The chapel of Santiago, which is rich and lofty, but not in the best taste, contains several tombs, and amongst others that of the unfortunate Constable Alvaro de Luna, who was executed in 1451, at Valladolid, by the command of a weak King, who owed everything to the talents of his minister. He lies in the centre of an alabaster sepulchre, which is very imposing, with kneeling figures at each corner.

The chapel of San Ildefonso has a beautiful marble tomb of Gil de Albornoz, ob. 1350, in the centre, surrounded with charming niches, filled with statues. The tomb of Don Alonso Camillo d'Albornoz, ob. 1514, is rich plateresque, and very beautiful. There are other tombs in this chapel, and high up on the walls indifferent *bas-reliefs* in marble, representing the most celebrated events of this Saint; among others, the graves opening when he preached,

and the gift of the cassock, but I did not see the slab on which the Virgin alighted for that purpose. Over the altar is a good group of St. Ildefonso and the Virgin in Glory, by Albaroz, 1783.

In the chapel of San Eugenio is a Moorish recess, and in the chapel of St. Lucia are two good paintings of the Martyrdom of St. Peter; the one with both arms stretched out is very fine.

In the chapel of St. Martin are some old paintings, with gold grounds, well drawn, and almost Raphaelesque in colour.

In the next chapel, on the retablo, are similar paintings, with gold grounds, some of the Saints' heads quite beautiful, St. Peter's especially.

In the chapel of the Adoracion de los Santos Reyes, there is a fine retablo, with figures also painted on gold ground; the Dead Christ the best. The Magdalene at our Saviour's feet is very beautiful.

There are other paintings in this style in the cathedral, but the best are in these three chapels, and they may probably be considered the most valuable productions of the oldest Spanish painters. The single figures are better than the groups. The sacristans believe they are Flemish, but that is what they always say when they are at a loss for the name of the artist. Many of the earliest masters worked in this cathedral; amongst others, Juan Alfon, Rincon and his pupils, Inigo de Comontes and his brother; and perhaps these are some of

their works. The custodi suppose all in this style must be Flemish; but in the sixteenth century, the single figures of Christ—the finest paintings of Joanes—are on a similar gold ground.

In the left aisle, on entering the cathedral, are two good paintings, but not, as they say, by Rubens. In the chapel adjoining is one by El Greco, of the Magdalene and Virgin adoring a Christ, carved on a cross, stuck between the two figures, but not very good. In the chapel of St. Leocadia, is a Virgin, nicely done, by Luca Giordano.

The Salon de la Sacristia is a handsome room, but the roof is badly painted, by the same artist. The only subject that can be easily made out is the Virgin investing St. Ildefonso with the cassock: the sky is muddy, the colouring bad, and drawing equally so—legs dangling in every direction. The large figures underneath, also by Luca, are poor; and yet this painter is thought more of by the Spaniards than many of their fine old masters. Beneath these are portraits of Saints, by El Greco; some of them are good, but the colouring of the flesh of this artist is always too livid. The Taking of Christ, also by him, is well done, but the bad light scarcely allows one to form a correct notion of it. The St. Francisco, a small figure, said to be by Cano, does not seem to me by that artist. It is a good representation of a pale, lanky Franciscan; but the legs are so long, and out of all propor-

tion, that I do not think the figure could have been executed by Cano.

In the Vestuario, I observed a Bassano and a Holy Family and St. Ann, apparently by Puligno, and almost equal to Andrea del Sarto. There is also a fine painting, the Martyrdom of St. Leocadia, by Orrente.

The ochavo or octagon is rich in marbles, and the fresco on the dome is by Luca Giordano, and better than the generality of paintings by that artist. This room is surrounded with relics; but a figure of St. Augustin was all I observed deserving of attention as a work of art. The Virgin's crown and dresses are magnificent, and covered entirely with precious pearls; her image is carved in black wood. In another room we saw, in closets barely large enough to hold them, four large silver globes, with maps and figures of Europe, Asia, Africa and America, which are curious, but not particularly well executed. The sword of Alonso VI., the conqueror of Toledo; and the small cross which Ferdinand and Isabella placed on the Alhambra, after the conquest, are interesting; but the most beautiful of all the treasures is the Gothic Custodia, the master-piece of Henrique de Arphe. It is very large, and made of silver and silver-gilt, a great part of the tabernacle inside of pure gold; and it is truly a charming work of art, the figures delicately executed, and the columns of the taber-

nacle in the centre quite exquisite. There are several missals; one they exhibit in three volumes of the New and Old Testament, with coloured illustrations for every verse, is rich and curious; but they are not particularly well done.

Wearied with treasures of art, we turned into the charming cloisters, which are ornamented with lofty pointed arches, and very noble. The frescoes by Bayeu are very indifferent; some by Maella not much better, and three by Luca Giordano, much injured, but the best.

Over the plateresque door of the Nino Perdido (the child stolen by the Jews), leading from the cathedral, is a painting of the Annunciation, I could not learn by whom; but, as usual, when ignorant, they say Flemish. Bermudez says the archives show it to be by Luis de Velasco; and so Mr. Ford says. The Virgin is generally represented alone, when the Divine message is communicated to her, but on this occasion she has her friends around her. It does not appear to me much like Andrea del Sarto's style, as Sir F. Head states, but it is certainly a very delightful painting, well drawn, and the colouring excellent. The modest, retiring figure of the lovely Virgin is exquisite, and the angel with her, between two columns, is also good. On the left is a group of female figures; the one with a white dress and yellow mantle is very beautiful. On the other side are four male

figures; and the Holy Spirit and the heavenly choir above are well painted.

The chapel of St. Blas is always closed; the same may be said of the churches of San Juan de Penitencia and San Roman, which they say are well worth seeing. I was tired of going there in vain day after day to see them. Cosas de España.

In the Juderia, or Jews' quarter, is an old synagogue, called El Transitu, consisting of a fine long room, with an artesonado roof, beneath which are Moorish arches and double columns, and a broad band of foliage and rich work, containing the arms of Leon and Castile, and under it an inscription in Hebrew. At the end of this long room is some beautiful Moorish work, like lace, greatly injured by the insertion of the altar. The honeycomb cornice is excellent.

The once splendid 'convent' of San Juan de los Reyes, dedicated by Ferdinand and Isabella to their tutelar apostle, and destined by Ximenes for his reformed monks, is still worth visiting. You enter by an elegant portal into a room which leads to the exquisite cloisters, which are fearfully injured, and the garden in the centre is now a wilderness. The beautiful pointed arches of the cloisters, the elegant carved foliage, the good sculpture of many of the figures still uninjured, are extremely interesting. The convent is turned into a museum

for all the vile daubs which are given up to the Government because not worth purloining. There was only one good painting, but it was certainly the most pleasing Ribera I ever saw. Joseph with a hatchet and a log of wood in his hand, is a splendid figure; the Madonna, with a noble cast of countenance, and the Infant Jesus, fat, and coloured like a Rubens, and in drawing not unlike that artist, is charming; and the St. John is also good, but much injured.

There are rooms above, full of daubs, and many exquisitely carved frames well worth seeing. The chapel is very interesting, and must have been splendid; the ornaments which were too high for the French soldiers to destroy, are admirable, consisting of capitals, eagles, shields, &c., and an inscription, with the names of Ferdinand and Isabella. The roof is very beautifully groined, and all the windows were full of stained glass, but the French broke all but one. Over the grand altar is a St. Martin on horseback, sharing his cloak with a beggar, said to be by Velasquez. It is lamentable to see so fine a convent entirely destroyed by lawless soldiers. Outside the walls of the church, the chains of the Christians who were captives in Ronda are still hanging.

In the Calle de Cristo de la Luz is a little chapel, once a Moorish mosque, and still decorated with short columns, supporting horse-shoe arches.

The portal of the church is very elegant, and the pinnacles of the tower are good.

The Church of San Tomé has a brick tower with Moorish arches, and contains a painting, considered a master-piece, of El Greco. It represents the burial of the Count de Orgaz, who was the repairer of this church and the founder of the convent of St. Augustin, and therefore the two saints, St. Thomas and St. Augustin, came from heaven to bury him. The livid colouring of El Greco suits admirably the dead body, and the armour in which it is clad is beautifully painted. The heads of innumerable by-standers are finely drawn, but want warmth, and the four burning torches are as livid as their faces. The crosses of the saints are cleverly painted. The Saviour, Virgin, and heavenly choir, all the ideal part of the picture, which ought to be the most beautiful, is abominably bad, wretched drawing, and still worse colouring.

In the Juderia is another synagogue, which was turned into a church, called La Santa Maria la Blanca, but it is now a ruin; application must be made to the Comandante for the key. The form is that of a basilica, with three aisles, divided by short polygonal columns, supporting horse-shoe arches. The lofty roof is plain, but said to be of cedars, from Lebanon. The walls are decorated with honeycomb arches, divided by little columns, and a broad band of lace-like ornaments.

In the convent de Los Silos is a fine room, with rich Moorish work, some of the decorations the most tasteful I have ever seen, and the artesonado ceiling the finest in Toledo. Near there the gate of San Clemente is very elegant. The Hospital de la Cruz, founded by the great Cardinal Mendoza, is now a military college. The portal is exquisite, with Raphaelesque decorations and figures, which are not bad. The patios are beautiful, especially the first, with columns with Ionic capitals, and decorations containing the escutcheons of the Cardinal; the roof of the gallery above is carved, but the great gem is the Berruguete ante-room of the chapel. It consists of four magnificent elliptical arches, supported by lofty buttresses, elaborately and tastefully ornamented, and in the spandrels are the arms of Mendoza, with supporters; the lofty roof is beautifully groined. The chapel is low, with a fine artesonado ceiling.

The Alcazar is a magnificent ruin. The Berruguete *façade* is imposing, but the patio, with its noble arches, supported by grey granite columns with Corinthian capitals, is truly splendid. Between each arch are the arms of Austria. The upper row of columns of the gallery above is almost entirely destroyed, except on one side. The view, looking towards that part and beyond the arches, of the splendid staircases, is very grand. There is at first one wide flight of stairs, which branches into

two, each eighteen feet wide. Nothing can be more simple, more classical, and more beautiful than the decorations of the lofty hall of the staircase; the windows are charming, from their extreme simplicity; the plain, square, grey granite slabs above them are more effective than the most elaborate decorations could be. The Corinthian pilasters between the windows are admirable, indeed I have seen nothing of Palladio's that I prefer to this part of the palace, which I believe to be by Herrera. There is a fine hall leading out of it, without a floor; for Soult's soldiers set fire to this splendid building when they abandoned it. One is reluctant to rake up old sores, and appear to be reproaching a whole nation for what may have been only the fault of a few, but it is difficult to avoid it when one sees such wanton destruction as this.

An excursion should be made outside the walls. La Puerta del Sol is a picturesque Moorish gate and tower. A pointed horse-shoe arch forms the entrance, and within this three more are visible. The interlacing brick arches above, and also the circular ones, are very rich; a battlement fringes the top of the tower. We then passed the church of Santiago, which is curious for its architecture; the tower is of the time of the Moslems, and ornamented with two small windows, with Moorish arches. Proceeding to the Puerta de Visagra, which is handsome, we visited the old Moorish gate imme-

diately below it, called La Puerta Lodada, which is very picturesque, with horse-shoe arches and perpendicular open slits to shoot arrows out of. Walking along the fine Alameda, we came to the Hospital de Afuera, the *façade* of which is not finished, but the portal is good. It was built by the Cardinal Juan de Tavera, and is one of the many useful institutions erected by the primates of Toledo. The patio is magnificent; the circular arches of the lower colonnade are supported by grey granite columns, of the Doric order; the Ionic columns above sustain elliptical arches. There are double columns at the angles, and the ornaments are simple and pleasing. This fine patio is divided by an open colonnade, which has a good effect, and leads to the chapel, which is lofty and handsome. In the centre is a beautiful tomb, by Berruguete, of the founder, the Cardinal Primate, and his statue lying on the top has a calm and noble expression. The four cardinal virtues are represented at the angles. Beneath the latter are eagles, and between them cherubs, scrolls, and *bas-reliefs*, more commendable for their composition than their execution. The wooden retablo is a clever imitation of marble, and the design, by El Greco, good, but his paintings are bad, and the painting in the chapel adjoining, by the ame sartist, no better.

Passing by the remains of an ancient Roman circus, the form of which can be distinctly traced for a

considerable distance by some of the arches and gradini, which are still remaining (of rubble-work united by cement as hard as stone), we came to the church of El Cristo de la Vega, in which were buried the tutelars of the city, St. Ildefonso, and St. Leocadia, who was born in 306, and cast from the rocks above by Dacian. The entrance is pretty, through a cemetery destined for the monks, and over the neat entrance into the chapel is a charming marble statue of St. Leocadia, by Berruguete. The interior is not worth visiting, but the oval exterior is beautiful, being covered with sunk brick arches. In the lowest row they are double, and circular in their form; in the next, honeycombed, and horse-shoe arches within them; the third row consists of double horse-shoe arches, and the highest of double circular arches, and although they are only of brick, the effect is very good.

The view is fine from here of the ruined palace of Wamba, with its broken walls and windows rising on the rocks, the Puerta del Cambron and the pinnacles of San Juan de los Reyes. Below, close to the river, is an alcoba, a square Moorish tower, with a pointed arched entrance; a finer arch, fronting towards the river; and one opposite similar to it, supported by columns. The lower part is dilapidated, and was, they say, a bath, hence the tower is called Los Banos de Florinda, for here she is said to have been bathing when Don

Roderick saw her through the last arch I have described. Supposing his palace to have been where the ruined walls are still standing, and this arch open, as it is at present, Florinda's charms might be seen. Alas! that the want of a blind should have caused such woes; nearly eight hundred years of Moorish dominion, and so many battles before the infidels were driven back into Africa. On one of the columns of this arch is an Arabic inscription Below the alcoba is another little tower, and the beautiful Moorish bridge of St. Martin, with its fine centre arch and tower at the end. We returned into the city through the picturesque gate, called Puerta del Cambron, with its vain inscription, that bore *ennui* may be expelled from the now deserted streets of Toledo.

Another excursion should be made over the picturesque Moorish bridge of Alcantara, adorned with towers, and a statue of the Tutelar; turning to the left is the Alameda, with hedges of roses (the Aranjuez road.) The verdant meadow near it is La Huerta del Rey, containing some ruins, called Las Casas de la Reina. Opposite the bridge of Alcantara are the picturesque towers of the Moorish castle of Cervantes. Turning to the right is a fine view of the Alcazar and Santiago, now a military academy; and some charmingly picturesque Moorish arches, all that remain of a splendid hydraulic

apparatus of the Moors, which did the work of scores of donkeys, now employed daily in taking water from the same place into the city. Picturesque mills on the wild and melancholy Tagus, and magnificent rocky, granite hills, which, from their rhomboidal forms and bold appearance, reminded me of the mountains of the First Cataract of the Nile—form one of the most interesting views in Spain. There is a delightful ramble along the river for those who are good scramblers.

It is worth the trouble to walk out to the Fabrica de Armas, less than a mile from the walls, if only to enjoy the view of Toledo. Many points are more picturesque, but from no other side does it seem so capable of containing two hundred thousand souls it once possessed. The distance is very considerable from the Hospital de Afuera to the bridge of St. Martin, and yet it is one continued series of fine buildings, palaces, hospitals, churches, ruined towers and walls. The grandeur of the ancient city is displayed—the poverty of Toledo of to-day, concealed.

The manufactory now employs a hundred men; the blades seem good, and gold well laid on; officers' swords cost a pound; others, ten shillings; the most expensive five pounds. There are models of the different periods of the Bourbon Kings, and some gems of the time of the Moors. The steel seems still of the same excellent elastic nature. The secret of the Toledan blade is not

lost, but the modern forms are very inferior to the ancient.

The Tagus rolls through beautiful meadows, and shady trees adorn its banks; but perhaps the most pleasing view of this famous river is from the parador of the nunnery of Santa Fé, now occupied by only four nuns. In the dark Sala Capitular of their chapel is a good figure of a Dead Christ, said to be carved by Cano; it can only be seen with difficulty, so bad is the light.

Toledo is a charming place for the antiquarian and architect. In every street and corner something Moorish is to be seen, some decorations, arches or windows, to remind us of her palmy days; the ruins and dilapidations all around recall to our recollections the times when her archbishops received annually about thirteen millions of reals, whereas now they have only eight thousand dollars, the income of the canons formerly—when her clergy were the richest in the world, when manufactories of silk gave employment and wealth to thousands, when her plains were cultivated, and not almost a desert as they are now.

Then the twisting, winding streets, are utterly impassable without a guide; never, even in Spain, have I seen such narrow passages, some of the projecting roofs actually hanging over each other, the bright sky, the colour of lapis-lazuli, scarcely visible above. Toledo is dreadfully hot in the

autumn; but even now, only the third week in May, we feel the benefit of these narrow shady alleys, and would not change them for the widest streets and largest squares in the world. Good houses are plentiful, sometimes covered with faded frescoes, every one has their separate residence, and some of the courts are handsome, and always beautifully clean.

The Archbishop's palace is an immense edifice, but, although the portal is good, it seems an unsightly mass compared to the beautiful Ayuntamiento opposite it, with its Doric and Ionic decorations and towers at each end—a work, they say here, of Herrera, and certainly worthy of him. The plazas are generally small and undeserving of notice, except the Zocodover, which is the most Moorish and most picturesque square in all Spain. The *façades* of many of the houses are of wood, with such balconies, such windows, as no pencil could do justice to. I sat down often on the stone benches in the little Alameda in the centre, and was never tired of gazing at these picturesque old buildings, and the equally charming groups of fine-looking peasants, with conical hats, and jackets, breeches and leggings, all of the same brown, tawny colour. The ladies dress well—rich satins and silks, generally black, and almost always walk out in silk stockings and thin satin shoes, though the small, sharp-pointed pavement is little adapted for such

a *chaussure*. All wear the mantilla, and many were very good-looking.

We left Toledo at six o'clock in the morning, and the roads being heavy, did not reach Aranjuez until two. We observed on our right, in the distance, one of the old castles, of which there are several fine specimens near Toledo.* The ride from Aranjuez to Madrid is very uninteresting, until, at Getafe, we came in sight of the fine range of the Guadarrama Mountains; and on our right was, apparently, an old convent on a hill, now turned into a telegraph; the situation is picturesque, but the hill was, like all the country around, without a single tree. Soon we came in sight of Madrid; and its fine situation, on a rising ground, was a great surprise to me. The country around is at present verdant, especially the banks of the Manzanares, which is now full of water. The range of the Guadarrama is magnificent, and the city itself imposing, with above a score of lofty domes, and towers, most of them ending in thin spires.

The approach over the bridge into a plaza, ornamented with obelisks and statues, and through the fine Alameda, is worthy of a great capital. It was eight o'clock when we entered. The well-built streets, lighted with gas, were crowded to excess with a smartly-dressed population pouring

* See Mr. Wells' Pilgrimage to Toledo.

out for their evening walk. Everything had the appearance of a metropolis, but the ordinary European character of the streets, their width and regularity, announce to us we have reached another land, richer, and perhaps more civilized, but not so picturesque.

## CHAPTER IX.

MADRID—CLIMATE—PUERTA DEL SOL—PLAZA DE CEBADA—MORERIA—SAN ANDRÉS—PLAZA DE LA CONSTITUCION—FÊTE OF SAN ISIDORO—SAN FERNANDO—LA TRINIDAD—THE PALACE—KING AND QUEEN—THE ROYAL MEWS—ARMOURY—NAVAL MUSEUM—SAN GINES.

MADRID, or Majerit, was only a Moorish outport of Toledo; but Charles V., finding the rarefied air of a place two thousand four hundred and twelve feet above the sea, and near to the high snowy mountains of the Guadarrama, beneficial to his gouty and phlegmatic constitution, preferred it even to Toledo, which, from its splendid and almost impregnable situation, on a river which might be made navigable to Lisbon, ought to be the metropolis of the kingdom.

Philip II. made Madrid the residence of the Court, and now, with its palaces and royal sitios and Government offices, it will probably continue

to be the capital, though all complain of the inconvenience of the situation, and the unhealthiness of a climate so fearfully hot in summer, and bitter cold in winter, that the saying is "tres meses de invierno y nueve del infierno." Spaniards, to the surprise of strangers, walk in the streets of Madrid, often when the evenings are very warm, with their cloaks hanging on their shoulders; but subtle and keen is the air which comes sweeping down from the mountains of Guadarrama; and care must be taken, in every season of the year, by those who wish to avoid the dangerous malady of the country —el colico de Madrid:

"El aire de Madrid es tan sotil
Que mata à un hombre, y no apaga à un candil."*

Madrid is certainly a fine capital, and worthy of this large kingdom; but those who visit it from the south must not expect to find the white houses, green balconies, and picturesque Moorish architecture. It is almost entirely European; but the wide streets, lofty palaces, well-furnished shops, and crowded streets, are imposing. The Court alone has raised it to its present affluence, and population of two hundred thousand. There are no manufactories, no commerce, but of the necessaries and luxuries of life. The Spanish grandees always sur-

* See Handbook, p. 403.

round their Sovereign, not merely for a portion of the year, but every season, seldom visiting their princely domains in the country. Some of them are immensely rich, and though they are not given to hospitality, seldom give dinners, balls or other grand entertainments, yet they spend their money in other ways. Their priest, steward, and family doctor have each their equipage; and, besides an immense number of attendants employed, many of the great grandees have the upper stories of their palaces crowded with old servants and retainers, who live upon their lord's bounty.

Mismanagement is the rule in Spain. There is scarcely a noble who is not the victim of his steward, and a grandee with £60,000 a-year would find it difficult to command £5000. Still there is a great expenditure going on. The Cortes also, if they do no other good, at least spend money. The Queen is generous, and disperses freely all the funds she can obtain; and myriads of officials follow the fashion, as far, and too often farther, than their means will justify. Poverty strikes you at every turn in most of the other large towns in Spain; luxury, and even extravagance, in Madrid.

The spring has been unusually wet, so that the Manzanares is really a river, the country around it verdant and pleasing; and the range of the Guadarrama, with its snow-clad summits, is a fine and unusual sight to see from a metropolis.

Within the last ten or fifteen years, a great many trees have been planted; this season no frost has nipped their foliage, which is generally the case, so that Madrid is seen to advantage; and I must say the country is anything but the desert travellers generally describe it to be. Houses too are springing up; a great many have been built within the last few years, and some very handsome ones. I observed three immense palaces, which have been lately finished, not far from the Prado. The Spaniards seem to have inherited the Arab fancy for soubriquets; one is called Luxury, being the residence of a rich banker, who made a fortune in the civil war, and who is now enjoying all the indulgences great wealth and extravagance can afford him: his neighbour's palace is called Decency, for everything is proper and suitable to his station; the third is called Poverty, the noble owner being remarkable for his penuriousness.

The Puerta del Sol, a small oblong place, is the Alpha and Omega of Madrid. There you must go for all that you want: for omnibuses, for hackney carriages, and broughams, which are really excellent—for the best shops, for your letters, for news, and for the time, as the clock there regulates Madrid. If a Madrilenean is directing you to any part of the city, the chances are he will begin with, Go to the Puerta del Sol, and turn right or left; or if you lose yourself in Madrid, and find yourself

at last in a broad, handsome street, without fail it will end in the Puerta del Sol. It is the heart of the city, and the principal avenues lead from it: the Calle Mayor, which leads to the palace and that quarter of the town; the Carera de San Jeronimo, which leads to the Museum, from the opposite end of the Puerta del Sol; the Calle de Alcala, the finest street in Madrid, the grand approach to the principal promenade, and which might almost be called the most beautiful in the world, the palaces or houses are so handsome, ending, with the splendid building where Espartero lived, now used for the artillery; and the fashionable Prado. The good, but smaller and narrower streets, La Calle de las Carretas, where I lodged, La Calle de la Montera, and La Calle del Carmen opposite, are the great thoroughfares to the other sides of the capital. In all the streets I have mentioned, the buildings and houses are often imposing, always handsome, and the general effect very striking.

For those who care more for the people than street architecture, La Puerta del Sol is still more interesting. It is the resort of all the beggars in Madrid, of the picturesque Maragatos, and other strangers from the provinces—of all, indeed, who have found their way to the capital, seeking for office and fortune—of hundreds without any other decent clothing but the Spanish cloak, which they wear all

weathers, to screen them from the cold, when the wind comes down from the mountains, from the sun when it is hot, but too often to hide a multitude of sins, if poverty be a crime; and when discontent rages in the metropolis, it is in the Puerta del Sol the volcano bursts.

The groups of peasants, and of the Madrileneans, are always interesting; the most picturesque groups I saw were in the older parts of the capital, and more distant districts.

Starting at the town-hall, which, unlike every great city in Spain, is here a frightful building, I visited La Plaza de Cebada, and saw some charming groups of brown-clad peasants filling their water-barrels, whilst others were making use of them as seats, and squatted round the fountain in picturesque groups, were discussing in an animated manner the news and politics of Madrid. Then I visited La Plazuela de los Carros, and saw similar groups around the fountain there; afterwards I rambled in the Moreria, and saw the Puerta de los Moros, prout-like houses, and the church of San Andrés, with its dome, the parish church of Ferdinand and Isabella, and a market crowded with interesting groups. I then examined the Calle de Toledo, the most interesting street in Madrid. I visited San Isidoro, the great church of the patron of the city; the *façade* is rather handsome, but the interior is churrigueresque; and I saw no works of art deserv-

ing of attention, except a good statue, over the grand altar, of the Saint, by Pareyra, who was born in Portugal, and died at Madrid, 1667. Passing the Bank of Spain, which is a handsome building, I came to the Plaza of Santa Crux, and was again delighted with the sight of charming groups, with their water-barrels around the fountain; and ended my tour in La Plaza Mayor, or De la Constitucion, the largest and most imposing in Madrid. It is very handsome and regular, well adapted for the *autos da fè* which used to be celebrated there. In the centre is a bronze statue of Charles IV.; and the spires which ornament the plaza, and the balconies to the houses, have rather a good effect.

I had an excellent opportunity of seeing the people of Madrid, having arrived the day before their great pilgrimage to the hermitage of San Isidoro, which takes place generally on the 15th of May, but the rain pouring down in torrents, the peasants could not contain their indignation, and a crowd of them went up to the chapel to upbraid the Saint for not sending them fine weather; not satisfied with complaining, they burst into the hermitage, attacked the defenceless image of their patron, broke its arm, and would have torn it to pieces if they had not been persuaded to retire. The town-council, to satisfy the people, put off the *fête* until Sunday, the 18th.

Every public carriage and omnibus in Madrid

was required for this great *fête;* the Puerta del Sol was full of men belonging to the carriages and other conveyances, screaming and shouting for customers, and there was such a crowd of vehicles, private and public, broughams, omnibuses, gay *calèches,* and many driving at a great rate, it was very difficult to cross the plaza.

A very long hill leads up to the hermitage, and it was lined on both sides by booths filled with eatables and toys, chiefly little figures of an ordinary description, painted in imitation of the different costumes of Spain; but many of them were very correct, and all looked quite as gay, and decidedly more interesting, than our gingerbread exhibitions. The crowd of the middle classes and peasantry was immense, but the greatest attraction of the *fête,* was a large green meadow between the hill and the river. Here there were innumerable picturesque groups seated on the ground, eating with their fingers, like Orientals, out of the same bowls; some had guitars, others were dancing, though not particularly well. A riotous set of good-looking lads and lasses were playing at the rather rough game of throwing each other down; and when an unfortunate youth was on the sod, the girls cuffed him most unmercifully. Then there were swings and whirligigs, and halfpenny shows without end, creating the usual fun and laughter. Some of the men were very fine-looking fellows, their costumes inte-

resting; and the effect was very pretty of the various groups on the green sward under the trees on the banks of the Manzanares.

Every one who cares for art should give their chief attention to the museum; but there are some good paintings in two other collections, the Academy and La Trinidad; having, however, dwelt with considerable length on the paintings in the museum,* I will notice these briefly. The Royal Academy of San Fernando is in a handsome palace in the Calle de Alcala, and strangers have only to apply, to obtain permission to see it at any time. There are a vast number of paintings, but few of great merit. No. 19. A Crucifixion, by Alonso Cano, is good. 21. Christ's Resurrection, by Murillo; the soldiers sleeping are excellent. 3. A good Ribera. 9. El Tinoso, one of the grand works Murillo painted for the Caridad at Seville, which was disgorged from the Louvre. St. Isabel of Hungary is applying remedies to the bloody, scabby head of a wretched beggar. The Saint is charming, and the old woman she is looking towards is very fine. The blind man in the foreground, the cripple with crutches behind the old woman, and the urchin with his hand to his head, are all excellent. The contrast between the group of poor, wretched, miserable objects, and the stately, but compas-

* See Appendix D.

sionate Isabel and her attendants, is very striking, In the distance a group of figures is seen, and the architecture of the background is well done; altogether it is an admirable painting, and decidedly the best Murillo in Madrid. No. 18 is a tolerable Morales, representing Christ before Pilate. No. 12. A very beautiful Madonna and Child, and other Saints; author not known. No. 15. A fine Conception, by Ribera. No. 5. An excellent Christ at the Column, by Alonso Cano. No. 2. A Coello, much in the style of Rubens. No. 4. A good Magdalene, by Cano.

There are two large superb semicircular paintings by Murillo, representing the legend of El Patricio Romano. The first (No. 1682) and best, represents the dream of the Senator. An exquisite Virgin and Child appear to him as he sleeps, and point out where the new church of Santa Maria Maggiore is to be erected. The patrician is very fine, and the Virgin and Child are perhaps the most sublime figures, the most elevated in style, Murillo ever painted. The companion to this represents the Senator, accompanied by his buxom wife, relating his dream to the Pope, and in the distance is a beautiful procession, probably laying the first stone of the new church. There is a fine broad effect of light and shadow in these paintings, especially the first, which is truly admirable. No. 1036 is a good Ribera. Nos. 26 and 22 are in the early style of

Velasquez, before he had learned to colour. A Dead Christ, by Ribera. Nos. 4 and 5 good Zurbarans; and an immense number of terra-cotta figures, not particularly interesting. In the Museum of Natural History there is little to observe, except a fine Megatherium, and an interesting collection of all the marbles in Spain, with the names of the districts they came from.

The new museum, called Museo de la Trinidad, in the Calle de Atocha, contains some good paintings, and a vast number of indifferent ones. I noticed a Friar, by Alonso Cano; and a good Christ, by Becerra, who was born at Balza, in 1520. There are thirty-four paintings by Vicencio Carducci, who came from Florence, his native place, the same time as his brother Bartolomeo, and worked for Philip II. and Philip III. at the Escorial. The most interesting to us are those representing the exaggerated sufferings of the Carthusian monks, when persecuted by Henry VIII.; La Buena Ventura, by Ribera; some good paintings by Pantoja, Philip II.'s portrait painter; a Christ bearing the Cross, by El Greco; an Annunciation, by Pereda, who was born at Valladolid in 1539; Ladies in a Balcony, by Goya; Sheep, by Murillo; and a reddish Claude. We then entered a handsome saloon, which is used for the Agricultural Society. Magnificent banquets held here, under the patronage of the Queen, were attended by the principal nobility, the

landed proprietors in Spain, and all the intellect of the country, to devise methods to improve the cultivation of the land, and grand projects were propounded. Nothing was more easy for the nobles and members of the Cortes, then at Madrid, to assemble together here; and doubtless they were all sincere in wishing to see their estates improved, and incomes increased; but to carry the projected plans into execution—to quit Madrid, the Court and its pleasures, to superintend the contemplated measures, and to find the necessary capital and energy, alas! these are the difficulties. It is, however, chiefly by agricultural improvements and economy that Spain can hope to redeem her finances. The hills are stripped of their forests, but no one thinks of planting a tree; thousands of acres are now lying waste, which were once cultivated; meadows are become pestilential marshes, for want of draining; and the fine plains of the South want but water-wheels and more oxen, and a better system of irrigation, to be the richest in the world. The land is sometimes let on long leases, even of one hundred years, at low rents; but usually, I believe, from year to year, at moderate rents. The taxes are not very high, but the prices of produce are generally low, and in many places there is little or no demand for grain, commerce being stagnant; and the tenants want industry and capital; but now there is a strong government,

greater certainty that those who sow will reap, and certainly more confidence in the future, it is to be hoped that persons of fortune will find out that they could not lay out their money more advantageously than in agricultural investments.

In this room is an Assumption of the Virgin, by El Greco, the best I have seen of this master; the colouring very rich, and the drawing excellent: the drapery of the Virgin is rather heavy, but it is a fine painting. The Dream of Joseph, by Murillo, is in his vapoury style. A fine Head, by Ribera. The Woman Taken in Adultery, by Titian, is very excellent. The Raising of Christ, by Gherardo della Notte, is good. The Transfiguration, is a fine copy, by Julio Romano; but the Spaniards here and elsewhere will have it this is the original, by Raphael. La Porciuncula, by Murillo; the drawing very good, but having been almost entirely repainted, it is nearly spoiled. A St. Francis, by Ribera; and the same subject, by Murillo, both deserving praise. Samson and the Lion, by Rubens, is very fine. The Israelites collecting Manna in the Wilderness is a very beautiful painting, by Titian. A St. Francis, by Zurbaran; and Nos. 79 and 80 are good Castillos.

The Palace of Madrid is a splendid building, four hundred and seventy feet square, and one hundred feet high. The east front is very handsome and imposing, and the west side is also magnificent;

a noble and very extensive inclined drive, reminding me in form of the approach to the Monte Pincio, in Rome, leads up to a noble terrace before the Palace. The Queen being there, we could only go up to a certain height, but even from that point the view was fine.

The gardens immediately below are somewhat stiff, and the plants too young; but the valley of the Manzanares beyond them is now at least verdant, though in hot weather and in the autumn, they say, it assumes a very different tint. The distant hills beyond the river have a wild, uncultivated, but rather grand appearance; and in the distance, the fine range of the Guadarrama, covered with snow, is such a view as is certainly not enjoyed from a royal palace in any other metropolis; and fortunately it is not spoilt by any straggling, ugly suburbs.

The *façades* and large courts of the palace are richly decorated with pilasters; but it is the general effect which is fine, rather than the details. Over the cornice there were formerly a quantity of statues, which were taken down as dangerous from their weight, and no doubt they added greatly to its appearance. The chimneys are frightful; but, as a whole, it is certainly one of the most magnificent palaces in Europe.

On the east side is a circular flower-garden, surrounded by some of the statues which adorned the

roof, and were never intended for close inspection. In the centre of this garden is a noble equestrian statue of Philip IV., cast in Florence, in 1640, by Pedro Tacca, from a model by Montañes. It is nineteen feet high, and weighs nine tons; and the horse, being in a galloping attitude, rests on its hind quarters; and though the fore-legs of the horse seem too much curled up, the figure of the King is very grand, and it is truly a splendid statue—the finest work of the great Sevillian sculptor.

The royal chapel is as rich as gilding, marbles, and showy but not good frescoes, can make it. The decorations are Corinthian, and the effect is imposing. The music I heard there one morning was not bad; but at the elevation of the Host, when all were kneeling, they were not content with my stooping, which is more than is ever required in Rome; and as they continued to make angry signs for me to kneel, I left the chapel. The King was there, and is better-looking than I expected to find him; but there was a restless expression about his eyes, and his countenance was anything but engaging. He is said to be very bigoted, and there is no saying to what lengths the influence of the priests may lead him, many even supposing it is not impossible he may renounce the Crown for himself and son, if he has one. His rooms are at one end of the palace, the Queen's at the other.

Isabella is not only the Queen of Spain, but,

before she was *enceinte*, the Queen of fun and pleasure; dancing being her delight and perpetual amusement. Balls she gave without end, turning night into day, and day into night. Three o'clock in the afternoon was her hour for rising; and at five o'clock in the morning she went to bed. Expecting her confinement, she retires earlier, but gets up, they say, as late as formerly. She and her husband agree, it is said, better now than they did; but he hates balls, and always avoids them. They never drive out in the same carriage, but dine together every day, and appear on better terms. If she lives, there seems a chance of her changing the character of the nation; for gravity, from all accounts, is not at all to her taste.

It is strange to see the Queen such a votary of pleasure, having been brought up amidst war's alarms, and perils of no ordinary description; though only twenty years of age, the stirring events in Spain during that period would require a volume to describe them. Born in 1830, when the French revolution shook to their foundations the thrones of the Bourbon dynasties, it is curious to see how revolts have nearly every year of her life endangered her crown. The abolition of the Salic law created her enemies from her very cradle. In 1831, Don Carlos was proclaimed, and Mina headed the insurgents. The year following, that party had nearly deprived her of her throne by an intrigue. In 1833, when

her father died, the Carlist revolution broke out, which lasted until July, 1840. For seven years was the country distracted by that terrible war, when enormities of the most fearful kind were committed; and not only were her enemies frequently near the gates of Madrid, but there were also revolts even in the capital.

In 1841, there were insurrections in favour of Queen Christina, and Isabella's person, and even life, was in danger, by an attack on her palace, the balls entering her sleeping-room. In 1842, there was a formidable revolt at Barcelona against Espartero. In 1843, a revolution in favour of Narvaez, which drove Espartero from the country. In 1844, revolts at Alicante, Murcia, and Valencia; and intrigues and conspiracies even in the capital. In 1845, Catalonia raised the standard of revolt. In 1847, the year of her sad marriage, there was a revolution in Galicia; and in 1848, a military revolt in Madrid. Yet Isabella goes on dancing, &c., without a thought for business, careless of the world's talk, and no more anxiety upon her brow than if her life had been one of perpetual sunshine. Her motto might be, "Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die."

I did not regret much not being able to see the interior of the palace; fine furniture and French clocks are tiresome sights. All that was really valuable was, they say, removed before the Queen's majority. The palace was full of treasures—gold,

silver, and plate, of the most costly description; but it is said they vanished in a marvellous manner —Cosas de España.

The royal harness-rooms, coach-houses and stables, are worth looking at. There is an iron carriage, presented by the city of Bilboa to Ferdinand VII. in 1828, the machinery of which is curious. The carriage of Isabella's daughter, Juaña, is made entirely of beautifully carved wood; even the spokes of the wheels and the pole curiously carved. There are also some very gorgeous sedan-chairs, splendid harness of the time of Charles V., very rich velvet trappings, embroidered with gold and silver. The state equipages in the coach-houses are almost all French, very grand and very gingerbread.

The carriage presented by the Queen of England is too plain, and has not the merit of being entirely English in style, for though a simple curricle, it is not particularly well built, and is decorated with strange ivory ornaments. Most of these gay French carriages are far too long. I did not see one compact, really well-built one amongst them. The state equipage for the Queen is a gorgeous affair, surmounted with a crown, and is said to have cost a million and a half of reals—more than fifteen thousand pounds. The antiquated conveyances of the time of Napoleon show what a wonderful improvement in the manufactory of carriages has been made in France within

a very short period. In the stables there are about two hundred horses, some tolerable ones from England, a few French and German, and a great number from Aranjuez. The riding-horses from Andalusia, used by the King and Queen, are good, but none very valuable.

On the south side of the palace is (la Armeria real) the magnificent armoury—one of the sights best worth seeing in Madrid. It consists of a noble gallery, two hundred and twenty-seven feet long, by thirty-six wide. The entrance into this splendid room is very striking; down the centre is a double row of fine equestrian statues, thirteen in number, and two rows of armour on pedestals. The walls are lined with similar suits, and above the latter covered with different pieces.

There is, also, along the centre of the room, a row of cannons of the earliest ages; two lines of superb saddles, all differing in their decorations; and curious helmets, under glass cases; while from the ceiling hang gay and interesting banners, trophies of Spanish victories; 2521, is a beautiful helmet, with battles upon it, of the time of Francis I.; 252, a suit of Charles V., inlaid with gold; 1291, of the same period and style; 2308 and 2528, equestrian statues well executed, the armour of Charles V.; 2491, a helmet of the time of Philip III., beautifully worked; 2488, his suit of armour; 1109, one of Charles V., with a Madonna and Child worked

on the breastplate; 1687, also of the same king, very beautiful; 2373, a grotesque helmet of Don John of Austria; 2370, a beautifully chased breastplate of Philip II., with a battle minutely worked upon it; 2469, Prince Philip on horseback, armour and horse, both good; 2462, a helmet of Philip II., with a representation on it of the Greeks dragging the horse into Troy; 2450, a suit of the same king; 879, 869, and 853, armour of the time of Philip III.

At each end of the room, there are cases full of curious guns, swords, and pistols, and some superb shields; 1879, 1918, 1842, and 1868, Charles V.'s armour; 1598, an old sword of King Chico's, an interesting relic; a curious shield of leather covered with feathers, with the war of Granada worked upon it, Ferdinand and Isabella entering at one gate, and Boabdil and his mother leaving at the other; 1733, a jewelled shield of the time of Philip III.; 1694, another splendid one, with the war of the Carthaginians and Romans—Carthage, the prize, with its walls and towers in the background; 1705, the light sword of Isabella, with its handle inlaid with gold; 1702, a splendid one of the Great Captain; 1648, another, with a perfectly plain handle, and much larger, with which, it is said, he gained his victories; banners used at Lepanto, with the Virgin worked on one, and a crucifix on another; splendid scimeters and yataghans, trophies of that great fight.

Returning up the further side of the room from the door, we observed splendid suits of Philip II. and III.; 2412, a fine helmet of Charles V., and there are preserved the chair and travelling-bed of that monarch; 2410, magnificent armour of the same king on an equestrian statue; 2398 and 2388, fine suits of Philip III., the first inlaid with gold; 2490, one of the Great Captain, embossed all over, but still very quiet-looking; 2342, the armour of Cortes on an equestrian statue; 2321, a splendid equestrian figure, with a beautiful open suit of Charles V.; 2308, of the same period, very handsome. Some of the guns are curious, and inlaid with ivory.

There are one hundred and eighty-six saddles, all different in pattern, and about one hundred and thirty suits of armour; 141, is a suit of chain mail of Alfonzo I. of Naples. In a case at the end of the room is the banner of Charles V., and trophies from Lepanto. The armour is kept bright and clean—to a fault, indeed, as it looks too new; yet still it is a magnificent collection, and worthy of this land of chivalry and romance.

The naval museum is adjoining the palace, but the Spaniards have not much of a navy now, and yet one would imagine they had a great one, from the models in this museum of splendid frigates and men-of-war, some of which are really good, particularly the section of the interior of one. There is

a picture of the battle of Trafalgar, and a portrait over it, not of Nelson, who gained the victory, but the Spanish Commander, Gravina, who was also mortally wounded in the engagement.

The models of the different sea-ports of Spain, including Gibraltar, are interesting. There is no cathedral in Madrid, and few churches worth a visit, for their architecture and the works of art they contain. In the church of St. Gines there is a Dead Christ, apparently by Alonso Cano, which is very good, especially the Virgin, with her hands clasped. A St. Joseph and Child, perhaps by Murillo. A Christ seated and stripped, with thorns on His head, is a very fine figure, by Cano.

## CHAPTER X.

THE PRADO—BUEN RETIRO—ARTILLERIA—BOTANICAL GARDEN—PLAZA DE TOROS—BULL-FIGHT—PRIVATE GALLERIES—HINTS TO COLLECTORS OF PAINTINGS—MUSEUM—GENERAL REMARKS ON SPANISH ART.

THE Prado is the great and the only promenade in Madrid, for, although there are some other tolerable pleasant spots, such as the Delicias, and one or two of the little squares, such as Bilboa, &c., that have trees in them, they are nothing compared to the Prado. Passing down the splendid street of Calle de Alcala, which widens as you approach the promenade, you enter, to the right, a fine avenue, about one thousand five hundred feet long and two hundred wide, extending to the museum and Calle de San Jeronimo. This is the principal lounge, called the Salon, and is a simple gravel walk, with an avenue of poor trees, but without flowers or grass, though, in truth, there is no room for such

additions, the living mass of promenaders occupying, on *fête* days, every yard of the ground.

A balloon, a greater novelty in Madrid than in London, ascended from the neighbourhood the last time I visited the Prado, and the weather having been wet for a week and the Sunday evening beautifully fine, it was scarcely possible to get through the crowd of well-dressed people. Almost all the ladies have now the good taste to wear the graceful mantilla, though the Queen and her ladies had bonnets. There was little beauty of a high class, but a great many nice-looking, tall, well-made women, very lady-like and graceful in their appearance, though not so much so as the Sevillians or any Andalusians. They were all remarkably well dressed, but generally in the French fashion, with the exception of the mantilla.

Besides the crowds on foot, the drive was full of handsome equipages; I do not recollect to have seen in any metropolis, except London, so many smart carriages, good horses, and neat liveries, and there were also many gentlemen on horseback. Narvaez, with a countenance expressive of the energy and determination which have subdued Spain, was in a green English brougham, with a pair of horses; his carriage may easily be recognised, being the only one with a chasseur with a plume of feathers in his hat. The Prado extends some distance right and left beyond the Salon, and is orna-

mented with fountains, which are not worth particular notice; but as a drive or promenade, it would disappoint all, if the gardens opposite be not taken as part of it; and then the public drive and fashionable lounge, combined with the charming retired walks, are worthy of the metropolis of Spain.

Opposite the Salon is the Garden del Buen Retiro. The part open to the public is extensive and very delightful; shady walks, flower-gardens, a splendid avenue, ornamented with indifferent statues, and a large piece of water, are its chief attractions. The most enjoyable part is, however, reserved for the Queen, and is certainly pretty. There are summer-houses, luxuriously fitted up, a rustic cottage, with a gorgeous Persian room, where the royal party often breakfast and dine. Pagodas, surrounded with ponds filled with gold fish, a cottage with a representation of the good woman of the house sitting at the fire, rocking (by means of machinery) her baby, while her husband lies pale and emaciated in his bed, and when you enter, suddenly raises himself up in rather a startling manner. With the exception of this cottage, which was more calculated to amuse the Queen in her infancy than now, and the Persian room, the different summer-houses are only places for repose. One on a hill, commands a fine view of Madrid. Nearly thirty spires are visible, but the country around, green even as it is at present, looks dreary from here, appearing almost destitute of trees.

This hill is artificial, being simply an immense dome of brickwork covered with earth. There is also a menagerie of wild beasts, a lion—panthers, zebras, monkeys, &c.; but the Queen does not appear to have much taste for quadrupeds, many of the cages being empty. Though there are few rare plants, the walks among the shrubs and flowers are pretty; the standard rose-trees are in great profusion and very beautiful. The Queen drives to these gardens every evening at half-past five, for an hour or two; the King, and also Queen Christina visit them occasionally, but always at different times. It takes about an hour or two to see them, one gardener passing you on to another.

Besides this delightful lounge, there is also a botanical garden, opposite the Prado below the Museum, which seems pretty and retired, but for some reason, it is closed this month. Near there is the artilleria, which contains models of guns, forts and harbours, and machines for the manufacture of cannon. The suite of rooms is fine, but spoilt by a roof painted in the worst taste. There is a trophy, in honour of Jacinto Ruiz, Luis Daoiz, and Pedro Velarde, who refused to surrender their cannon, on the 2nd of May, 1808, to the French; three men against thousands, and two of them perished. Adjoining the Museum is a granite obelisk, erected to the memory of those who, on the Sunday, were executed by Murat, to strike

terror into the Madrileneans, but their deaths roused all Spain against the invaders. A short distance from the Prado and the fine gate of the Puerta de Alcala, is the Plaza de Toros. The bull-fights are apparently finer at Madrid than at Seville.

The Calle de Alcala was crowded with thousands hurrying to the scene: such galloping of *calèches*, omnibuses, and carriages, such screaming and shouting, all hurrying as if they had forgot that their seats were numbered, and there was no fear of losing them;—a scene more animated could not be imagined. The arena was crowded to excess, Montes being expected, and, therefore, as usual, not a seat was vacant. The building is not remarkable, but it is a fine sight to see an arena filled with twelve thousand spectators. There were, perhaps, more banderilleros than at Seville, and their dresses were handsomer. To escape from the bulls, the chulos at Madrid are obliged always to leap the barriers, there being no openings as at Seville.

Montes was ill, but his pupil, Chiclancro, who took his place, is an admirable matador, and ranks as second only to his master. The horses were rather more valuable, and might, from their appearance, be worth £5 each in England; and the picadores seemed to incur greater risk; one was tossed by the bull, and a second time seriously hurt and compelled to leave the arena; another picador was also

wounded, and obliged to retire for a while. The Spanish people are always to be seen in their element at a bull-fight.

The collectors of paintings will find nothing cheap at Madrid. I visited several private galleries; and the best was a collection of four hundred, made by the late General Mead, shown to me by our Consul, Mr. Brackenbury, whose kind attentions and hospitality I have very great pleasure in acknowledging. I saw few that I admired, and they seemed to have a very exaggerated notion of their value.*

There is great difficulty in getting old paintings out of the country. They say that the last tarif does not prohibit their exportation, but the officials have not learnt the new law, and, therefore, the old prohibition is practically still in force—Cosas de España. I sent a case from Granada to Malaga by the galera, but, on arriving there, I found that neither my banker nor the Consul would undertake to ship them. Two of them being on panel, I could not take them on the horses. I was, therefore, obliged to trust them to Matias Balcon, formerly landlord, but now a waiter at the Fonda de la Danza, and of whom I knew nothing, except that Mr. Ford calls him a worthy Galician. He undertook to deliver them at Gibraltar; but as they had not arrived long after

* These paintings were, I understand, sold in London early this spring, before my return from the continent.

the time fixed, I wrote to the landlady of the Danza, who repudiated all connection with Matias in a way which gave me reason to suspect him. For several weeks I gave them up for lost, when, at last, by some means or another, they found their way to Gibraltar and my suspicions of poor Matias proved unfounded.

At Valencia, I took the precaution, before making any purchases, to ask a banker if he would ship them for me, which he agreed to do; but it seems the Academy obliges the officers there to be strict. After a lengthy correspondence, and a delay of more than a year, finding it impossible to export them from Valencia, they were sent to Madrid, to be forwarded from some place in the North, where there is no Academy. The ports in that part of Spain are worse than in the South, so that they were obliged to send them to Cadiz, where they were shipped, and I have at last received them. Let travellers, therefore, take warning, and send their purchases by the galeras, which are safe and cheap, to Seville or Cadiz.

Having heard that the hotels at Madrid are the worst in Europe, and very dear, I wrote to Mr. Purkiss, No. 23, Caballero de Gracia, who is always anxious to oblige the English. His house was repairing, but he got me very comfortable lodgings in the Calle de las Carretas, No. 29, first floor, kept by an elderly, good-natured, respectable person, Signora Evenita Espinosa, who gave us good breakfasts—chops, and delicious butter (though at Madrid it costs

five shillings a pound)—and excellent dinners, all for three dollars a-day, which is extremely reasonable for this expensive capital. I paid five francs a-day, as usual, to the *valet-de-place;* but I did not like him, and, therefore, will not mention his name. They say there is no lack of good places for dining in Madrid, and there are excellent confectioner's shops and great varieties of cool, delicious drinks at the *cafés.*

The great object of attraction at Madrid is the museum, with its two thousand paintings. There is no collection, here or elsewhere, of the most ancient Spanish masters, to enable us to trace the history of art in this country. The earliest works known as the productions of Spanish artists are a very few by Sanchez de Castro and Rincon, and their scholars; though I cannot but think that many of the old paintings with gold grounds, which I have noticed in several of the cathedrals and churches, and also in museums, which are generally attributed to Flemish artists, may have been painted by Spaniards, but are not now identified as such. The Moorish, foreign and civil wars, which disturbed the country for so long a period, would prevent a school of art flourishing so prosperously and so early as in Italy; but when Granada was conquered, and the glorious reign of Ferdinand and Isabella had united the different kingdoms, and established peace and security throughout the realm, then we see literature and

the arts making a rapid progress. The connection with Italy, especially with Naples, in their reigns, and probably the importation of works of art from that country, would give an impulse to the genius of such painters as Campaña and Morales, who were born at the beginning of the sixteenth century.

Charles V. was a collector and liberal patron of art, and, during his numerous campaigns and journeys, had opportunities of acquiring the finest paintings of the Italian and Flemish schools.

About the middle of the sixteenth century, El Mudo and Joanes, who almost rivalled the great Italian masters in the beauty of their compositions, and the richness of their colouring, visited Italy at a time "that country was the seat of the arts and letters; and no small part of what was noble and cultivated in Spain was led across the Alps, and awakened to a perception of such forms and creations of genius and taste as had not been attempted beyond the Pyrenees."*

It is singular, also, to trace the effect of the progress of literature on the arts in Spain. Morales died (an octogenarian) in 1586, and El Mudo and Joanes, in 1579, when already the literature of their country had made great advances; when the lyrics and pastoral poetry of Boscan and Garcilasso de la Vega, and their imitators, had diffused an

* Tickler, vol. i, p. 438.

Italian taste in Italian forms throughout the country, and thrilling chronicles and histories of the New World had roused the feelings and energies of the nation; when dramatic representations of a religious character were common, the interdict of the Inquisition, which had lasted half a century, being already raised, and Lope de Ruida had made a successful effort to establish a popular drama. But it is very remarkable, that, with the exception of the three great artists I have named, almost all the best painters in Spain flourished in the first half of the seventeenth century, when the literature of the country was most distinguished.

Taking a dozen names, which occur to me as the most talented of the Spanish school, whose works will be most familiar to travellers visiting the cream of Spain, though some may change two or three of these for others, according to their taste, more deserving of the rank, we find that El Greco was born in 1558, Roelas, in 1560, and both died in 1625; Francisco Ribalta, born 1551, Juan de Ribalta, his son, born 1597, both died in 1628; Ribera, born 1588, Francisco Herrera el Viejo, born 1576, both died in 1656; Zurbaran, born 1598, died 1662; Velasquez, born 1599, died 1660; Jacinto Geronimo de Espinosa, born 1600, died 1680; Alonso Cano, born 1601, died 1667; Orrente, died 1644; Murillo, born 1618, died 1682.

It was precisely at the same period that the litera-

ture, and especially the drama, of Spain was most flourishing, when indeed the genius of the three great authors, whose names are most known in Europe, gave an extraordinary impulse to the taste and literature of the country. Cervantes was born in 1550, and died in 1616; Lope de Vega, born 1562, died 1635; Calderon, born 1600, died 1681.

From a list published by Montalvan, it appears that there were seventy-six dramatic poets living, in 1632, in Castile alone;* and the number of heroic dramas, dramas for saints, sacramental autos and farces, &c., were estimated,† at the end of this century, at thirty thousand. Lope de Vega alone wrote or improvised the extraordinary number of one thousand eight hundred plays, many of them religious, when for two years the secular drama was prohibited; and four hundred autos,‡ a kind of religious plays performed in the streets, when the gorgeous ceremonies of the Corpus Christi filled them with rejoicing crowds.

About the same time were published long religious narratives, in verse, on such subjects as the History of Man, the Passion of Christ, the Glories of St. Francis, and the legends of the Spanish Church.§ These religious compositions must have had an immense influence on art, especially the dramatic representations, which were in truth little

* Tickler, vol. II, 417.

† Tickler, vol. II, p. 419.

‡ Tickler, vol. II, pp. 201 and 211.

§ Tickler, vol. II, p. 437.

more than so many *tableaux vivants* of the very subjects Spanish artists selected for their canvas.

Calderon died (an octogenarian) in 1681, living almost long enough to witness the decline of Spanish literature; and Murillo died the next year; more than a dozen years after the artists I have named as the most talented of the Spanish school. After this period, there was no lack of either painters or authors; but they were rarely of such merit as to deserve to be compared to the eminent men who had preceded them.

Although art, as well as literature, was greatly promoted by the connection with Italy, the liberal patronage of the Court, and the great wealth which flowed into Spain from the mines of the New World, still this simultaneous rise and fall of art and literature could not be accidental; and it is not too much to assume, that the genius of the artists would naturally be roused by the thrilling poetical compositions of the great Spanish poets, and especially by the exciting dramatic representations, for which there was such a mania throughout the nation, that tailors* and sheep-shearers had become authors, and princes, nobles, and commons, wrote for and took a part in these exhibitions; the Count Duke Olivares inventing new dramatic luxuries for his master, Philip IV., who for forty years favoured

† Tickler, vol. II, pp. 417 and 418.

and supported the drama with princely magnificence, writing for and acting in impromptu plays himself.

Those who expect to see a school of painting in Spain equal to the Italian, will be disappointed; but if the Spanish is compared to any other in Europe, it will, I think, be acknowledged to be superior; and yet it had to contend with restrictions which were most prejudicial to the genius of the painters, and accounts, in some measure, for that solemn and almost severe feeling, which certainly is the general characteristic of Spanish paintings. The artists were not allowed to draw more than the head and hands from the naked figure—a great restriction, especially in a country where there was no antique sculpture to supply the place. Further knowledge of anatomy was deemed useless, as, by the rules of the Inquisition, every other part of the body ought to be covered.

Those who have seen the beautiful feet of the Madonnas of the Italian painters, will find, with regret, that the feet of the Virgin are invariably concealed in Spain. The same strict regard to their notions of propriety extended to the composition and drapery. The angels were always painted with wings, and in the Annunciation required to be decently clothed, and kneeling down to the Madonna as to their Queen, and not falling down with their legs uncovered. Pacheco, a painter himself,

who was apppointed by the Inquisition to inspect the paintings in the studios, and see that the rules were attended to, says that he knew of an artist at Cordova who was imprisoned for introducing into a picture of the Crucifixion a blessed Virgin in an embroidered petticoat and fardingale, and a St. John on horseback; and he styles the incarceration a justly deserved punishment.*

The artists who were enabled to visit Italy would there recover from the effects of these trammels on their early education; and others, like Murillo, would copy, perhaps, the almost naked figures at the doors of the convents; but these restrictions on the composition and colouring of the loftiest themes—those sacred subjects in which the Virgin is the life and grace—were very prejudicial to the genius and taste of the artist, and the beauty of his paintings.

Englishmen, whose school is distinguished for landscape painters, will be surprised to find that Spain has no great artist of that kind. Iriarte, born in 1620, though the best, has little merit; and it does not appear that he visited Italy, otherwise he would have seen the works of the great landscape painters — Poussin, Claude and Salvator Rosa, and, probably, have become acquainted with those artists, as they were

* Sterling, vol. i, p. 330.

born only a few years before him. Velasquez, no doubt, enjoyed these advantages, which may account for some of his landscapes, though only accessories to his great paintings, being so very beautiful, and certainly unequalled by any other Spaniard.

This absence of landscape painters may be partly attributed to the same dearth in Italy at the period when Spain chiefly derived from that country her knowledge of the arts; but I conceive it to be principally owing to the Spaniards of every age resembling Orientals, and caring little or nothing for the beauties of nature, and never attempting to be graphic with their pens, or picturesque with their pencils; no one sketches in Spain, and their idea of a paradise is not a beautiful, but a rich, luxuriant, well-watered district, abounding in corn, wine and oil.

Mr. Tickler says,* "One thing has much struck me in all the poems written by Spaniards on their conquests in America, and especially by those who visited the countries they celebrate: it is, that there are no proper sketches of the peculiar scenery through which they passed, though much of it is amongst the most beautiful and grand that exists on the globe, and must have been filling them constantly with new wonder." The truth is, that

* Tickler, vol. II, p. 436.

when they describe woods, rivers and mountains, their descriptions would as well fit the Pyrenees or the Guadalquiver, as they do Mexico, the Andes, or the Amazon.*

It is also remarkable, considering the intimate connection between the two countries, and the magnificent collection of Dutch paintings, comprising above fifty, by David Teniers, who flourished at the same period, and whose works, as soon as painted, would be conveyed from one part of the empire to the other, that none of the great Spanish painters of the time I have mentioned painted in that style. The Italian school suited the genius and more elevated taste of the Spanish artists better than the Flemish, though the influence of the latter may often be traced in the rich colouring and elaborate finish of the early masters.

It has long been a question whether Murillo or Velasquez is entitled to be considered the best of this school; most Englishmen would say Velasquez, as he resembles more the style of our own painters; but I think all Italians would say Murillo: this contest ought not to be decided from the paintings we see here. This collection, of no less than sixty-two of the works of Velasquez,

* Pedro Cieza de Leon, the author of the "Cronica del Peru," is an exception, as he fully appreciated the beauties of the Cordilleras.—*Prescott's Peru*, vol. II, p. 195.

is indeed the only one in the world. Except perhaps the hunting scene, with its beautiful landscape, in our National Gallery, there are few in any other galleries so excellent of their kind as to weigh much in the scale. But there is scarcely one of the forty-six Murillos here, admirable as many of them are, which gives any idea of the mind and intelligence exhibited in the great paintings by the same master at Seville, and others scattered about Europe. The paintings elsewhere should, therefore, be considered in weighing their respective merits. It is difficult also to draw a comparison between masters so different in their styles, and, in truth, it is almost like comparing Teniers to Raphael, and Tam O'Shanter to the Apollo Belvidere. Velasquez is undoubtedly a wonderful painter, the first of the naturalist school, but he never pretended to paint in an elevated style; and even told Salvator Rosa that he did not like Raphael. His favourite of the Italian school was Titian; and his numerous paintings with dark backgrounds, and the colouring of the flesh and the breadth of his effects, show to what extent he studied, though never equalled, the works of the great Venetian master.

This remarkable conversation, which might well astonish the Italians, was turned into old verse by Boschini:

Lu storse el cao cirimoniosamente,
E disse: Rafael (a dirue el vero;
Piasendome esser libero, e sinciero)
Stago per dir, che nol me piase niente
Tanto che (replichè quela persona)
Co' no ve piase questo gran pitor;
In Italia nissun ve dà in l' umor
Perche nu che donemo la corona.
Don Diego replichè con tal maniera;
A Venetia se troua el bon, e' l belo:
Mi dago el primo liogo a quel penelo:
Tician xè quel, che porta la bandiera.*

"To those who proposed to him a loftier flight, and proposed Raphael as a nobler model, he used to reply, that he would rather be the first of vulgar than the second of refined painters."†

When Velasquez visited Italy, he would see so many eminent artists, painting in the elevated style, that, feeling conscious, perhaps, of his want of imagination, and despairing of surpassing them, he clung still more closely to his own natural school, painting only what he saw before him most accurately, but without improving or exaggerating the defects of his studies.

Delighted apparently with dwarfs and other uncouth subjects, and apparently indifferent to beauty, for beauty is never seen upon his canvas, except

* Boschini Navagar Pitoresco vento primo, p. 58.

† Sterling, vol. II, 581

such very scanty allowance of it which the royal personages who sat to him happened to possess. His handling is certainly wonderful, producing with a few touches the most surprising effects; and there is a breadth and grandeur about his best compositions which are very striking. He may also be truly called the prince of portrait-painters, painting not only the outward form, but the mind, whenever there was any to delineate. Some of his likenesses are beyond all praise, and his Court friends always look like gentlemen and ladies. He is also, as I have said, by far the best of Spanish landscape painters. With all these excellencies, the absence of the ideal, of elevation of thought and mind, of all beauty male or female, of anything approaching to poetical feeling, of simplicity and of religious sentiment, lower him in my estimation much below Murillo, who possessed all these qualities.

Murillo had not the sublime elevation of style of the first Italian masters; but his Madonnas, when most homely, have always the charm of simplicity and great beauty; and often, in his Conceptions and Saints, his style is elevated and full of religious feeling. He is the painter of nature, but generally of refined nature; so that his paintings delight and elevate, and at the same time their beauty and truthfulness command the homage of every one. They may not always exhibit the dextrous handling of Velasquez, or such broad effects; but the Moses

Striking the Rock, or the Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes, or the Conception, in the Museum of Seville, and many others I might mention, exhibit as powerful drawing, and more mind and intellect, than the wonderful portraits Velasquez made from what he saw before him.

No one can see those great works of Murillo without feeling that he possessed a sublime imagination, and no one can examine this fine collection of Velasquez without observing that he is almost destitute of that gift. As a colourist, I also think Murillo greatly superior to Velasquez. The paintings even in this museum are sufficient to maintain this superiority. His colouring is always broad and effective, never minute and elaborate; and his flesh is the colour of the Andalusians around him—warm, Titian-like tints, such as abound in that sunny clime.

Though Murillo copied nature faithfully, he had the good taste to select the most beautiful models he could find; and if his countrywomen had possessed the classic features of many of the Romans or Tuscans, or if he had had the advantage of studying the Grecian antiques in the Italian galleries, doubtless his style would have been more elevated. When, however, we consider the masterly boldness of his drawing, the exquisite roundness of his forms, the breadth, depth, and richness of his colouring, and the transparency and atmosphere

of his paintings, I cannot but think he is fully entitled to be considered the best of the Spanish school, and inferior to few, but very few, of the great Italians.

The school of Spain is of course the most interesting in this museum, as Italian, and also Dutch and French paintings, are to be seen elsewhere; but how few fine works of the great masters of Spain exist in the galleries of Europe! In England, we have many Murillos scattered over the kingdom; and a few paintings by Velasquez; but the other great masters, such as Joanes, Ribalta, Cano, &c., are almost entirely unknown. We can have but a faint idea of Velasquez from the pictures we possess of that master. Here he lived, and painted for almost royalty alone, and Spain still possesses the wonderful works of his brush.

The ancestors of this great master were Portuguese, but he was born at Seville in 1599. He first studied under Herrera the elder, and a similarity to that painter's style may be traced in some of the earliest works of the scholar; and it is probable that Velasquez is indebted to his master for that extraordinary freedom and boldness of drawing and colouring, which are his greatest attractions. The brutality of Herrera, which had driven even his children from his home, obliged Velasquez to leave him, and study with Pacheco, whose daughter he married; but nature was then his chief master,

and Pacheco gives an account (p. 100) of a peasant boy who served him as a model. In 1622, Velasquez went to Madrid, and painted the Duke of Olivares and Philip IV., who appointed him to be his portrait painter; and he had there the advantage of being intimate with Rubens, and profiting by his advice. In 1629, he went to Italy, and stayed a considerable time at Venice, a year at Rome, and afterwards proceeded to Naples, where he remained until the beginning of 1631, when he came back to Madrid. In 1648, he started for Italy again, to buy pictures and casts for the King, and returning in 1651, was appointed the year afterwards to the office of Aposentada Mayor—a place which unfortunately left him little leisure. He died at Madrid, in 1660.*

As the catalogue is out of print, and there will probably not be another for years, I will mention the paintings as they follow each other, which appeared to me worth attention. The keeper had one or two copies of the old catalogue, which he lent to strangers; but when others had applied before me, I had to manage without one; and it was only the day before I left that I was enabled to purchase the volume at five times its value.

Mr. Ford has unfortunately classed the paintings under the different masters, which makes his excel-

* See Sir Francis Head's Handbook and Mr. Sterling's work.

lent description of them almost useless as a guide. Those who have any curiosity to know the contents of the finest gallery of pictures in Europe, will find an account of it in Appendix D.

## CHAPTER XI.

ARCHITECTURE OF THE ESCORIAL—THE PALACE—CASA DEL CAMPO—THE CHURCH—PANTEON—MONKS.

We left Madrid at eight o'clock in the morning; and after passing on our left the Casa del Campo, a small palace of the Queen, in well-wooded grounds, which we have not visited, and on our right, the Florida, another royal villa, still less worth seeing, we soon entered the dreary wastes which surround Madrid. When we came to the domain of the Escorial, the country was pretty and park-like, the preserves covered with fine trees, and picturesque crosses perched on large rocks, reminded us that it was a monastery, church, and a royal mausoleum, that we were going to visit, as well as a palace. In the distance, the edifice is imposing, at the foot of a wild, barren range of grey picturesque hills.

The very name of the Escorial is grand and historically interesting; and then the millions that have been squandered on the building, enough to exhaust even Spain, at that period the richest country in Europe; and the renown of the architects and artists employed would have raised our expectations, if we had not recollected that the plan of the edifice, by royal command, represents the gridiron of St. Lawrence—a gridiron of granite, of which, as Mr. Sterling says, the frame and bars are a palace-convent, and the handle a monastic palace; and what architects, since architecture was a science, ever received such an order? Even Grecian and Roman skill could never have dignified such a commission with even the treasures of the New World to execute it on the grandest scale.

The large dome in the centre, and smaller tower on each side, and the four picturesque ones at the angles of the building—the latter the feet of the gridiron—have a very good effect; but the best front is towards the mountain and not Madrid; and instead of there being a handsome portico towards the capital, there is only a blank wall projecting in a frightful manner, being, in fact, part of the handle of the gridiron.

Juan Bautisa de Toledo, the original architect of the Escorial, who was born at Madrid, studied in Italy, where he designed the royal palace at Naples, and the celebrated street called after his name. In

1563, the first stone of this edifice was laid; but four years afterwards Juan died, and Herrera, his pupil, succeeded him for twelve years, when he also died; but the building was concluded about 1594, probably after the designs of Herrera.*

The best *façade* is, as I have said, towards the mountain; and it is certainly, from its simplicity, rather handsome. Eight Doric columns, half built in the wall, sustaining a good cornice; and above these are four similar columns of the Ionic order, supporting a neat pediment. This is the principal entrance; and there are two others, one at each side.

The eleven thousand windows, which it is said

* The monastery, or the gridiron itself, is a parallelogram, of seven hundred and forty by five hundred and eighty feet; the palace, a handle affixed to one of the longer sides, projects about two hundred feet, and has a front of about one hundred and sixty feet; the four spires, or feet of the instrument, at the corners, are each two hundred feet high; the two spires rising above the entrance of the church, which occupies the centre of the building, two hundred and seventy feet; and its crowning dome, three hundred and thirty feet, with an interior diameter of sixty-six feet; the height of the pediment over the grand portal in the principal or western front is one hundred and forty-five feet; and the general height of the masonry to the cornice, whence springs the high-pitched roof, sixty feet. The windows in the grand front exceed two hundred in number; those in the palace front are three hundred and seventy-six; and the whole number of external windows in the building about eleven hundred.—*Sterling*, 172.

these buildings contain, in honour of the eleven thousand virgins of Cologne (an assertion which certainly no one will take the trouble to verify), are all small and contemptible, and being entirely without ornaments, give the building almost the appearance of a vast hospital; while the large edifices for the ministers which surround it are exactly like so many immense manufactories wanting chimneys, and could never have been designed by Herrera. The towers at the angles have picturesque roofs; but, on the whole, the exterior of the renowned Escorial has scarcely any other merit than its splendid situation and its simplicity, which may almost be called grandeur, arising from its straight lines; but which, carried to such an extent, become repulsively monotonous, and are almost destitute of architectural beauty.

There is a regular routine for visiting the sights. The palace and Casa del Campo may be seen in an afternoon; the chapel about four o'clock, and the convent only in a morning. We went first to the palace. The galleries and courts, representing the spaces between the bars of the gridiron, are spacious and handsome, leading to a suite of rooms, which are mostly in a dilapidated condition, though they still contain some tolerable paintings. A Madonna and Child, by Alonso Cano, is good; a Crucifixion, by Giulio Romano; a portrait of Philip II., by Pantoja; an Adoration of the Magi, by Rubens;

a Head of Christ, by Guido; a fine Landscape, by Salvator Rosa; St. Hermenegild and his wife and child, by Ribera, a very good painting; a Madonna and Child, they say by Rubens, but more like Vandyke; the Pope Innocent X. and his secretary, by Velasquez, is fine. They exhibit with great reverence the furniture of Philip II. The chairs he had made for his gouty foot, and the stains even on them, from the remedies he used; the oratory, in sight of the grand altar of the church, where he heard mass and died, clasping to his heart the veil of "Our Lady of Monserrat."

We then went into the Sala de las Batallas, so called from the battle-pieces painted in it by Granelo and Fabricio Castello, from an original chiaroscuro roll, a hundred and fifty feet long, which was found in the Alcazar of Segovia,* representing the Battle of Higueruela (1431), where John II. and Alvaro de Luna defeated the Moors, with a loss of thirty thousand killed and wounded.† The King and his General are seen going to the fight in armour, the trappings of their horses reaching to the ground. They are afterwards represented in the middle of the battle, Luna piercing a man and making others prisoners. Then there are representations of Santa Fé and Granada, and Moorish ladies, probably the party at

* See Handbook, p. 471.

† Vida de Don Alvaro de Luna Quintana, vol. II, p. 65.

Zubia, witnessing the conflict between the Moors and the Christians. There is also in this gallery, by the same artists, a picture of the celebrated battle of St. Quintin, fought 10th August, 1557, the day of St. Lorenzo, when, as the Duke of Braganza said, Philip must have been in an awful fright if nothing less than the Escorial would satisfy the vow he then made to his patron saint, to build a church, a monastery and a palace. The vow cost millions, and Philip's victory was almost useless; for instead of taking advantage of the alarm in France and marching to Paris, he lost his time besieging St. Quintin.* There is also a representation of the fleet going to Lepanto, and that naval engagement. These paintings are very badly executed, and only interesting for the historical subjects, and as portraits of the men and manners of the time.

The gallery is handsome, and the roof painted with arabesques. We rambled through a great many apartments covered with tapestry, the colours remarkably bright, and sometimes pleasing; and saw four rooms, which are splendidly decorated with marquetry of the choicest woods, tortoise-shell ornaments inlaid with gold, rich furniture, and arabesque paintings. They say the workmen were forty-six years in finishing this suite, and that they cost fifty-eight millions of reals (above half a million sterling).

* See Handbook, p. 810.

We then went to the Casa del Campo, a little palace, built for Charles IV. when a prince. The architecture is wretched, the rooms small, and the walls covered with paintings, but almost all bad. I observed a St. John and the Lamb, which they say is by Murillo, but it appeared to me more like Ribalta; it is, however, a good painting; a tolerable Benvenuto Garofalo; a little Albert Durer, representing Christ addressing the Multitude on the Mount; the Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes; a Garden Scene, by Rubens; some China figures and *bas-reliefs*, which were not bad; but, wearied with looking at insipid Bourbons and vile daubs, it was refreshing to turn to even copies of the loggie painted by Raphael in the Vatican.

Passing the portico of the principal *façade*, we entered the Patio de los Reyes, so called from six statues of Judah, seventeen feet high, which decorate the front of the church, but are not remarkable as works of art. This large court, and the buildings at the sides, are plain-looking, with an immense number of windows. The church is ornamented with a portico, formed of six Doric columns, forming five arches, leading into the interior, which is very simple and very grand, where indeed we may recognise the genius of Herrera, and the effect of the entrance is increased by the darkness of the anteroom. The form of the church is a Greek cross, with three naves; and

Mr. Ford says it is three hundred and twenty feet long by two hundred and thirty wide, and three hundred and twenty feet high to the top of the cupola which is sustained by four fine circular arches, that spring from simple cornices, resting on piers ornamented with fluted Doric pilasters. Many of the frescoes of the roof are by Luca Giordano, but they are all too yellow and bright with vivid blue tints, not harmonizing well with the simple grey granite; the pavement is of plain black and white marble, and very appropriate. The retablo of the grand altar is extremely handsome; and certainly, for its architecture, one of the best I have seen in Spain, and does more credit to Philip's Italian artists than any other of their works in this church. In the centre is a handsome-looking tabernacle, with three fluted jasper columns on each side; the Doric capitals, bases, and triglyphs of the cornice are gilt; the six columns above are Ionic, and the four above these Corinthian, as are also the two at the top, supporting a pediment. On the upper row is a crucifix and gilt figures of Saints; and there are also ten others in two rows. The space between the columns is filled up with paintings; those in the lower row are by Pelegrino Tibaldi, the others are by Zuccaro; but none of them of much merit: Christ at the Column is the best. The porticos of the oratories at the side are also beautifully ornamented with jasper columns;

and above are most interesting bronze-gilt, painted kneeling figures, representing Charles V., his wife Isabel, his daughter Maria, and his sisters Eleonora and Maria; and on the opposite side, Philip II., his three wives, and his son Don Carlos.

In the chapels there are some good pictures, especially those by El Mudo, who was an admirable painter. Philip, long after his death, might well say that none of his foreign artists equalled his dumb Spaniard; and, as Lope de Vega said of him, "Ningun rostro pinto que fuese Mudo," (No countenance he painted that was dumb.)*

Juan Fernandez Navarrete, surnamed El Mudo, was born at Lagrono in 1526, and died at Toledo in 1579. He studied in Italy, and is called the Spanish Titian, a title he deserves, from the grandeur of his compositions rather than from the similarity of his colouring. His works are chiefly to be seen here; indeed, I have seen none elsewhere, except two or three of much less merit in the Madrid gallery. It is strange, and deeply to be regretted, that a Court, which thus acknowledged the merit of one deserving artist, who was in truth incomparably superior to the Italians, brought here at a great expense to disfigure the building, did not look round for native merit. Joanes, the

* Sterling, p. 250.

Spanish Raphael, died at Valencia the same year as El Mudo; and the divine Morales lived seven years longer in neglected poverty in Estramadura had the services of these two great painters been secured, this church would indeed have been a museum of art.

St. James and St. Andrew, by El Mudo, are remarkably fine figures, the heads very expressive, the colouring rich, and the drawing bold. St. Jerome, by Zuccaro, is very good. St. Matthew and St. Bernard, by El Mudo, are excellent. St. Bernard and St. Benito, by Coello, are very nicely coloured and very fine. St. Francis and St. Domingo, by Juan Gomez, a scholar of Velasquez, are much in the style of El Greco. St. Matthew and Mary Magdalene, by the same artist, are very well done. St. Antonio and St. Paul, the raven bringing them food, by Alonso Sanchez Coello, the Velasquez of the Court of Philip II., is a very fine painting. St. Sebastian and another Saint are good. The Martyrdom of St. Just, by Juan Gomez, exhibits very fair colouring, but the drawing is confused. The Four Evangelists, in two opposite chapels, by El Mudo, are extremely fine, and the boy in one particularly graceful. The Annunciation, by Zuccaro, is pleasing. St. Santiago, very grand, by El Mudo.

The choir contains some carved columns, and some curious choral books, with very massive bindings, embossed with brass ornaments, but not con-

taining many pictures. The frescoes in the choir are very bad, and still worse in the cloisters, which are decorated with Doric pilasters, and are large and lofty, though not very remarkable for their architecture.

The principal staircase is plain and handsome, but the immense fresco on the roof is very indifferent, and so are the others on the walls. They represent the battle of St. Quintin; the fresco on the roof is called La Gloria, from an immense gloria or apotheosis of St. Lorenzo by Luca Giordano, by Luca fa Presto, as he may well be called, to have covered this enormous space in seven months. This poor artist, weak in his compositions, and chalky, ineffective in his colouring, was brought here from Naples by the King—a present of fifteen hundred ducats made to him, all the expenses of his journey and living paid, a pension of two hundred crowns a month assigned to him, and large prices also given for his works, which was requisite; for, as he used to say, he had three sorts of pencils, of gold, of silver, and of wood, and he made his pictures tally with his prices. Two priests were in attendance upon him, to explain to him the manner of treating sacred subjects which was permitted in Spain; and the Prior wrote an account to the King of what Luca fa Presto had done. On one occasion, he wrote thus: "Sire, your Giordano has painted this day about twelve figures thrice as large as life. To these

he has added the powers and dominions, with the proper angels, cherubs and seraphim, and clouds to support the same. The two doctors of divinity have not answers ready for all his questions, and their tongues are too slow to keep pace with the speed of his brush,"* and yet this is the divinity who is still worshipped by the modern schools of painting in Spain.

The upper cloister contains some pictures. A Christ at the Column, by El Mudo, is very good. The patio is extremely beautiful, ornamented in the centre with a handsome domed tabernacle, with Doric columns, statues, and four fountains and ponds, around which are beds of box cut into quaint shapes and figures.

The view from the cloisters, looking towards the mountains, over the charming terrace, is very fine.

The anteroom of the sacristia is decorated with arabesques, and also the sacristia, which is a very handsome room. The Forma of Coello at the end, is a very good painting; the draperies are excellent, and the heads are admirably drawn, but it has been very much injured by restorers. There are other works of art, worth observing: a Christ bearing the Cross, by Guido; several fine Riberas; Job with his Sheep is very good; a Dead Christ, exhibiting fine effect of light and shadow; a St. Francis, in a grand attitude, is also

* Sterling, vol. i, 383.

by the same master. Heaven, Hell, and Purgatory, by El Greco, did not please me, though thought much of here.

We were admitted, the next morning, to the room behind the Coello in the sacristia, where the celebrated Forma, the miraculous wafer, which bled when trampled upon by Zwinglian heretics, is preserved in a gilt-bronze urn, and two gilt angels are represented as guarding it from danger, above are suspended the banners and trophies taken at St. Quintin; and the walls and floors of this little sanctuary are covered with beautiful marbles.

Our guide then conducted us to the Sala Capitular, the roof of which is rather prettily decorated, but the treasures of art which it once contained are now almost all in the museum at Madrid. The second room is decorated in a Raphaelesque style, and contains some fine Tintorettos; especially a Martha washing our Saviour's feet. In the third room is a St. Jerome, the best of two Titians; and a good Nativity by Ribera — the Madonna beautiful, and the head of the old woman, with a basket of flowers, is very fine.

In the chapel there are some paintings. A San Lorenzo, by Titian; this painting has been badly restored lately, but the saint is a fine figure. There is also a good Nativity by the same master; some hard paintings by Bosco; a Nativity, by Ribera, very fine; Christ bearing the Cross, by El Greco; and

a very excellent Holy Family, by Ribera, similar to one in the museum at Toledo. The Last Supper, by Titian, to my great disappointment, was locked up in the refectory, the custode ill in bed, and would not part with the keys.

We descended by a beautiful staircase of jasper and marbles into the Panteon, which is situated under the high altar of the church, in order that the dead may benefit from the daily elevation of the Host at the different masses, for which they all paid so liberally. The Panteon is an octagon thirty-six feet in diameter, and thirty-eight feet high, and the twenty-six niches with black marble urns, are destined only for kings and the mothers of kings. It is a splendid mausoleum; the marbles, porphyry, and jasper are so rich and beautiful, and the designs in good taste; but there is a repulsive chilliness which mocks the magnificence of the sculpture. Not a ray of light or sunshine can penetrate this dark abode; and it was only by the light of a flickering torch we could distinguish the names inscribed on the classic urns. There were many—especially that of Charles V., who really lies here—which make the memory busy with the past, and kindle deep reflections. There is another mausoleum called El Panteon de los Infantes, for the rest of the royal family, which is not shown, and, they say, not worth seeing.

We then ascended the dome, and on our way had opportunities of examining better the architecture

of the church, and the frescoes, which are chalky and very displeasing. That the King should have employed, at an enormous expense, such feeble foreigners, when so many better artists were starving in the country, reflects little credit on his taste or patriotism. The view from the summit is very fine of the wild and beautiful woods and picturesque mountains, and then the foreground is so interesting! The town looks like an immense barrack, and is very ugly; but the towers and high roofs of the Escorial, and the beautiful Court of the Evangelists, with its cloisters, ornamented with Doric and Ionic columns, are imposing; and the gardens, with their stiff beds of well-trimmed box planted in quaint shapes, form a striking contrast to the wildness and natural woods around. We were shown in the choir, the corner-seat where Philip II. was in the habit of sitting—a fit place for reflecting on his eventful life, and contemplating the beautiful church, of which he might well be proud—and we then went into an adjoining chapel, and saw a Christ in white marble, by Benvenuto Cellini; the head is fine, though the hair falls too much over the forehead; the body appears rather long; the legs, from the knees downward, very good; but the proportions did not appear to me to be very correct, though this impression may be caused from its being impossible to get at a proper distance from it.

Lastly, we visited the library, which is a splendid

room, nearly two hundred feet long. The Doric book-cases are very handsome, but the roof is wretchedly painted by Tibaldi; his paintings, representing Philosophy and Theology, are better than the others, but his drawing is exaggerated, and his colouring bad. This artist was born, in 1522, at Valdelia, a village near Milan, and was brought, with many others, to Spain by Philip II. The historical frescoes of Carducci underneath, benefiting, perhaps, from the contrast, are tolerably good. The Council of Nice, Geometry, the division of the Delta of the Nile, the Indian Philosophers, the Conversion of St. Augustine, and the School of Athens, and also the decorations between these paintings, are pleasing.

They show a beautiful Old Testament of the eleventh century, with letters of gold, containing some paintings, the outlines of which are good, but they are hard, and not well coloured. They will also show, if asked for, an exquisite Koran, tastefully decorated; indeed, there is scarcely a design in the Alhambra more beautiful than the one which adorns the title-page.

The most interesting painting in the library is that of Philip II., a pale, emaciated and care-worn old man, on the threshold of eternity, about to bid adieu to all his grandeur and renown—to his artists, to his Escorial, the magnificent toy of his declining years, and to all his wealth and immense power.

It looks like one who had felt the vanity of earthly successes, of even such victories as St. Quintin and Lepanto; and of all the magnificent architectural dreams he had lived long enough to realize; and like one who had also experienced the bitterness of reverses, the Armada defeated, the fleet destroyed, and the resources of even his immense empire exhausted. As long as it remains at the Escorial, this will, I think, be considered one of the most interesting portraits in the world.

I have endeavoured to give some idea of the Escorial in its present state, but it is impossible to describe the dismal solitariness of these now deserted courts and buildings; they say that there are a dozen chaplains for the service of the church, but not a single monk, priest, scholar, or servant even, belonging to the establishment did I see, except the very few officially employed. One cannot but feel some sympathy for the thousands of decrepid old friars and nuns who have been turned out of the convents of Spain into a world where they had often neither relations or friends, with a miserable pittance allowed them by Government, totally inadequate for their subsistence, even if regularly paid; many who had enjoyed the ease and comfort of these splendid institutions absolutely obliged to beg their bread. The priestcraft which created the Escorial—for, in all probability, the bigot Philip was but their tool—never contemplated that an edifice resembling the

palace temples of ancient Thebes in its enormous size, would rival those mighty ruins in solitariness, though not in magnificence. There is, however, a singular elasticity in the Roman Church which has enabled it to recover from severer blows than this; and as the priests are slowly re-establishing their power in Spain, it is not impossible that this palace-convent may again be crowded with monks and scholars.

## CHAPTER XII.

PASS OF THE GUADARRAMA—LA GRANJA—PALACE GARDENS—SEGOVIA—CATHEDRAL—THE ALCAZAR—SAN ESTEBAN—SAN MARTIN—THE ROMAN AQUEDUCT—PICTURESQUE OLD STREETS—JOURNEY TO VALLADOLID.

We started at twelve o'clock from the Escorial on horseback, not a carriage or *calèche* even to be procured. We left Madrid with the intention of going to Avila, but the weather was so unsettled, it was impossible to venture with a lady on such a long mountain-ride over a bad road. It was raining a little when we started for La Granja, and they thought us bold to think of crossing the Guadarrama with such a threatening sky; but the weather had been so indifferent lately, we had no hope of anything better, and the road being magnificent, we ventured, and it turned out a beautiful evening.

In two hours, we passed the village of Guadarrama, and in another hour a little village called Molinas. We then began the ascent of the range of mountains: the views were splendid, and every minute became finer and finer; of picturesque rocks, a grand outline of mountains, rich woods, and the beautiful plain in the distance; the pine-clad summits we afterwards crossed were perfectly Alpine, and the snow not quite melted. We were three hours in reaching the little hut where we began to descend. The view on the Granja side is equally magnificent—a wide valley, covered with fine pines, and the mountains around also clad with noble trees, except the grey granite heights of the Guadarrama partly covered with snow. This is certainly the finest pass I have seen in Spain, and would be admired even in Switzerland.

In two hours we reached La Granja, or San Ildefonso, the admirably constructed road descending through the splendid forest of pines as gradually as it had ascended. Water was not entirely wanting to the views we enjoyed to-day, as we heard almost continually a wild roaring amidst the rocks and woods, and occasionally saw the silvery torrent dashing along, especially at the bridge, an hour before arriving at La Granja; and even when screened by its rocky bed and the luxuriant foliage, it was fine to hear the noise of this mountain river, swollen now more than usual by the late heavy rains. The palace

would have been worthy of its reputation if it had been built amongst the pine-clad valleys, a few miles from where it is, the site would then have been magnificent; but although the picturesque hill, covered with wood behind the gardens, and the snowy Penalara beyond, eight thousand five hundred feet high, are very fine, the view on the other side is extremely barren, and the low brushwood looks very miserable, especially after passing the forests of the Guadarrama. The architecture also of this palace is not very remarkable. You first pass two long piles of buildings, with towers at each end. These lead into a large plaza with three sides, consisting of two ranges of offices, and in the centre are the royal apartments. The chapel, ornamented with a cupola, and two domed towers, and two other towers with rather picturesque roofs, decorate the *façade*.

The garden front is by far the best, consisting of two floors, with large windows, the ornaments of which are good. In the centre division, they are divided by high Corinthian pilasters, supporting a lofty and ugly pediment, decorated with indifferent statues. The wings of the building are ornamented with Doric columns on the ground floor, and Ionic on the first. The rooms which are occupied by the Queen are handsome, especially three which were fitted up last year;—one a boudoir, covered with flowers, is very beautiful, and shows she has a taste for elegance and luxury. The views from the

rooms are of the barren plain—indeed, it would be difficult to find a country residence with a more uninteresting prospect.

The King's apartments are much superior, the furniture is more beautiful, the rooms are larger, the floors are covered with marble; and the views are charming of the garden, the fountains, and the fine range of snow-clad mountains. One does not know whether to praise the disinterestedness of the Sovereigns who could strip the rooms they live in of the treasures of art they once possessed, or blame the Princes who, with splendid fortunes, live surrounded with daubs, with scarcely a painting which, if they have any taste, they could look at with pleasure. Even in the picture gallery there was hardly a decent painting. I observed a Coronation of the Virgin on metal, which appeared to be by Rubens; some Bassanos, which were not bad; and two equestrian statues of the son of Philip V. and his wife. In one of the rooms there were some little views taken by the present King, who is said to rise at four and five o'clock, and amuse himself with painting landscapes, but I cannot say with much success. In the gallery below there were some Bassanos, some wretched sculpture, and tolerable casts.

These apartments are paved with marble, and used for dancing by the gay Isabella; and at the end of the suite is a large saloon, which is the supper-room.

The gardens are said to have cost an immens sum, but are not to be compared to Aranjuez, consisting entirely of straight, stiff avenues; and the fountains, many of which are worthy of admiration, are much injured by the green colouring on the figures and ornaments—a wretched imitation of bronze. The isolated figures in the ground, also painted green, are bad enough; but the mixture of green and white is detestable. The Baths of Diana, with the sculpture around the fountain, would be very good, if it were not for some of the ornaments being thus bronzified. La Plaza de las Ocho Calles, with eight avenues and as many fountains, distant views of others, and the statue of Pandora in the centre, is very pretty. The fountain of Andromeda is also well done. It was, however, almost a relief to get out of the stiff French avenues, and walk through the natural brushwood to the large piece of water, the reservoir for the fountains, where the view of the mountains is very fine; indeed, few natural lakes can boast of such a landscape. The flower-gardens are not worth seeing.

This is a cool spot, even in the hottest weather, being three thousand eight hundred and forty feet above the level of the sea; and late at night we felt it cold, as we dined at ten o'clock; and well we might, as the panes of our window were broken, and the dinner at the Fonda

de la Viscaina was but cheerless, though our beds were clean.

We left La Granja at twelve o'clock on mules, and in a short time came in sight of the dome of the cathedral of Segovia, a picturesque old town; some of the streets and groups of houses are charming, and the plaza one of the most curious in Spain, affording finer subjects for the painter than even the Zocodover of Tolèdo. The buildings vary in height, and many of them are built entirely of wood, and rotten and tottering; lateral pressure alone appearing to prevent their falling into the plaza. It was fortunately market-day, being the eve of the grand *fête* of Corpus Christi, and the plaza was crowded with people—noble-looking fellows, in picturesque costumes.

A fine contrast to these old dilapidated houses is the east end of the stately cathedral, rising behind them, with its numerous pinnacles and rich fret-work. This is the only fine part of the exterior, the west end being very plain. Nothing can be more striking than the interior, with its lofty pointed arches, and the extraordinary character of lightness and elegance such an immense pile possesses. It is divided into three lofty naves, and almost all the windows are of richly painted glass. The roof is beautifully groined, and the upper part of the dome is excellent. The iron railings which surround the high altar are very elegant, but the altar itself is

poor, though the retablo is ornamented with four jasper columns. Before the grand altar was a beautiful custodia of silver, so bright that at a distance it looked like crystal. It is very exquisitely executed, and was resting on an elegant gilt car, for the procession of Corpus Domini to-morrow. The stalls in the choir are carved, to correspond with the pointed architecture of the church; and the pulpit is of marble, with some pretty *bas-reliefs*, and looks well. The west front of the choir is unusually handsome; the statues which adorn it tolerable, and the marbles extremely rich and beautiful.

In the Capilla de la Pieta is a Dead Christ, by Juan de Juni, surrounded by six figures, some of which are very fine; but the Magdalene, with both arms spread out, is not good. The garments of these figures are painted with the richness of Paul Veronese.

The pavement of the cathedral is of black, white and salmon-coloured marbles, diamond pattern, and very handsome. In the room leading into the cloisters is a fine tomb of Diego de Cavarrubias, ob. 1576; the expression of the venerable prelate is very grand. The cloisters belonged to the old cathedral, and having been pulled down, were put up again in 1524, when the present building was begun; but no one would suppose that they had been disturbed. There is a curious ancient painting, much injured,

but not badly executed, representing Maria Saltos, a frail Jewess, sentenced for adultery to be flung from a rock; and having invoked the Virgin, she is represented in a halo of glory coming to her assistance, as Maria is falling to the ground. Her tomb is underneath the painting.

In a room adjoining the cloisters we saw the sepulchre of Don Pedro, the son of Henry II., who fell from a window of the Alcazar, in 1366. His little hands are folded on his sword, which lies between his legs; but the gilding which covered the sarcophagus is now nearly worn off.

The Sala Capitular contains a richly-decorated roof, a neat chapel, and a good portrait of St. Carlo Boromeo praying before a Dead Christ. The frescoes in this room are chalky, and very bad. Over the altar of the chapel is an excellent painting on marble, representing the Adoration of the Magi; the figures and horses are very good, and the colouring excellent.

The tower of the cathedral is three hundred and twenty feet high; and the cathedral itself being built on the top of a hill, it has a fine effect at a distance.

We then went to the Alcazar, and from the terrace had an extensive view. We saw the Parral, once a wealthy Jeronomite convent; but the Governor now keeps the key, and it is a bother of hours to get into it; they say it contains some fine tombs,

and the tower is picturesque. We saw also the Casa de Moneda, where the national coinage used to be struck; and the church of Villa Crux, built in 1204 by the Templars, with its circular arched entrance—the most ancient church in Segovia.

The Alcazar itself—the prison of Gil Blas—is the great object of attraction, built on a rock, rising precipitately above the river, with a high roof and round towers with spires, but the extremely picturesque tower, with its twelve turrets, is best worth attention. The walls are covered with a Moorish circular decoration, which relieves the dead space. The Alcazar is now an artillery college, and we had great difficulty in obtaining permission to see the throne and the reception rooms, the roofs of which are Moorish and magnificently gilt; the different ornaments, columns and stalactite decorations are extremely rich.

We then went to the tower of San Esteban, which is ornamented with five rows of arches, some pointed and others circular; and at the foot of it is an open corridor, with Saxon arches resting on double columns with enormous capitals. The church of San Martin has also an open corridor, with similar columns and very curious capitals, and some of the circular arches, with Saxon ornaments, are still remaining. In the interior is a fine old tomb of a knight in armour, Don Roderigo del Rio, and the tomb of Gonzalo Herrera and his wife is also curious.

Last but not least of the sights of Segovia is the magnificent aqueduct, one of the finest Roman remains in Spain. Mariana says Toledo was founded by Hispalo, and the aqueduct also built by him; but he adds, more probably by Trajan, or at least it was erected in the time of his reign. Compared to the flimsy, tumble-down, though picturesque houses around it, one would imagine this to be the work of giants. It is perfectly simple, yet from the immense size and the correct proportions, there is an imposing grandeur about it, which is truly magnificent.

There are no buildings near to the Pont du Gard and the aqueduct of Tarragona, and therefore there is nothing to compare them with, except the still higher hills adjoining; but here, in the centre of low houses, arches of such a prodigious height may well be thought by a superstitious people to be the work of the devil; and we cannot be surprised at their being incredulous at Trajan having had anything to do with their erection. The grey granite stones are some of them very large, and no cement is used. There are two rows of arches, the lower row alone varying in height as the aqueduct spans the valley. It is this part which is so very picturesque and so very grand—buttress rising upon buttress, the centre arches of the lower row being above a hundred feet from the ground, and the views through them are strikingly picturesque of

the curious old buildings with wood-work in the front, like some of our ancient farms in England, and houses over corridors, almost tumbling down, and propped up with a singular variety of rustic columns. The view of the Parish of San Salvador from one point is very remarkable, with the picturesque tower of San Just with its circular arches; and beyond the grand aqueduct, the eternal monument of Roman power, and the Prout-like groups of houses, the fine range of the Guadarrama rises proudly, covered with snow.

We had a delightful ramble over this picturesque old city; every street is a picture, and deserves visiting over and over again. The Plaza de la Constitucion and all about the Plaza de la Merced, beneath the aqueduct, are charming, there is nothing like them in Spain. The inn at Segovia is also of the time of the Moors. The tower has a machicolated battlement, and the walls are covered with Moorish ornaments. Our dinner was good, and though the rooms have not a pleasant appearance, the beds were clean.

We were told at Segovia we should go to St. Raphael, the nearest point to Segovia on the road from Madrid to Valladolid. The unsettled state of the weather had induced us to abandon our visit to Avila, and we now unfortunately gave up seeing the waters playing at La Granja, and the procession of Corpus Christi, which, even in this

small town, would have been worth staying for, and shortened our stay in Segovia, thinking that on the great *fête* day we should be certain to find places in the diligence to Valladolid.

We started at five o'clock in a *coche de colleras*—a kind of rustic Lord Mayor's coach, with a great many glass windows, and the wood part formerly gaily painted; but time had almost destroyed the decorations, or it would have looked much grander than the equipages in the fine painting by Velasquez in the National Gallery, which in form it rather resembled. Our team consisted of three mules. In two hours we passed the village of Obro, two and a half leagues from Segovia; the country uninteresting, but the views extremely wild and extensive. Our route lay amongst boulders of grey granite, and sometimes we were jolted considerably in crossing them, to the great danger of our rickety old carriage; and often the streams had torn up the road, and it was difficult to pass. I was surprised at their asking me at Segovia an apparently exorbitant price for one day's journey, especially as there was a lively competition for the job; but the danger to the frail vehicle on such a road as this was, no doubt, taken into consideration.

We arrived at ten oclock at St. Raphael, situate on a plain adjoining some pretty rocky hills, clothed with pines. We there found that we had been misinformed at Segovia; and that the diligence, in-

stead of passing at eleven, would not arrive until four in the afternoon. The landlord informed us that there was no doubt we should find places, and unfortunately we allowed our coach to return to Segovia. We waited patiently, and got a miserable dinner; but great was our disappointment when we found the diligence was quite full. We then regretted we had not driven or ridden to Olmedo, ten leagues from Segovia; and we should then have only had eight leagues to get to Valladolid. They said we should have no chance of finding places in the courier; and our disgust was not a little increased, finding towards night bugs crawling on the walls. Taking advantage of our difficulty, they asked an ounce (£3 7*s.*) each for horses without saddles, or a tolerable substitute for them, to Olmedo, one of two days' journey to Valladolid; and the men who made the offer had a bad appearance, and seemed quite capable of helping themselves to any other ounces we might have in our possession. Rather than submit to this imposition, being more than ten times what they ought to have asked, or take the chance of next day's diligence, and, in either case, be obliged to pass a night with the bugs, I hailed a galera which was passing; and we got in at nine o'clock at night, agreeing with the mayoral that he should stop the courier at midnight, and we should quit him if there was room.

Our travelling companions in the galera proved

to be two of the rudest, though decently dressed, Spaniards I ever met with, unwilling to yield half of our fair share of the conveyance. One had his mother, who made herself as comfortable as she could, stretching herself out, and taking twice the space she was entitled to; and the other had his wife, and a sickly child who was almost always crying. These were not the only passengers, for I heard in the night an extraordinary noise, not quite human, and yet I could not make out what it was; when over me bounded a big animal, which turned out to be a huge dog, vomiting from having eaten too much supper, or from the motion of the cart jogging down the hills, enough to make anything sick. The galera has often a dog sleeping in the loose net underneath, between the wheels, to protect it from marauders, but this one belonged to the Spaniards, and was apparently unaccustomed to travelling.

When the courier passed us, every place was full, so there was no chance of relief from our prison. At a little after daylight we stopped at a venta, where all our fellow-travellers took a glass of raw aniseed brandy and a piece of bread, which lasted them till their eleven o'clock breakfast; and then such messes they eat as English eyes rarely beheld. We got some eggs, the never-failing resource in Spain.

We arrived at Olmedo at six o'clock, and reposed

there in a decent posada until midnight. No horses or better vehicle was to be got there, and the road being excellent and the motion of the galera bearable, we would not risk waiting for the diligence, which, as it turned out, was full again when it passed. We had an unpleasant night of it. One of the Spaniards stretching out his legs, disturbed me continually; and at last in removing his feet, less softly perhaps than I had done three times before, I knocked off his shoe. He awoke, and finding it gone, thought I had pitched it out of the galera, as he certainly deserved, flew into a furious rage, and being supported by his friend, would have attempted some violence, if I had not shown him the muzzle of a pocket-pistol I carry in my pocket, which calmed him wonderfully.

We were glad to arrive at nine o'clock at Valladolid, and escape from the galera—"Que diable allais-je faire dans cette galère." It is a great drawback to travelling in Spain, that there is no posting, and so few public conveyances, that it is dangerous to run the risk of finding seats; and yet it is impossible, in making a tour of this description, to say when one will be at a certain place, and, therefore, useless to take them before leaving Madrid. We ought to have taken the old coach from Segovia to Valladolid, although such slow travelling, not quicker than on horseback, is wretched work in such an uninteresting country as

Castile. From St. Raphael to Valladolid, we saw nothing but flat, uninteresting plains, badly cultivated; wretched crops and mud-built villages, occasionally a little relieved by distant views of mountains.

Some of the women near St. Raphael and towards Valladolid wear yellow, others crimson petticoats, and very large straw bonnets; and we met occasionally picturesque groups of Galicians, migrating, for the summer months, to earn a few hard dollars, to make their mountain-homes more comfortable; and some Maragatos, from the hills near Astorga, with slouching hats, leathern jackets and belts, and black breeches, made very full to the knees, and tight below, like the Nizam costume in Egypt and Turkey.

## CHAPTER XIII.

VALLADOLID CATHEDRAL — UNIVERSITY — LA ANTIGUA — LOS AGUSTINOS — DESCALZAS REALES — PARROQUIA DE LA MAGDALENA — LAS HUELGAS — SANTA MARIA DE LAS ANGUSTIAS — THE PALACE OF PHILIP III. — SAN PABLO — COLEGIO DE SAN GREGORIO — SAN LORENZO — SANTA CRUZ — THE ENGLISH COLLEGE — THE MUSEUM — STREETS AND SHOPS — PROMENADES — EXCURSION TO SIMANCAS.

VALLADOLID was called by the Moors Beled Walid, and was often the favourite residence of sovereigns, especially of John II. and Charles V. Since Madrid was made the metropolis, it does not appear to have declined so much in wealth and prosperity as other cities in Spain, the population being now twenty-four thousand, nearly half the number it contained in the days of its prosperity. What time had spared, the French invasion effected; and immense treasures of art and splendid architectural buildings were plundered or destroyed; and although the town appears to be reviving, the confiscation of the Church property will prevent the

restoration of many buildings far too beautiful and too interesting to be allowed to perish entirely; but it is probable that measure may ultimately be more beneficial to Valladolid than many other cities in Spain, which do not possess so much capital, industry and enterprise, and such a rich neighbourhood.

The appearance of Valladolid is anything but imposing at a distance, and does not, like Toledo, convey the idea of having been, at any time, an important place — the residence of princes, the capital of the empire. The entrance through the Campo Grande, a wide open space, surrounded with large buildings, convents and palaces, is, however, fine; and soon the picturesque appearance of the plaza and other streets, kindles an interest which the exterior of the city does not promise.

When there is a cathedral, everybody begins with that. The *façade* is simple and elegant, if it were not for three churrigueresque ornaments on the upper part, which injure the simplicity of the design. Four half-Doric columns ornament the lower part. Herrera's plan was to have had four towers, but only one was completed, which fell nine years ago. The interior is simple, and yet grand. Four noble arches on each side, divide the church into three aisles. The beautiful grey stone is whitewashed here and there, which injures the effect; yet still it is fine, and proves how much more imposing are correct architectural proportions

than gorgeous gilding and tasteless, over-ornamental decorations.

The rail before the choir is handsome, but too lofty; and near the high altar was a gilt car, used in the procession of the Corpus Domini, and on it a silver custodia, executed by Juan d'Arphe, and considered his master-piece. The largest figures are Adam and Eve, under a tree in front; the face of Eve is not well executed, but Adam's is much better. The smaller *bas-reliefs*, representing various Biblical subjects, have all the delicacy of Benvenuto Cellini; and this custodia exhibits greater simplicity than usual, fewer plateresque decorations, the beautiful fluted Doric and Ionic columns not being destroyed by an overabundance of ornaments. The Assumption, over the high altar, by Zacarias Velasquez, is not particularly good, but the Virgin's attitude is fine. There is a Transfiguration, by Luca Giordano, in one of the chapels, which is not bad, especially the Apostles in the foreground; and in a chapel on the right, on entering, are two interesting tombs, one of the founder of the church, a good-looking old gentleman and his lady, both kneeling, with hands clasped; opposite to him is a reverend prelate, in the same attitude.

The best painting in the church is a Crucifixion. Our Saviour and also the thieves are cleverly drawn; the Virgin weeping is very well done, and the figures

in the foreground are fine, though somewhat exaggerated.

The great curiosity of the cathedral is el Cristo de la Cepa (the Christ of the Vine Stock), preserved in a beautiful small silver custodia, with spiral columns; a Christian and a Jew disputing in a vineyard about the Divinity of Christ—the Jew said, "I will believe you, when the Messiah comes out of this vine." The image, it is said, instantly appeared, and was given to the convent in 1415 by the Primate of Toledo. It is about eight inches long. The head of Christ has certainly a human appearance, but with long, rough hair, whiskers and beard; and below the head is the resemblance of a body, resting upon a gilt hoof; and above our Saviour is a piece of the tree.

The University is vilely churrigueresque, though the animals on the columns in front are rather quaint.

The church called the Antigua was built in the eleventh century, and has a tower ornamented with three rows of arches, two of which are Saxon. The architecture of the interior is not remarkable. The altar or retablo, carved on wood, and painted by Juni, is very fine. The knees of the Christ on the Cross are raised too high, but beneath is a grand group, with the Virgin swooning with agony. St. Ann in a niche below is very good; also the figures on each side, St. Lucia and St. Barbara, especially

the latter. The large Apostles beneath are excellent, and several of the small *bas-reliefs*, which cover the rest of the retablo, are well executed; but some of the figures are exaggerated in their attitudes, though very many of the heads are exceedingly fine. There is also an image of the Virgin, which is not bad.

In the chapel of the Cancellaria are some curious old paintings of Saints, with gold glories around their heads, which are well worth observing. The figure of an old man resting on his staff is excellent.

The *façade* of the Agustinos, now a ruin, is good, but the capitals are too heavy. The portal of San Benito, with its pointed arches and Doric pilasters, is fine. This once-splendid convent is now a barrack. A soldier observing me looking at it, and writing a line on my tablets, called out the guard, and ordered me to stand. An officer soon appeared, who happened to have a few grains more sense than many of his countrymen in this strange land, and even blushed for the absurdity, when I made a joke of the mischief I had committed; otherwise I might have experienced the misery of a Spanish prison, as many have done for this offence. La Aduana Vieja has a neat Corinthian portal, and a tower on each side.

The church of the Descalzas Reales contains a fine Corinthian retablo. The paintings above the grand altar, of the Assumption and Coronation of the Virgin, are by Matias Blasco, who painted here

early in the seventeenth century. The Virgin in the Coronation is very beautiful, and the figures in the foreground of the Assumption are excellent for their drawing and also colouring. Some of the others are good specimens of Vincencio Carducci, especially the Annunciation, the Flight into Egypt, and the Marriage of Joseph. The Virgin in the Annunciation is a well-drawn figure, full of expression; and certainly these are the best paintings I have seen of this master, exhibiting considerable boldness in the drawing, and great breadth of colouring. Santa Clara, the Madonna and Child, and the Saints below, are by Arsenio Mascagni, and are powerfully drawn, but not well coloured.

The church, called La Parroquia de la Magdalena, built in 1570, consists of one aisle, with a finely-groined roof. The Corinthian retablo is considered the master-piece of Esteban Jordan, a sculptor also in the service of Philip II. The carved figures of the Apostles below are very good, and the Transfiguration in the centre remarkably well done. The Ascension of the Virgin above the altar is beautiful; and another figure of the Madonna is excellent. Opposite the altar is an interesting tomb, also by Jordan, of the Bishop-founder, Pedro de Gasca, who was sent by Charles V. to restrain the excesses of Pizarro. He is represented lying in his robes, with his book and crosier in his

arms; the head is well executed, but his countenance is not expressive of the best temper in the world, such as he is said to have possessed.

Gasca was one of the most remarkable men Spain ever produced. With only a staff in his hand—without an army, fleet, or money—he went out as President of Peru, at a period that portion of the New World was in open rebellion, under Gonzalo Pizarro; and in four years, by an extraordinary suavity of manners, great common sense, and an union of tact and firmness, he recovered an empire almost lost to the Spanish throne, restored the poor Indians to comparative freedom, and returned home with a fleet laden with treasure for the Emperor, but as poor himself as he went, having even rejected presents of plate and immense sums of gold from the grateful Indians and colonists, satisfied with the reward that had been promised him of a mitre in his native land.*

In an adjoining chapel is a carved figure of a Magdalene, which is very well done.

In the church De las Huelgas Reales the retablo is by Hernandez, and very fine. The Assumption of the Virgin, at the top, is good; the Ascension, beneath the latter, is truly exquisite—so much beauty and such deep expression—the cherubs are also delicately and charmingly carved. St. Bernard

* See Prescott's Peru, vol. II, p. 201.

on his knees, with his hands stretched out, receiving our Saviour from the Cross, is admirable. The other Saints are well executed, especially St. John. The Adoration of the Kings is the best of the paintings, said to be by Zuccaro; but they are hard, and the colouring not good. Opposite the grand altar is an imposing alabaster tomb of the foundress, Maria de Molina, wife of Sancho el Bravo. She lies at full length, with her hands clasped together, on a sarcophagus, ornamented with coats of arms and figures.

In the Chapel del Christo there are some Apostles, on a gold ground, which are not bad; the shadow of the figures is painted on the gilding.

In the interior of the church of Santa Maria de las Angustias there is a simple elegant retablo, by Juan de Juni, with a splendid group, representing the Annunciation in the centre, fine figures of Saints on each side, and a beautiful Pieta above; the Apostles below are also good. Coloured statuary, executed by such men as Juni and Hernandez, is certainly very effective in its proper place. Under a showy tabernacle is the Señora de los Cuchillos, so called from the seven swords piercing her heart, executed, as the sulky custode says, by Hernandez, but it is quite like the style of Juni; and undoubtedly, according to all authorities, by that master. The head is remarkably fine, and full of feeling; an agony of grief could not be more powerfully depicted. There are two figures of the Magdalene

and a St. John, which are likewise by Hernandez; and also a tolerable Christ at the Column. The paintings around the tabernacle of the Dolorosa are not bad.

The Palace, once the residence of Philip III., and now of the Infante Francisco d'Assis, contains a small patio, with the capitals of the columns all different; and a large court. There are figures with good *bas-reliefs* and busts over them, some with crowns, and all intended for Spanish Sovereigns. The large patio is ornamented with Doric and Ionic capitals, but the effect is injured by being built up. The staircase and interior are not worth seeing.

The *façade* of the church of San Pablo, rebuilt in 1463, by the celebrated Cardinal Juan Torquemada, Inquisidor of Seville, is extremely rich; consisting of a fine elliptical arch, with Gothic pinnacles on each side, over it a circular window; and every portion of the *façade*, even the columns, covered with sculptures and decorations, with the arms of the Duke of Lerma above.

The *façade* of the Colegio de San Gregorio adjoining, founded in 1488, has also a rich, but not so good a portal, though more curious from the subjects, consisting of trees and strange figures in armour. An interesting and fine cornice runs along the extent of the building, decorated with heads, festoons, and cherubs. The entrance-door into the Colegio is admirably finished; and in the first court, which

is ornamented with columns, there is an exquisite window over the entrance. The cornices, heads and figures of the different doors you pass through are all beautiful. The cloisters are the finest in Spain, and truly splendid, but certainly of a later period than the *façade*. On the ground floor are elegant lofty spiral columns, with neat capitals, supporting circular arches, above which a massive carved chain runs around the court. The spiral columns on the first floor, also sustaining similar arches, are shorter, and between each is a handsome balustrade; resting on this are beautiful little columns, supporting small double arches; most elaborate sculpture of fruit, angels, and ornaments, filling up the rest of the arch. The decorations are rich, the effect magnificent, and in good taste. Several of the rooms on the ground floor still retain their artesonado roofs, and the staircase is splendid, especially the ceiling. The doors and windows of the upper gallery are very beautiful; and the roof of the principal suite of rooms, consisting of a long chamber, with a small one at each end, once separated only by plate-glass partitions, is magnificent, and gives a princely idea of this once-renowned Colegio.

In the church of San Lorenzo is a painting representing a procession, bearing an image of the Virgin to Maria, Queen of Philip III. The Virgin de las Candelas is a beautifully carved and painted

figure, by Hernandez. The expression of the Madonna and the Child in her arms is charming, but her hand is injured. There is also a good Holy Family, by the same artist, the drapery admirable, St. Joseph's head fine, and the Child Jesus, standing between Joseph and the Virgin, is extremely well executed.

The exterior of the church of Santa Cruz is in a rough state, but is simple and good, though I should doubt its being by Herrera, to whom it is attributed. The interior is elegant, and is really a little museum of the works of Hernandez, being filled with his painted sculptures. The first on the left is Christ's entrance into Jerusalem on an ass, with the colt following. The three figures in front, little less than the size of life, strewing their garments in the way, are very good, although their costumes are Spanish. The three behind, with olive-branches, have dresses rather more Oriental. Our Saviour's appropriate garment is covered with a splendid black velvet dress, embroidered with gold, and one has to raise it up to see that it is not the taste of the artist. The next is now the Virgin del Carmen, formerly de Candelas, and also very good. There is a soft expression about the faces of the Madonna and Child, particularly the latter, which is very beautiful, and her drapery is excellent. The third scene is Christ in the Garden: Our Saviour is a noble figure; the angel with the cup is also

good, though not pretty. The Ecce Homo is fine, but a less pleasing subject.

The next, on the other side of the church, is Christ at the Column, rather bloody, but not offensively so, and remarkably well done. The great genius and talent of the sculptor is shown more in this than in any of the others. It is coloured naturally, though brownish, and is truly magnificent. The last representation is the Deposition from the Cross, which is also very grand; St. Joseph and St. Matthew are taking Christ down, whilst St. John, a noble figure with an admirable expression, is looking up. The Magdalene is fine, and also the Virgin seated in agony. In the background, at the foot of the Cross, is a soldier with a hammer. All these figures are as large as life and wonderfully executed. The interior of the church of San Miguel is handsome, with good Corinthian pilasters. The retablo is very beautiful, and contains some good sculpture; the Adoration of the Kings and the Circumcision are the best. The Palace of a Duke, opposite to it, is worth observing.

The English College is a singular establishment to find in such a country as this; the chapel is neat, but contains no works of art. There are now six English students, and they generally stay five or six years; and being educated to be priests, at a small expense, they are seldom from the upper classes. The very courteous rector, who

has been here about twenty years, has, however, a high English manner, which was rather amusing in a land where the priests are now so crest-fallen. The college was founded by the celebrated Jesuit Parsons, in the time of Philip II., and they have large possessions in this one of the richest districts in Spain.

The Colegio de Santa Cruz is now the museum, but unfortunately it is seldom open, and many were the journeys I made to it before I succeeded in finding the *custode* at his post. There are no regular guides at Valladolid, and besides the distances being considerable, there is not a city in Spain where there is greater difficulty in sight-seeing. One church is open at one hour, another never opened at all, and the keeper of the keys resides at a distance; but as a general rule, early in the morning is the most likely time to find them open. The best plan here and throughout Spain, is to make a list of all you wish to see, and give it to your valet; and thank your stars if your hostess, in dispensing this patronage to her favourites, accidentally selects one who even knows when the places are closed.

The *façade* of the museum is plain and good; the cornice, the parapet, and the six buttresses, ornamented with little Corinthian columns, dividing the windows, have a good effect. The centre is more elaborately finished; the portal, with its cir-

cular arch and richly decorated columns, is covered with elegant plateresque ornaments. Above the entrance is a *bas-relief*, representing the founder, Cardinal Mendoza, praying to the Virgin. In the interior there are a prodigious quantity of bad paintings, but many good ones, and two rooms full of admirable figures, carved in wood and painted, by the best Spanish sculptors. It is a collection from the different convents destroyed by the French, a small portion only of the immense treasures of art they once contained. An account of this gallery will be found in Appendix E.

Valladolid is a fine old town. Besides the buildings I have described, beautiful bits of architecture, churches, towers, old palaces, and charming groups of houses, with their very picturesque roofs, are continually met with. The Plaza Mayor, or de la Constitucion, is very handsome, with an imposing tower on one side; and all round the large square there is an open arcade, supported by Doric columns, where the people walk in crowds, and loiter in the gay shops. The habitations above these arcades are large, and look very pretty, with their various-coloured awnings hanging over the balconies.

The Fuente Dorado is picturesque. Some of the old streets are curious; and in the Plateria, where the silversmiths reside, the shop-windows were well stored with jewellery, but not equal or to be compared

to the work of ancient times. Valladolid has also its promenades. The Campo Grande is an immense place—so spacious, that Napoleon, it is said, reviewed there thirty-five thousand men. On one side is a very pretty Alameda, with a flower-garden, fenced with roses. Several large buildings adorn this plaza —the Colegio de Niñas Huerfanas, for female orphans; San Juan de Letran, which looks imposing at a distance; and the convent of Carmen Calzados, now a military hospital, but once full of treasures of art.

The Alameda there is frequented in the winter, being partially protected from the cold winds that are then prevalent, but from which, like true Castilians, they make no efforts to protect themselves by planting trees. The fashionable promenade in the summer is El Plantio de Moreras, which is really delightful, affording private retired walks, as well as a long wide avenue for the crowd, and all cooled by the refreshing breezes from the Pisuerga, which is really a river, and not a dried-up bed, as is usual in Spain.

The promenade was crowded, but there was little beauty, and few ladies, compared to the number of gentlemen; it leads to the bridge, which is not remarkable. Two large hospitals (one for orphans) we passed on our right were formerly convents; and their beautiful arched galleries near the roofs—some open, and others now partly walled up, but

the columns still visible, are interesting. The country around Valladolid is very rich, so that it must ever be a flourishing place; and there is a stir in the streets indicating a traffic very different from the deadness of Toledo. Such commerce may enrich her citizens, but can never restore it to its former splendour, when it was the residence of a Court, when the priests were almost princes, and the large ruined palaces were inhabited by the nobles, who in Spain follow their Sovereign. Foreign and civil wars, and ecclesiastical reforms, have completed her ruin, and reduced Valladolid to the rank of a flourishing little provincial town. At the Fonda de las Diligencias we had a few creepers; but the rooms look clean, and the dinners were tolerable.

We hired a carriage and two mules, and drove over to Simancas, a castle belonging to the Henriquez, the Grand Admirals of Castile; and when taken from them by Ferdinand and Isabella, made the depôt for the national archives. The distance is four leagues, and the country is very uninteresting. An old bridge leads up to the little town, and a more wretched-looking place cannot be imagined. It is surprising that a great nation should keep their valuable records in such a miserable out-of-the-way spot, where it is wearisome both to mind and body to visit them. The Escorial, with its thousands of empty rooms, is admirably adapted for such a purpose; and now it is absolutely requi-

site to find a more suitable place, as there is no space left for the cart-loads which come annually from Madrid; and the cases are heaped, like huge bricks, in the centre of some of the rooms.

We walked through thirty-eight chambers, some of them with galleries and decent bookcases; but the secretary had got the tertian fever; and though he was well enough to talk to me, he would not accompany us, and produce the valuable papers which he keeps under his lock and key. I should have liked to have seen the letters of Queen Mary and Mary Stewart, the will of Isabella, the codicil of Charles V.; but it was after one o'clock, and he would not leave his house; nay, more, he cheated us, sent his nephews, who were to show us everything, but who, in fact, knew nothing, and had not the keys; and when we returned, he was in bed, and would not stir. I urged the length and expense of the journey, the fatigue and the unpoliteness to a lady, to require her to come to-morrow; the impossibility of our doing so, as we had taken our places to leave Valladolid in the diligence; and I also offered a handsome bribe. The sun was hot, and he would not leave his house or give the keys to his nephews. It is to be hoped that the archives will soon be removed to a more convenient place, and from the custody of such a good-for-nothing secretary.

We saw the outside of El Becerro of Alfonso XI., which is a kind of doomsday-book, and contains an

account of the rents paid to the Crown; but they would not let us open it. We found on a table the convention of Boabdil, by which he agreed to leave Spain, and saw his signature; and a whole volume of the Italian accounts of the Great Captain, signed by himself, in a large, vile, illegible hand. One contained, in his handwriting, an account of their accuracy. There were many tempting titles, but my application to examine them was refused.

In the plain below the castle, the King Don Ramiro defeated the Moors, A.D. 939, killing thirty thousand men; and Mariana says, according to some, sixty thousand men gaining great spoils, and a number of prisoners. It is said two angels on white horses fought in the vanguard of the Spaniards, a thing which, the historian adds, never happened, unless, as in this case, the victory was very important.*

* Lib. 8, cap. v.

## CHAPTER XIV.

JOURNEY TO LEON—THE MESTA—WRETCHED APPEARANCE OF LEON—THE CATHEDRAL—SAN ISIDORO EL REAL—SAN MARCOS DE LEON—INNS—RETURN TO VALLADOLID.

We left Valladolid at half-past seven o'clock in the morning, in the *coupé* of the diligence, and had a wearisome drive of twelve hours to Leon, through a country always flat, sometimes consisting of large fields of corn and poor pastures, often entirely uncultivated, and never as it should be; not a fence to be seen, and utterly treeless. The villages are like those of the Fellahs on the Nile, without the graceful palms, being built entirely of mud; the churches are generally of the same tint as the burnt-up soil; and even the tiles of the roofs are of the same monotonous colour.

We saw large flocks of Merino sheep, generally half-starved looking things, each flock attended by

about a dozen shepherds and as many fine dogs. They were migrating from their winter quarters in the warm, but now burnt-up, plains of Estramadura to the highlands of Leon. If the flocks had not been so immense, one could have fancied them Bedouins, rambling from pasture to pasture. This migratory system is called the Mesta, an institution which is mentioned as enjoying the attention of Government as early as 1273, under Alfonso the Wise.

When Estramadura was conquered by the Moors, the cities and population destroyed, and the uncultivated plains were only calculated for sheep-walks, the highlanders of Leon and Castile occupied the pastures in the winter seasons; and in process of time, by right of occupation, claimed an interest in the soil which has often been disputed; but the system still exists, though curtailed of many of its privileges. Mr. Ford says, the term Merino is derived from Marino, because, it is said, the original breed of sheep was imported by sea from England under our Henry II.; and sheep formed part of the portion given by John of Gaunt, when his daughter married the heir of Enrique III. We observed herds of cattle and horses, but no farm-houses, the labourers all living in the villages. At Ceinos, I noticed an old tower of a church, with Saxon arches, now almost tumbling to pieces; and before arriving at Rio Seco, I saw a long

wall of hewn stones, apparently a Roman aqueduct.

Rio Seco is a more important-looking place. The tower of St. Maria, with its circular arches, is fine; and one of the retablos in the interior is said to be by Jordan, and another by Juan de Juni; but our mayoral would not allow us time to see them. Near the village of Mayorga, on the comparatively pretty river Cea, Lord Paget, with four hundred of the fifteenth regiment, charged six hundred French dragoons, and rode down men and horses; and in the same plains Frenceschi's dragoons, with an equally gallant charge, scared away Blake and his whole army.*

Our diligence was very good, and the road admirable, and we came at an excellent pace. The mules and horses—generally two of the latter in the team of eight—were first-rate.

In the time of Trajan, the soldiers of the seventh legion founded a village, which they called Legio; but the Gothic King Leovigild changed it to Leon. No place suffered more from the religious war, which lasted so long. In 845, the Moslems arrived before the city, which they besieged, battering its walls with war-engines, until the inhabitants deserted the place, and the Moors plundered whatever they found, and

* See Handbook, p. 615.

set fire to it. They then attempted to demolish the walls, but could not accomplish their purpose, owing to their solidity and strength, being seventeen cubits in thickness.* It was recovered by the Christians in 918, and, according to Mariana,† Ordono was afterwards crowned there King of Leon, the first of a long list of monarchs who bore that title.

Al-Mansur, in 982, made a sudden irruption into Galicia, and marched without opposition to this city, which he invested and took, putting the inhabitants to the sword. He next ordered the demolition of the fortifications; but finding that, owing to the strength and thickness of the walls, the operation was likely to last some time, he gave up his purpose. Leon was soon recovered from the Moors, the redoubtable Al-Mansur being, as the Spaniards say, defeated in 1002 at Calacanaçor, though the Arabs give a different account.

Mariana relates, that on the day of the battle a man, in the dress of a fisherman, on the banks of the Guadalquiver, at Cordova, notwithstanding the immense distance from the fight, cried out in Arabic, with a sorrowful voice, that Al-Mansur, at Calacanaçor, had lost his tambour, which gave rise to the story that the devil, in the shape of a man, had announced

* Al Makkari, vol. II, p. 114.

† Liv. 7, chap. xvi.

the victory.* Abdu-l-Malek, in 1004, defeated the King of the Galicians; and, according to Al Makkari took and destroyed Leon, but another author says he was defeated.† There is no doubt this city was long the capital of the kingdom, until Don Pedro I., in 1350, removed his Court to Seville; and it gradually became the poverty-stricken place we now find it.

The old metropolis still looks well at a distance. The cathedral is in an imposing position, though the towers want height, and the distant range of hills is agreeable after the dismal plains we have crossed. The approach over the bridge, and along the fine Alameda, full of promenaders, some of the women pretty, is worthy of the time-honoured capital; and before we reached our lodgings, gates and arches, of an old date, frequently of tapia, walls and semi-circular towers, reminded us of the transitions Leon has experienced.

The interior of the city is wretchedly dull, and has a sad, ruinous, deserted appearance. They say, however, that it has improved greatly during the last few years. Almost all the property in the town formerly belonged to the priests; but since the destruction of the convents, many who purchased their possessions have repaired them. The

* Mariana, lib. 8, chap. ix.

† See Mohammedan Dynasties, vol. II, p. 222.

Grand Plaza, however, looks still very miserable and poverty-stricken; though if it were kept neat and clean, it would be handsome, the Consistorio, on one side, being rather imposing. There are many palaces standing, which prove that the former magnificence of Leon was not a fable. One belonging to the powerful Guzmans is very fine. This name is more intimately associated than any other with Spanish history.*

A singular coincidence is noticed by Garibay. Three of the sovereigns of Leon and Castile, of the same name, had mistresses of the noble house of Guzman; and the descendants of each of these ladies, albeit illegitimate, ascended a throne. Doña Ximena Nuñez de Guzman was the mother of Alfonso VI., of the Infanta Elvira, who married Henry Count of Portugal, and became the mother of Don Alfonso, Henriquez I., King of Portugal; Doña Maria Guillien de Guzman, the mistress of Alfonso the Astrologer, gave birth to Beatrix, who married Alfonso III., fifth King of Portugal; and Leonora de Guzman gave birth to the Count of Trastamara, afterwards Henry II., King of Castile.†

I admired still more La Casa del Ayuntamiento

* The life of Guzman el Bueno is the shortest but not the least interesting of Quintana's Vidas de Espanoles Celèbres.

† See Miss Pardoe's interesting work, Memoirs of the Queens of Spain, vol. i, p. 255.

close adjoining, the ground-floor ornamented with Doric, and the floor above with Ionic, columns.

The pride and glory of Leon is her cathedral, commenced by Bishop Manrique de Lara about 1200; and certainly it is surprising to see so splendid an edifice—one of the most beautiful temples, in the early pointed style, in the world—situated in a wretched, miserable little town of five thousand poor inhabitants. Its pampered magnificence is almost insulting to the extreme poverty of the people, and one cannot help thinking that its assumed privileges and exactions have not merely emptied the purses, but preyed even on the blood, bones, and marrow of the impoverished population, who might feast for a week with the value of one only of the countless magnificent windows which adorn this temple. The keeping up such a building, with a Bishop and a host of clergy, is obviously beyond the means and wants of such a place as Leon, and the poor neighbourhood around it.

The *façade* is fine, but the two handsome square towers require more lofty and more elegant spires than those which are now upon them. One of these is a short, elaborate, filigree spire, and the other is of more ordinary work, though intended to correspond. The centre of the *façade* connected with the towers by short flying buttresses, is ornamented at the top with small columns with Ionic capitals, and lanterns; beneath which is a fine wheel

window, and below the latter four other windows, with pointed arches, and a parapet gallery in front of them.

The three entrances into the church on this, the west side, are decorated with arches of the same style, elaborately ornamented with figures; and an image of the Virgin, of better execution than the others, stands between the doors of the centre entrance. Some of the sculpture borders on the grotesque, especially the Last Judgment, in which devils are represented filling vast cauldrons with the wicked.

The interior of the church is strikingly elegant, and far surpasses the exterior; but the effect is much injured by the walls being whitewashed, and the capitals of the piers coloured yellow, and still more by the choir filling up the centre aisle, and entirely destroying the effect of it. It is only at the other end, before the grand altar, commanding at the same time views of the beautiful transepts, that a correct idea can be formed of the extreme elegance of this Gothic interior. The east end of the exterior is very good; the pinnacles, flying buttresses, and the chapel of Santiago, are very rich and imposing; but still the interior is far superior. There are no side chapels, dark, and filled with rubbish, as is usual in Spanish cathedrals. The walls were formerly almost one blaze of gorgeously-painted windows, two lofty rows, divided by a gallery, and beneath pointed arches. The lower

row of windows is now almost entirely bricked up, and painted in a bad style; the upper row is still glorious, and when both existed, they must have been truly charming.

The transepts are very elegant, the wheel-windows there magnificent, and the little columns are very graceful. The grand altar is overloaded with a heavy churrigueresque marble transparente, which appears monstrous, compared to the light, elegant architecture of this beautiful temple. It is difficult to resist a longing to strip away all this gorgeous trumpery, destroy the abominable choir, which obstructs the view, pull down the brick-work which fills up the windows of the aisles, scrape off the whitewash which covers the walls, and the yellow-wash which covers the capitals of the piers, and the fine old tombs; and then, correctly restored to its pristine state, and not till then, this temple would deserve the reputation of being the most graceful and elegant cathedral in the world—Pulchra Leonina—Leon en Sutileza.

The stalls of the choir are ornamented with carved figures: those full-length, in the upper row, are better than the busts below. The trascoro, or west end of the choir, is splendidly decorated with gilt columns and arches, containing sculptures in yellow alabaster, richly adorned with gilding. The subjects are the Adoration and Offerings of the Three Kings, the Annunciation, and a Nativity, in

which two subjects are represented, the Virgin in bed, attended by nurses, and below the Child is seen. They are well done, but it is scarcely possible to have sufficient good-humour to admire anything which destroys the effect of this noble aisle.

Behind the altar is the tomb of Ordono II., ob. 923, the founder of a cathedral which existed on this site, which was destroyed by the Moors. He lies at full length in his robes, and is surrounded with a host of figures, which look showy, but are badly executed.

In the chapel opposite is the tomb of the Condesa Sancha, not worth observing, except that she was rich, and, for her prodigality to the priests, murdered by her nephew and heir, who was torn to death by horses, as represented in the sculpture.

Behind the grand altar is also the tomb of San Alvito, ob. 1063, in a plateresque style. The columns covered with vine-leaves and fruit are very elegant.

In the chapel of the Carmen is a curious old tomb of a Bishop, and figures weeping around him: this is coloured with a yellow-wash. Behind the confessional is a fine old tomb (yellow again), with a procession of priests, some kneeling and weeping; the ornaments very boldly carved.

In the chapel of Nuestra Señora del Dado (our Lady of the Dice), is the miraculous image of our Saviour, which is said to have bled when an unfor-

tunate gambler in disgust flung his dice at the Infant's face; and some such tale is certainly requisite to give the least interest to a very common-place group of the Madonna and Child.

The entrance into the chapel of Santiago, of the time of Ferdinand and Isabella, is very rich and beautiful; and the chapel itself is light and elegant in the extreme. The painted glass, the work of Flemish artists, in the three lofty pointed-arched windows, is magnificent. There are in each of them twelve figures, divided into three rows, and representing Virgins, Saints, Bishops and Kings, as large as life, and coloured splendidly. The architectural ornaments above the altar are beautiful, but the altar itself is churrigueresque, and in the worst taste. A carved door leads into the cloisters, which are very charming; on one side of the corridors noble pointed arches open into the court, and the walls opposite the latter are also adorned with similar arches, and beneath them are numerous fine old tombs, in semicircular alcoves richly decorated. One in the corner, of an ancient founder, is remarkable; and the retablo of the Veronica is very curious and very beautiful.

The capitals of the columns from which the arches which decorate the walls spring, are very singular, containing camels, other animals, figures and curious ornaments. The roof is nicely groined, but the decorations appear more modern, and

are in less pure taste. On the walls may be traced some curious fresco paintings, though unfortunately they are all greatly injured, and most of them entirely destroyed. Some fine heads, with inscriptions of Abraham, &c., may be seen. Some cities, with numerous towers. The Last Supper, and young attendants, painted with considerable grace. Christ at the Column, and Christ Disputing with the Doctors.

We visited the cathedral a second time, shortly before sunset (sending for the keys). The rich, warm stone of the exterior, with the sun's setting rays upon it, was then very beautiful; and the painted glass within was gorgeous beyond description, especially the wheel window and two side windows of the transept. We then saw, behind the grand altar, the silver sarcophagus, elegantly decorated with well-executed statues of saints, and a figure of the patron of the church, San Froylan, which could not be seen on our visit in the morning, the Corpus Christi being exhibited on the altar for eight days, and no one being then allowed to approach it. The possession of the body of this Saint created vast disputes, which were determined by placing it on a mule, and letting the animal carry it where he liked.*

San Isidoro el Real, called El Real from its royal

* See Handbook, p. 320.

founders, Ferdinand and Sancha, is a curious mixture of Saxon, Gothic, and Italian architecture. The chief entrance into the church, on the south side, is ornamented with a Saxon arch and sculpture of a rudish kind, representing the Sacrifice of Isaac and other subjects; but the effect of this old entrance is injured by the white glaring coat of arms, and the white figure of San Isidoro on his horse of the same colour, riding over the Moors at Baeza. The other entrance on this side, now closed, with the three circular arches above it, is more elegant; and the round chapel, with its circular arches, is interesting. The square tower is fine, with its plain Saxon arches, the upper row consisting of triple arches, supported by light, elegant columns. These can only be seen by passing through the convent.

The interior of the church is dark and imposing, but it enjoys the high privilege of having the Host always visible, and lights are burning on the altar night and day, in honour of San Isidoro, or, as he was styled by the eighth council of Toledo, the egregious Doctor of Spain, who worked all manner of miracles as he was brought here from Seville—curing the lame and blind, and casting out devils. He must have been useful to the church-building societies of those days (*alias* the Church of Spain), as his body could never be moved in a morning from the place where they halted at night, until the in-

habitants had vowed to build and endow a church on the spot.

Though this saint was distinguished during his life for learning, he was after his death the protecting tutelar of Leon, striking with blindness the leader of a mob who attacked this convent, fighting at the battle of Baeza with sword and cross; and at the great victory of Navas de Tolosa a noise of arms was heard from his sepulchre, showing the strong interest he took in the event.*

On the grand altar is an exquisite cross, worthy of Benvenuto Cellini. The buttresses which divide the aisles are ornamented with half-columns, with curious capitals, representing animals and children, coloured yellow, as usual here. The Panteon, a very low little chapel, dedicated to Santa Catalina, is the burial-place of many of the Kings of Leon and Castile. The sarcophagi scarcely appear more imposing than so many large bandboxes with gilt borders; but they are really of marble, the colour of alabaster, and contain the bones of eleven kings, twelve queens, many infants, and half a dozen saints. The columns, also of marble, supporting this little chapel, are broad and short, with enormous capitals; the shafts, like the sarcophagi, painted a light greenish-white, and the capitals coloured yellow, as usual.

The roof alone is undefiled, and is covered with

* See Handbook, p. 609.

curious old paintings representing various Biblical subjects. They are undoubtedly very ancient; and to judge from the very defective drawing, and yet the pains that have evidently been taken in thus elaborately adorning the last abode of royalty, I should say they are the most ancient paintings in Spain. On one little dome is a representation of our Saviour, with the four Evangelists. On another, Adam and Eve in Paradise, with different animals, and the guardian angel. I also observed the Massacre of the Innocents.

Under one arch, the different months of the year are depicted. January and February are utterly defaced; March is represented by a wood-cutter at his work; April, by the planting of young trees; May, the season for journeys, by a traveller on an animal, which has the tail of a mule, but the head more like that of a horse; June and July, by a reaper with a sickle, busy about the harvest; August, September, and October, by a representation of the vintage, collecting grapes into a basket from a vine; November is represented by a figure killing a pig; and December, by his enjoying it with a bowl (of good stuff, we will presume) before a Christmas fire. The months are inscribed to assist dull intellects; and in another place Gallus is written over a cock, lest it should be mistaken for anything else; the effect is good and rich, the colouring being better than the drawing.

The cloisters are elegant, and in good taste; and there is also another neat patio, with circular arches and Doric pilasters; and the Doric portal of one of the doorways is also very pretty.

A short walk along the Bernesga, which is but a poor stream, leads to the immense and once rich convent of San Marcos de Leon, finely situated close to the bridge, on the bank of the river; commanding extensive views of its windings, and the rich, verdant plains beyond; and on the other side the snow-tipped mountains in the distance.

This convent was founded for the knights of Santiago in 1168, and rebuilt by Juan de Badajoz, 1514-49, and its Abbot was mitred. The *façade* is truly magnificent. The ornaments in the Corinthian pilasters on the ground floor, and on the half-columns above, are plateresque and extremely rich. Between each column and pilaster are elegant niches for statues; and below medallions, containing *alto-relievo* busts. At each end of the *façade* is a tower, ornamented with arches; and over the arched entrance of the richly-decorated portal, in the centre, is a good figure of Santiago, fighting the Moors.

Every column of this splendid *façade* is a study, for the curious figures of animals and ornaments with which they are all entirely covered. They must have been the work of years, and it is not surprising the convent was never finished. The cloisters are splendid, the lofty circular arches of

the lower corridor are supported by buttresses, and those above sustained by Doric columns. *Alto-relievo* busts and shells ornament the walls, and the roof is beautifully groined; the bosses of the ribs decorated with heads, crosses and shells.

The entrance into the chapel, forming part of the grand *façade*, is very handsome. A noble arch, covers a narrow porch, within which is a richly-decorated portal leading into the interior, which is simple and beautiful, but almost a ruin. The choir being elevated at one end, the effect of the lofty centre aisle is not as usual destroyed. The carved wood figures, full-length in the upper row, and half-length ones below, are by Guillermo Doncel, 1542, and very well done, though injured a little by repairing.

There is a richly-ornamented stone arch, in the plateresque style; and the roof of the chapel is nicely groined. In the sacristy is a fine carved roof, unspoiled by painting and gilding, the leaves and foliage are well executed; and there is also another sacristy, which is pretty, though there are too many ornaments on the roof. Lastly, we went into a room full of magnificent fragments of carved wood, gilded heads and picture-frames, which I coveted, but could not purchase.

The hospital for the orphans is immense, and the cleanest and neatest-looking building in Leon; and there is an Alameda, but without trees before it.

The Convent of San Clodio opposite once contained treasures of art, but it is now a complete ruin. The Handbook recommends a tolerable posada on the Rasgo; but as there were several in that street, we went to Monsieur Dantin's lodgings, where we had clean beds, but the walls look dirty; and as to eating, it was positively starvation. They gave us a bowl of meat and potatoes for breakfast, which we could not touch; meat all rags, redolent with garlic and strong oil, and it was difficult to get anything we could eat for dinner.

Who could suppose that a Frenchman would not know how to fry potatoes?—but such greasy, detestable things were never seen in France or any other country; and we were obliged to ask for plain boiled eggs, as besides the potatoes we had only a wretchedly-cooked rabbit, a common dish in the starving districts of the north of Spain; and as there do not seem now many rabbits in this country, tales of cats being substituted naturally rise in the imagination, when the appearance and savour of the dish are not sufficiently favourable to dispel the idea.

Spain was always famous for rabbits, and Mr. Murray* mentions having seen a medal, upon which conquered and suppliant Spain is represented as suing for peace; the figure, clad in feminine attire,

* Wilds and Cities of Andalusia, vol. 1, p. 80.

holds in one hand an olive-branch; and at her feet crouches the genius of the country, in the shape of a rabbit. The fact appears also to have been well known, for Catullus alludes to it when he styles the Spaniards "Cuniculosæ Celtiberiæ fili (xxxv, 18)"; and large ships freighted with them were regularly sent from Cadiz for the supply of Rome.*

The inn where the diligence from Valladolid stops appears the best. There was a Maragato there I took a great fancy to; and if I had been commencing my journey instead of concluding it, I would have taken him into my service. With his leathern jerkin and belt, wide black trousers, and shaggy hair appearing from under his slouched hat, he was as wild-looking as the Dougal creature, and apparently as faithful; his activity was equal to his intelligence. It was "Figaro qui! Figaro là!"—everybody wanted the Maragato; he seemed to give satisfaction to all, distinguishing and taking care of the luggage of a dozen passengers with the greatest facility; and there was an honest, zealous, trustworthy look about him, such as one seldom meets with in a coach-yard in Spain, or elsewhere.

We left Leon at four o'clock in the morning, and the diligence (the Entreprise de Navarre) being slow and lingering at every stage, we did not reach Valla-

* Strabo, III, p. 214; Handbook, vol. I, p. 105.

dolid until ten o'clock in the evening; six hours longer than we were by the opposition coach. Certainly, we paid dear for seeing the old city, the heat was fearful, and the penetrating dust, such as is only to be met with in Castile. A grandee of Spain had hired for himself, friends and servants, the whole of the conveyance, but he politely yielded to me a division of it. He was very intelligent, and civilly invited us to partake of his fare, which consisted of ham, rolled meats, cakes, &c., excellent wine of Asturias; and very capital English bitter beer, which they cooled by immersing it in fresh water from a well when we stopped.

## CHAPTER XV.

JOURNEY TO BURGOS—THE CATHEDRAL—SAN ESTEBAN—THE CID—THE CONVENT OF MIRAFLORES—SAN PEDRO DE CARDENA—THE TOMB OF THE CID—LAS HUELGAS REALES—STREETS, PROMENADES AND OLD HOUSES.

We left Valladolid at four o'clock in the morning, and had a wearisome ride of thirteen hours to Burgos; nothing can be more uninteresting than the Castiles, indeed they are perfectly intolerable after the South; and yet the Spaniards with us were in raptures at the extensive districts, but indifferently cultivated. A gentleman, a resident of Valladolid, was never weary of extolling the merits of his native land, and how the fields of corn (and poor indeed were the crops) extended to the distant hills; and then there were vineyards of excellent grapes, red wine and white wine, partridges, hares and rabbits, everything, in short, that man

could desire, and yet not a tree, nor a fence, nor a decent dwelling, nor anything cheerful to relieve the eye.

The road was excellent, but ankle-deep in such a penetrating dust as is never met with elsewhere; it was really a blessing when a shower of rain fell, and laid it a little. We saw also on this road, as on the way to Leon, immense flocks of half-famished sheep, attended by a number of men, with horses laden with provisions, and a quantity of dogs, on their way from Estramadura to the rich pastures of their mountain homes in the North.

At Torquemada we breakfasted; and the Castilian meals being as uninteresting as their plains, we begin to long for the flesh-pots of France, and are anxious to get out of the country; but the roads in the north are very good, and the diligences generally drive at a quick rate, which is consolatory. Torquemada has a fine bridge, and the view near the river is a degree more interesting. Approaching Burgos, the country is more agreeable, and the trees and hills are pretty, compared to the dreary plains we have crossed.

We passed Las Huelgas, a celebrated Cistercian nunnery, which is imposing with its tower, and the village which has sprung up around it; but the attention of all approaching the city is riveted on the magnificent cathedral. Nothing can be grander

than the distant view. The noble towers, with their beautiful rich filigree spires, the rich and lofty centre octagonal tower, and the fine one of the chapel of the Constable, both bristling with pinnacles, which seem to rise from every part of the body of the church, are truly magnificent. One acknowledges at a glance that this is the best exterior of any cathedral in Spain.

Burgos was founded by Diego de Porcelos, in 884, when the tide of war in this part of Spain was beginning to turn against the Moors. In the latter half of the tenth century, the Moslems, under An-nasir, took and destroyed the city. After being retaken by the Christians and for some time under the dominion of Leon, it became the metropolis of a new kingdom, under Counts subsequently called Kings. When abandoned by the Court, the ancient capital of Old Castile became gradually a mere provincial town, and the French invasion completed her ruin—a population which was once fifty thousand, not numbering now more than twelve thousand.

The *façade* of the cathedral looking at it from the plaza is not at all equal to the distant view, though the little plaza itself is rather picturesque, with its fountain, and the Archbishop's palace adjoining the cathedral, but it is not large enough to enable you to appreciate fully the fine proportions of the towers and spires. The three deep pointed-arched entrances

which once adorned the *façade,* were taken down, and the vilest and most miserable portals substituted for them. One cannot believe these were intended as an improvement, but would rather suppose that the rich Gothic doorways were destroyed, and they could afford no better.

The cathedral is altogether surrounded with buildings, which prevent a close examination of the exterior; but if the three old doors were like the one still remaining on the north side, this must have been one of the most perfect and most splendid florid Gothic *façades* in the world. There are posts and steps up to the cathedral, as at Leon, and a balustrade above the entrances., It would be difficult to find fault with the upper part of the *façade.* The rose-window is magnificent, the towers richly decorated with trefoil and lancet arches and statues; and the two spires, of exquisite open filigree-work, are so delicate and so beautiful, as justly to create surprise how they can have stood the hurricanes of ages. The exquisite large octagonal tower is seen best from the cloisters of the cathedral, as is also the one over the chapel of the Constable.

The interior is not to be compared to the exterior, and the effect is almost destroyed by an unusually high choir blocking up the centre aisle. There is a want also of the rich-painted glass, which generally, in Spain, throws a halo over any number of blemishes; and there is also an unpleasing contrast between

the comparatively unadorned architecture of the western end, and the over-decorated plateresque of the fine dome, one hundred and eighty feet high, and the transepts; but still the latter are very rich and very magnificent, though one could have wished for greater simplicity. The carvings of the choir are good, but not first-rate; those of the upper part are from the New Testament. The lower stalls are sculptured in better taste, and the subjects more curious. The organs are more simple and elegant than usual, and the tone very good. The Archbishop's throne is handsome, with the Taking of Christ carved on the back of it. All the exterior of the choir is Corinthian, and does not harmonize with the Gothic architecture. The iron rejas of the coro and transepts are fine. The retablo of the grand altar is rich, and ornamented with Doric, Ionic and Corinthian columns, with the genealogical tree of our Saviour winding like ivy around the otherwise plain shafts. Some of the Apostles of this retablo are deserving of notice, but there is a want of simplicity, and none of the figures are of first-rate merit. The exterior of the grand altar is richly decorated with sculpture—some of it good, especially the Taking of our Saviour.

The most interesting chapel in the cathedral is that of Del Condestable, erected as the burial-place of the Velasco family, the hereditary Constables of Castile.

It is a church of itself, with its choir, its chapels and its sacristia, and is very magnificent, in the florid Gothic style. The entrance is very handsome, and richly decorated with tolerable sculpture, with a fringe of rich lace-work.

The first view of this splendid chapel is very striking; the beautiful arches, the rich decorations, the lofty roof, the arms with their splendid supporters, the excellent sculptures of Saints and Apostles, in elegant niches, said to be by Juan de Borgoña; the rich retablo of the altar; and the imposing tomb of Hernandez de Velasco, ob. 1492, and his wife, at whose feet is a dog, the emblem of her fidelity, form a magnificent *coup d'œil.* These tombs were sculptured in Italy, and the workmanship might be that of Benvenuto Cellini, so elaborate and beautifully are they finished. The carving of the retablo is pretty good; the Presentation at the Temple, and Christ at the Column, and Bearing the Cross, appear to be the best. There are two other fine tombs at the entrance of this chapel; indeed, this cathedral appears to me richer in these monuments than any other in Spain. You see in every direction through the rejas of the different chapels, figures lying full-length before the grand altars; the sarcophagi, more or less decorated.

In the sacristia of the chapel of the Constable is a Magdalene, said to be painted by Leonardo da

Vinci; but the drawing of the back appears to be defective, though the colouring is beautiful, and it is certainly a very fine painting of the Leonardo school. Beneath it is the little portable ivory altar of the Constable. In the sacristia are also some poor pictures, said to be by Giordano; and a large and exquisite Cross, by Juan d'Arphe.

The entrance into the cloisters is very rich, and the sculpture admirable, especially the head of a priest with a cowl. The cloisters are wanting in height, but are very beautiful, and full of old tombs. The Sacristia Vieja contains some fine ancient carving, and there I saw Nuestra Señora de Oca, an image of the Virgin, with an apple in her hand, and the Child before her (of tolerable sculpture), ready to be carried in procession to-morrow; but the greatest curiosity of the place is El Coffre del Cid, fixed on a wall; a worm-eaten old chest, with a large hole in it. The Spanish hero, when exiled by Alfonso, and wanting money, filled it with sand, and told the wonderfully credulous Jews of those days, Rachel and Vidas, from whom he was borrowing, that it contained gold and jewels. According to Mr. Ford, when times improved, he paid both debt and interest; but Southey, in his note, says, "I am afraid it is not quite so certain that the Cid redeemed the chest as that he pledged it." The poem, which gives the minutest account of the pledging, says nothing of the repayment; on the

contrary, when Alva Fanez and the ladies, the wife and daughters of the Cid, are about to set off for Valencia, it says: "Behold, Rachel and Vidas fell at his feet . . . mercy, Minaya, good knight, the Cid has undone us, if he do not help us, 'We will give up the interest if he will pay us the capital.' 'I will see about it with the Cid, if God shall let me reach him; you will find good help from him for what you have done.' Rachel and Vidas said, 'God grant it; if not, we will leave Burgos and go seek him.'"*

The Sala Capitular has an artesonado roof, but not particularly good. The chapel of Santiago is large, and contains a curious old tomb. In La Capilla de San Enrique is a splendid marble sepulchre, with a fine kneeling figure, in bronze, of the founder, Enrique de Peralta y Cardeñas, 1679. The chapel of the Visitation contains also tombs, and some ancient paintings; but I never could get into it to examine them, and only had glimpses through the railings.

La Capilla de la Presentacion contains a very excellent painting of the Madonna and her Child, holding a globe in one hand, and with the other giving a benediction; two angels supporting a crown over the Virgin. It was presented to the chapel by the founder, a Florentine, and appears

* Southey's Chronicle of the Cid, p. 221.

an Italian painting. They ascribe it to Michael Angelo, and it may be by him; but it is difficult to say whose style it resembles most. It is powerfully drawn, and though a little hard, a very admirable painting; the colouring is very much in the style of Innocenza da Imola, but the drawing is harder and bolder than that artist's. This chapel contains a fine tomb, in the plateresque style of Jacobo de Bilbao, and another of Gonzalo Diaz de Lerma, which is imposing, though the medallions around the sarcophagus are not good.

The chapel of Santa Tecla out-Herods Herod for the churrigueresque—such a mass of heavy gilding as the retablo never was seen. The dome and roof, though in the same style, have a better effect.

In the chapel of San Bruno is a painted sculptured figure of the Saint, from Miraflores, the best piece of sculpture in the cathedral. This chapel also contains some ancient tombs.

The other churches and sights of Burgos are of minor importance, except what relates to the Cid. The *façade* and interior of San Esteban are Gothic, and it contains some old tombs; one with a *bas-relief* of the Last Supper, but not very good.

We then came to the Arch of Fernan Gonzalez, erected by Philip II., which is curious, with its ball-tipped obelisk ornaments. A little further, a dozen columns surround the small site of the house

of the Cid, the great hero of Spain. A monument of little taste has an inscription in the centre, and the pyramidal ornaments on each side bear his arms. A little beyond, there is a gate through the walls, ornamented with a Moorish horse-shoe arch. This road leads up to the castle, where the view is very fine.

The church of St. Agatha has over the entrance a bolt, which belonged to the Cid.

We then passed through the handsome gate of Santa Maria, ornamented with turrets and battlements, and excellent statues of the Bourgos' celebrities, amongst others, the Campeador. They look like old Castilians, stanch and true.

Passing the bridge, and along the pretty Alameda, we remarked particularly the fine view from there of the cathedral, the town, and the little river Arlanzon, now very empty of water, and the handsome French-looking street on its banks, which has the effect of a new *façade* to an old building.

We then visited the church of Santa Ana, which contains some ancient tombs; and the church of St. Pablo, now a barrack; but as a fragment only of the cloisters is to be seen, it is not worth the trouble of going there.

We then passed La Casa del Cordon, formerly the residence of the Constables, and now of the Capitan-General, called Del Cordon from a sculptured rope being the principal ornament of the portal. The patio, with circular arches and plain buttresses, is

handsome. The Gothic entrance into St. Lesmes is good, and also the interior, which contains some old tombs.

In the Casa del Ayuntamiento are the ashes of the brave old Cid, removed here when the convents were destroyed, and deposited in a wooden urn, ornamented on each side with a trophy and the arms of Castile, and with inscriptions in Spanish to his honour.

Ruy, or Rodrigo Diaz, the hero of Spain, and the source of everlasting disputes amongst the learned, who, rejecting as fabulous half the achievements of the Spanish Hercules, are obliged to acknowledge other feats equally extraordinary, was born at Vibar, near Burgos, of a respectable family, in 1026. Five Moors he had previously conquered, called Kings, but like the Meleks in the East, little better than Sheykhs of villages, waited upon Rodrigo to pay him tribute, and saluted him as their Cid (Sey'd) or Lord, a title still common in Eastern lands, and always given to the descendants of the Prophet. Fernando I., pleased with Rodrigo's conquests, ordered that he should henceforth be called the Cid, and honoured him with important commands, sending him with ten thousand men against the Emperor of Germany, and employing him in the wars with the Moors, which the Christian Kings in Spain were always carrying on in those days, when not fighting with each other.

Fernando died A.D. 1065, leaving Castile to Sancho, Leon to Alfonzo, Galicia to Garcia, and cities to his two daughters. The Cid distinguished himself greatly under Sancho II., in his war with the King of Arragon, and excelled all others at the battle of Grados; so that the King made him Alfarez of his troops, the highest military rank he could confer. Rodrigo assisted his Sovereign in conquering his brother's portion of Fernando's dominions; and when Alfonzo, the King of Leon, routed the Castilians, the Cid showed himself as great in council as in arms; and Sancho, by his advice, collecting their scattered forces, attacked his brother before daybreak, when his soldiers, in the security of victory, were fast asleep, and they were all killed or taken prisoners.

Sancho then attacked Galicia, and his brother Garcia took him prisoner; but, Alvar Fañez and the brave Cid rescued their Sovereign, and changed the fortunes of the day. Garcia, like Alfonzo, became a captive to his brother, who united their kingdoms to his own. Not satisfied with these possessions, Sancho attacked his sister Urraca in Zamora; but a crafty soldier, Vellido Dolfos, ingeniously persuading the King that he was driven out of the city for advising the council to surrender, induced him to go out unaccompanied to see a postern by which he professed they might enter; and having rid the earth of the unnatural brother, he fled to Zamora, hotly

pursued by the Cid. Alfonzo succeeded to Sancho, but the Castilian nobles deputed Rodrigo to require of the King to take a solemn oath that he had not instigated his brother's assassination.

The part the Cid took in this affair, he alone having courage to make such a demand, may account for the bitter animosity Alfonzo showed to him afterwards. The gallant Rodrigo, even when peace prevailed, found employment, and distinguished himself as a champion in the disputes which, in those days, were decided by battle, conquering a knight called Ximon Garcia de Tiogolos, one of the best of Navarre, and killing a Moorish knight called Faras; and he won such renown assisting the King of Seville against the King of Granada, that his soldiers, grateful for the rich spoils they had reaped, called him Campeador, or King's champion.

It did not seem to matter much to the warlike Cid whether his cause was good or bad, assisting Sancho in his unjust wars against his brothers, or fighting for one Moorish King against another—wherever there were blows to give and take, he delighted to be in the thick of it.* But the love of fighting got him at last into trouble. During the absence of the King, the Moors of Arragon had

* It appears, however, from the chronicle, that he objected to bearing arms against the Infanta, because of the days which were past, having been bred up together.

attacked the castle of Gormaz; but Rodrigo rose, only half-recovered from a bed of sickness; and not content with stripping them of all their spoils, laid waste the country to near Toledo, making seven thousand prisoners and immense plunder. The King of that city was the friend and ally of Alfonzo, having received him hospitably when he lost his throne. Enraged at this aggression, and glad of an opportunity of indulging his rancour, he banished him from his dominions; and the Cid (in 1076) bid adieu to his ungrateful country.

With a few faithful followers and relations, the Campeador now started on his own account; and certainly the times were propitious for a guerrillero chief, the empire of the Moors being then divided into innumerable little principalities; and the Arabs had lost much of the valour they possessed when they came from Africa. Kings and chiefs, Moors and Christains, were always ready to join any successful standard. First, the Cid laid waste the country near Alhama, and took the strong castle of Alcozar, and afterwards won a great victory over the Moors; then he went to Zaragoza, where he took several castles, and gained many victories for the Moorish King, who, during his life, paid him handsomely, and yielded to him the government of the country.

At his death, in 1088, the Cid returned to Castile, where the King received him with great honour,

promising him all the places he took from the Moors free from contributions. Rodrigo raised an army of seven thousand men, but his Court favour was of brief duration. The King had ordered him to march to Beliana with his forces; and the Cid, not obeying him to the letter, his enemies took advantage of this slight to inflame the King's anger. Alfonzo seized his possessions, and the Campeador and his family had again to seek their fortunes elsewhere. He had powerful foes; and, amongst others, Alfagib, the King of Denia, and the Count of Barcelona, who attacked him with a greatly superior army; and though the Cid was wounded, and carried to a tent, his soldiers fought like lions; and besides great numbers killed, the Count and five thousand French and Catalonians were taken prisoners; but the generous Campeador treated his enemy splendidly, and in a few days gave him his liberty.

Alfonzo having marched against the Almoravides, the Cid hastened to assist in so glorious a war, and was received again with the usual honours; but the animosity of the tenacious and unjust King soon displayed itself; and the Campeador, when he found his services were not wanted against the Moors, thought it prudent to retire, and fortify himself in the castle of Pinnacatel, in the kingdom of Valencia. There, giving way to his vindictive feelings, he entered into the rich valley of Rioja,

the Governor, a Castilian courtier, being his greatest enemy, and laid waste the country; but he had soon more noble enemies than defenceless peasants. The Almoravides had taken Valencia; and when the news reached the Cid that the Christians were expelled, and that the King Al-Kadir, his friend, had been beheaded, "his anger was kindled, and his soul was inflamed," for he considered the city as his, and the King his tributary, as he paid him one hundred thousand dinars; so he swore he would revenge their wrongs, and recover the city.

Assisted by the chiefs of Murviedro, Xativa and Denia, and his cousin, Alvar Fañez, his constant companion, as brave as himself, he battered the walls of Valencia; there was fighting every day at the barriers, for the Moors came out and fought hand to hand, and many a sword-stroke was given, and many a push with the spear; but famine within them aided him more, a mouse even selling for a dinar; as I have stated,* he was successful. The Christian writers gloss over the faults of their hero, but I fear there is good reason to believe that the brave Cid partook of the vices of the age, and was treacherous and cruel. It appears from Condé, and the chronicle that Ibn Geaf, was only induced to open the gates of the city by the promise of the Cid, that, under no excuse whatever,

* Vol. I, p. 56.

should any injury be done to him, his family, or their possessions; but in about a year the Campeador, under pretence that he would not give up all the treasures of Al-Kadir, burnt him in the market-place; and the Arab chief's family would have shared his fate, if the Christians, as well as Moslems, had not interceded in their behalf.

The Spanish writers say the Cid revenged on Geaf the death of his friend; that he was considerate and generous to the conquered, governing them with their own laws, and not increasing their taxes. Twice a week he heard and decided disputes himself. "Come to me," said he, "whenever you wish, and I will hear you; for I have no taste for dancing and drinking with women like your chiefs, whom you could never approach. I will be as a friend or relative to you all." Often did the Moors attempt unsuccessfully to recover Valencia; but the brave old Cid, gaining many victories, ruled there gloriously, until A.D. 1099, when he breathed his last, amidst the din of war, the Almoravides besieging the city. It was the Campeador himself who was the strong tower of Valencia; and when he died, Ximena, his wife, with all her courage, was obliged to follow the Cid's advice, and abandon the city to the Moslems.*

* See Mariana, libs. IX and X; Quintana, Vidas de Españoles Celèbres; Mohammedan Dynasties, Appendix XXXIX; Condé vol. II, p. 183; and the Chronicle of the Cid.

The Carthusian convent of Miraflores, half an hour's drive from Burgos, is well worth visiting, for the magnificent tombs it contains. The exterior of the church is simple and almost barn-like, with pointed-arch windows; but the principal *façade* is handsome, decorated with the arms of Castile and Leon. The interior was finished in 1488 by Isabella, after the designs of Juan de Colonia,* in the finest style of the florid Gothic, and consists of one aisle, with a beautifully-groined roof. Before the grand altar is the richest alabaster sepulchre in Spain, of her father, the founder, Juan II., and his second wife, Isabella. It is very large, and yet entirely covered with the most elaborate sculpture. Their faces are weak and miserable-looking, but the cushions they repose on, and their robes, in the luxuriance of the workmanship, rival the richest lace. The lions at his feet, and the group of a lion, a dog and a child, at hers, and the four sitting figures of the Evangelists, are admirable. The sides of the lofty sarcophagus are covered with glorious fret-work, fruit, foliage, and other ornaments, Saints, Madonnas, cherubs, and Biblical subjects; amongst others, worthy of attention, the Sacrifice of Isaac.

Opposite, in a recess in the wall, is the magnificent tomb of their son, the Infante Alonso. He

* See Handbook, p. 542.

is kneeling before an altar, and has the same style of inexpressive features; but the drapery is beautifully worked. The trees and foliage, mixed with cherubs, which adorn this sepulchre, are splendid; and the Angel and the Madonna, and also the Saints and Evangelists, in their rich niches, are admirable. These tombs are certainly wonderful, and no one should visit Burgos without seeing them.

The choir is elaborately carved, but only with ornaments, and not figures, except the further Coro de los Legos, which is quite in the style of Berruguete, and very fine. The retablo is imposing, and the effect very good at a distance; but it is heavy and too crowded. The subjects represent the chief events of our Saviour's life; the best are, the Last Supper, the Taking of Christ, the Annunciation, and the Adoration of the Kings. At the bottom of the retablo there are images of the King and Queen kneeling on each side of an altar. The painted glass is less rich than usual in Spain. The rooms adjoining contain nothing of importance.

In the chapel of San Benito there are some busts of priests in the retablo, two of them in black, representing the Saint, are well done; and in an adjoining chapel I observed a tolerable Christ at the Column, though the painting is not equal to the sculpture.

In the chapel, where the four poor priests, who alone occupy this immense pile, say mass, there are

two fine figures of Bishops, a good St. John, and an excellent St. Bruno.

The pleasant burial-ground, now much neglected, containing some cypresses and a neat fountain, is surrounded with the cells formerly occupied by the Carthusians.

We drove afterwards to San Pedro de Cardena: the heat was very great, as is to be expected in Castile in the middle of June; and the road was dreadfully uninteresting, over rocky downs, not a tree to be seen, or anything living, but a few shepherds and their flocks. We were glad when, after an hour's drive, we reached San Pedro, situated in a kind of hollow in this wretched plain; a more lonely and dreary situation cannot be imagined. The convent is very imposing at a distance, from its great size and simple, neat architecture; but it was surprising to see such an immense edifice in a district where one would scarcely expect to find a cottage. Over the principal entrance is the Cid mounted on his steed Babieca, riding over the Moors. His horse's face is injured, only one eye remaining, but it seems conscious of what he is doing.

The interior of the church is fine, though the yellow-wash disfigures the lofty pointed arches. In the centre of the chapel of the Kings, Counts, and illustrious Barons, is the stone effigy of the great Cid, laying with his wife Ximena on a sarcophagus, When the French were here, some drunken soldiers

utterly destroyed his face, and sadly injured the tomb. His wife, perhaps from the effects of a mutilation, has rather the features of a negro. The Campeador's beard, armour, and sword lying between his legs, are well sculptured for the period when they were executed. At the Cid's feet is a lion snarling, and his wife has a dog at hers, the emblem of her fidelity. Around the sarcophagus are busts and coats of arms. The walls also are covered with the armorial bearings of the illustrious dead buried there. It seemed to be their ambition to trace a connection with the great warrior. The inscriptions show that his daughters were married to the sons of the Kings of Arragon and of Navarre; and though the husband of one died before his succession, the other was the wife and also mother of a King of Navarre;* they record also the death of his son in battle with the Moors. Five claim the honour of being his nephews, two were cousins; one inscription is of his father, and another of his mother.

Above the entrance into the chapel are half-figures, coloured, of the Campeador and his wife; but, from their attitude, they might be quarrelling. Ximena seems in a great rage; and the Cid, with his arms stretched out, is not much more calm. She is represented as a fine-looking woman, with rather

* Mariana, lib. x. chap. iv.

large features; but he is more mild and pleasing-looking. The statue of San Benito, on the altar, is not bad.

The chapel of the Martyrs is erected in memory of the two hundred monks buried there, who were murdered in 872 by the Moor, Zephe, when he sacked the convent; and their blood is said to have always issued out of their tombs on the anniversary of their martyrdom, until the Moslems were conquered, and their spirits rested in peace. Now, there is only one monk, with a solitary attendant, residing in this immense and lonely pile, the sole guardian of the tombs of martyrs, kings and heroes.

It is doubtful whether Spain has gained or lost by the destruction of the convents, and the confiscation of the Church property. Ask the Spaniards, and they will answer you as they are individually affected by the measure, or as they are prompted by their zeal and affection for their religion, or dislike to monastic institutions.

No one can make an extensive tour in Spain without perceiving that there is a strong feeling that they have gained little anywhere from their aggressions on the Church, and are in many places severe sufferers from the destruction of the splendid convents, which generally created a certain degree of prosperity and comfort around them. If the lands had all been sold to individuals with capital and enterprise, and liberal institutions, and a fair and

unbiassed representation of the people in the Cortes had afforded some security that those who sow may hope to reap, and still more, that those who improve their land may reasonably expect to derive the benefit of their improvements, Spain would no doubt be a gainer by having thrown off an incubus which was certainly a great restraint on the intelligence and commerce of the country.

Although the kingdom now enjoys a salutary repose under a strong administration, yet as every month's rumour assures the country that its continuance depends upon Court favour, which may suddenly be withdrawn, and no one has really much confidence in the future, the lands wrested from the Church are seldom better cultivated than they were formerly, and in many places are now a wilderness. As a matter of finance, the measure had its advantages, inasmuch as the Government realised capital during the civil war, when they required it most urgently; otherwise the amount annually paid for the support of the clergy is nearly as much as the interest of the sum they gained by the sale of the property at prices so much below its value.

Mr. Urquhart* says the clergy paid a revenue to the State which amounted, some years ago, to one hundred and eighty millions of reals; and that the Church now figures in the Budget as a

* Vol. II, p. 348.

charge of one hundred and forty millions; but this debtor and creditor account appears to me rather fallacious, inasmuch as the land from which the Church chiefly contributed to the exigencies of the State still pays taxes in the hands of lay proprietors, and the amount which the Church receives from the State is now much less.

A great portion of the rentals derived from the confiscated lands is spent in Madrid, or the chief towns of the district; whereas the priests might generally be considered a kind of resident landlords, an immense advantage to a country, where the grandees, the great proprietors, never reside on, and rarely visit, their large estates.

The magnificent and over abundant churches and convents in such cities as Toledo, Leon and Valladolid, are totally inconsistent with the number and poverty of the inhabitants. Such establishments could not have existed, if the Church had not concentrated in itself almost all the wealth of those districts. If Spain, with its territory twice as extensive as the British isles, and only one-tenth less than the size of France,* and with a population, to judge of them from that class of which the greater number of men are born, one of the very finest in the world, is ever again to take its ancient place in the scale of nations, this great blow to a Church, the chief

* Handbook, vol. I, p. 90.

obstacle to all improvement, and this dispersion of her colossal power and wealth, would certainly facilitate that event. There is, however, no reasonable chance of such a change: her excellent municipal institutions are crippled or destroyed; the country owes an enormous debt, and it remains to to be seen whether they will ever pay much interest.

Spain has got the finest peasantry in the world—courageous, high-minded, deserving of political power; but there is a want of an independent, talented and wealthy middle class, and country aristocracy, to rouse the nation to better things, diffuse vigour, enterprise and industry, and under the ægis of liberal institutions, create confidence, and develope the vast resources of the empire.

Convinced of the utter hopelessness of expecting such wants being soon, if ever, supplied, and finding, from the sad history of the past, that administrations change in Spain, but nothing else, it is impossible not to feel some regret that these fine convents, some of them noble specimens of Gothic architecture, and almost all museums of art, were plundered and destroyed, and that the treasures they once contained are lost or are now to be seen anywhere but in Spain. These mighty piles are characteristic of the country; and whether in the ancient towns, the dreary wilds, or amid the lofty sierras, are always interesting, though frequently so far beyond the means and wants of the wretched districts sur-

rounding them, one naturally suspects them to have been the fruits of the virgin crust of the rich gold districts of the New World, or of the room Atahuallpa almost filled with the precious metal for his ransom; but their wealth, however obtained, was not hoarded, but diffused, with a liberal hand, in charities, hospitalities, and in a liberal encouragement of the arts. It is an error to suppose that these establishments were only tenanted by those who made a trade of religion. They afforded seclusion, and ease of mind and body to the broken-down man of the world, comfortable quarters to the weary soldier, a house of refuge for the worn-out pilgrim, a solitary cell for meditation, and cheerful society and the comforts of their religion for all.

The crowded churches, and notwithstanding the appropriation of their revenues, the absence of all appearance of anything like poverty in the chapels and services, prove that the Spaniards are now as devout worshippers, and as zealous friends of the Church as they were in her palmy days. The Spanish people has ever been deeply attached to religious institutions; and when their constitutions were breaking, and they felt the necessity of weaning themselves from the passions, the pleasures, and excitement of the world, they have, in every age, availed themselves, to an extraordinary extent, of these asylums as their last resting-place on earth.

It is not surprising that any of the adventurers

who accompanied Columbus, and still less that those whose hands were imbrued with the blood of the Aztecs and the Incas, who insisted that the brave Guatemozin should be tortured to compel him to disclose his treasures, and who riveted the irons on the legs of the pusillanimous Montezuma — irons which may well be said to have entered his very soul; or that those whose voices called for the execution of the truthful and generous Atahuallpa; or that many of the thousands who, from thirst of gold and adventure, followed them to the New World, should have sought a refuge in these asylums when, escaping from their fearful toil and perils, they returned to their native country with broken constitutions— without homes, finding perhaps the friends of their youth dead and scattered; and their ill-gotten wealth insufficient to relieve the loneliness of the last stage of life.

One can imagine also a Charles V. harassed with cares, wars and disease, astonishing all Europe by retiring to San Yuste; and a Philip II. delighting in his cell in the Escorial; but the fashion of spending their last days in a convent, which prevailed amongst all ranks, is very remarkable, and to such an extraordinary extent, is unprecedented in any other Catholic country. Some of the most distinguished artists, such as Cano and Joanes, El Mudo, Cotan, Rincon, Borras, Cespedes, Roelas, Rizi, and many others, took orders. Many of the

poets* also finished their career in religious seclusion.

The three brightest ornaments of Spanish literature, Cervantes, Lopa de Vega, and Calderon—though the two latter were not only the most successful, but the most prosperous of authors—and many of their cotemporaries and imitators spent their last days in these asylums. Not merely a number of the writers of dramas, but many even of the actors—a class notorious in Spain for their disorderly and vagabond lives—followed the fashion, and taking refuge in a religious life, became devout priests, and died almost in the odour of sanctity.†

There is still the same inclination amongst all classes to retire from the world, when ambition's fitful fever is past. The life of a Spaniard, even at the present day, is too often one of fearful toil, and rapine, and blood. The soldier in other countries in Europe is easily moved from place to place; but the Spaniard, who has to march thousands of miles over burning sierras, destitute of every comfort, has ever an eventful life, to say nothing of the foreign wars, revolutions, and the atrocious civil feuds, when unheard-of cruelties were committed. The actors in such scenes, probably without homes (for celibacy is the rule in the Spanish army), and perhaps equally destitute of friends, may

* Tickler, vol. II, p. 387. † Tickler, vol. II, p. 404.

regret that the soldier's last barracks, the friendly convents, are now closed.

We returned to Burgos by the celebrated Cistercian nunnery of Santa Maria la Real, called Las Huelgas Reales, being built in the gardens of the founder Alonso VIII., whose wife, Leonora, was daughter of our Henry II. The Abbess of this monastery, at one time, ruled over one hundred and fifty nuns of the most noble families in Spain, and exercised jurisdiction over fourteen large towns, and more than fifty smaller places; and was considered only inferior in dignity to the Queen.* When the monasteries were destroyed, there were one hundred nuns here; and now there are fifteen, and five preparing to take the veil; the Government, within the last two months, having granted them permission to have as many as twenty-four.

This is one of the many indications I have met with in Spain, showing the disposition of the present Government to restore, as far as is in their power, the fallen fortunes of the Church, and return by degrees, perhaps, to the old abuses. The architecture of different styles gives a history of the place; towers, with machicolated battlements, square towers, circular and pointed arches mingled together; and there are some fine old tombs at the entrance of the church. The view through the grating, of the choir

* See Prescott's Ferdinand and Isabella, p. 39.

where the nuns sit, is imposing; and must be more so when they are present; the seats seem to be beautifully carved, and the floor boarded—a regard to comfort seldom found in Spain. It is a kind of St. George's Chapel, where the old Spanish kings knighted themselves, and Alonso El Sabio conferred that honour on our Edward I.* There is a monument of the founder and his wife in the centre, covered with velvet; and above the grating a good fresco of the grand victory of Las Navas de Tolosa.

The King is represented on his knees praying, on one side, and his wife on the other; and above, he is seen on horseback, in the midst of the fight. It is very superior to the fresco in the Escorial of the same subject. Close by the grating is an old gilt pulpit, covered with rudish figures of saints but preserved as a great treasure; for in it preached the renowned St. Vicente de Ferrer. The grand altar is churrigueresque; on each side it are kneeling figures of Alonso and his wife.

Burgos is an interesting old town. The irregular plaza is picturesque, with its granite arcades, and looked very imposing, filled, as I saw it, with all the military, priests, authorities of the city, and gentry walking in procession, carrying the celebrated statue

* See Handbook, p. 903.

of the Señora de Oca, and other relics, to procure a safe accouchement for the Queen; while gay silk and satin curtains and bed-coverings, mostly crimson, decorated the balconies, crowded with the beauty and fashion of the place. The fine open space occupied by the bed of the river, though not often containing much water; the bridges, which have always a picturesque effect; the beautiful shady alamedas, or the Espolon and Espelon Nuevo, with their hedges of rose-trees on each side of the river; and the picturesque old gate of Santa Maria, form as cheerful and as pleasant a prospect as any town enjoys, enhanced greatly by the view of the old city, rising above the modern houses and the cathedral, one of the finest and externally perhaps the most elegant temple ever erected to the divinity.

The horrors of war, foreign and domestic, are over; the commerce of the little town is increasing; and large houses are building in every direction, some of them handsome ones. Burgos can boast of being the place where, in 1169, the first Parliament assembled in Spain. Every city had its deputy, who were chosen at first by the householders at large. The chamber comprised peers and clergy; and even before the fifteenth century, the power of the Cortes was very great.*

The remains of the grandeur of Burgos may be

* Prescott's Ferdinand and Isabella, p. 20.

traced not only in her splendid cathedral, fine churches and convents, but also in the houses of her nobles. I have mentioned the palace of the Constable; in the Calle San Lorenzo there are about a dozen of their residences, with sculptured arched doorways, and some of them with round turrets; and in the Calle Avellares there are some portals richly decorated with busts and columns.* The entrance, also, of the Casa de Miranda, in the Calle de la Calera, on the other side of the river, is worth observing for its decorations, and double fluted Corinthian columns on each side; the figures also supporting the arms are graceful. The patio is very rich with its abundance of ornaments, figures, and fluted columns, but the capitals are in bad taste.

There are some few paintings collected at Burgos, but probably rubbish, as usual. I walked to the Institution first, whence I was sent to St. Jeronimo, and there told the curé had the key, and was teaching, and I could not get the porter to ask for it. They said if I returned at one, I should see them, and I did so, but found no curé and no key (Cosas de España). A traveller must either waste his time in staying twice as long in every city as ought to be

* The numbers best worth observing in the first street are Nos. 4, 6, 8, 14, 17, 23, 27, 28, 29, and 31; in the second, Nos. 4, 6, and 8.

required, or leave something unseen from the difficulty of getting access. I am weary of the words sta cerrada (it is closed), and the little value Spaniards have of any time but their own. They never think of keeping appointments.

After several applications, I was at last fortunate enough to meet with the Governor, who grants permission to see the castle; and certainly the ascent, which is but trifling beyond the house of the Cid, is worth the trouble. It is built on the site of the original palace of the Kings of Old Castile, and is the birthplace of Don Pedro the Cruel, and there the Cid married his faithful wife, and our Edward I. espoused Eleanor of Castile. The situation of the castle is very strong, as the Duke of Wellington perceived, and his artillery and forces being quite inadequate, raised the siege and retired to Ciudad Rodrigo, when he heard of Soult's approach with a very superior army.

The view of the old town and its glorious cathedral, the alamedas, Vega, and distant mountains, is very fine, and the Vegas of the Huelgas and the Hospital del Ré are extremely pretty; the river winding through a verdant vale, richly planted with trees, is a refreshing sight in Castile. The Inn de las Postas, or as it is generally called del Doran, is the best, and the dinners are good for Spain; but clean as the rooms appeared, we had a crawler or two

for about the fourth or fifth time during our tour. If we had changed our beds as frequently during as many months in England, or in any other country, we might perhaps have been equally unfortunate.

## CHAPTER XVI.

DEPARTURE FROM BURGOS—PASS OF PANCORBO—VITORIA—STREETS—PROMENADES—SAN MIGUEL—SAN VICENTE—BATTLE OF VITORIA—PAMPLONA—CATHEDRAL—IGNACIO LOYOLA—ADIEU TO SPAIN—BAYONNE—BORDEAUX—METTRAY.

BEING disappointed in finding room at Burgos in the diligences, which at this season of the year are generally full from Madrid, we were obliged to take the courier in the evening, which I regretted, the country being more interesting than our former routes through the Castiles. They go at the rate of eight or nine miles an hour, but are more than twice as expensive as the diligences, on lines where opposition has reduced the prices of the latter; and they only allow thirty pounds of luggage to each passenger, and charge very high for the surplus.

The route was pleasant to Briviesca—the country, bounded by hills, was rich in pastures and corn, and trees were not wanting. That town seemed a

noisy, dirty place, with rather a picturesque plaza. Fortunately I was awake when we passed the fin mountain pass of Pancorbo, between the defiles of the mountains of Oca and the Pyrenean spurs. The dim light of a summer's night made the rocks appear higher and grander, perhaps, than they would have done under the glare of a Castilian sun. Some of them were of a very picturesque form, rising in one part so precipitately as scarcely to allow space for the river Oroncillo and the road along which we dashed.

Near the pass, the Handbook says, there is a ruined castle, where Roderick is said to have seduced the Cava. A more splendid natural barrier to the plains of Castile than this pass, could not be imagined. And here we bid adieu to the Castilians, a people tenacious, proud and independent, with a great deal to be admired in their characters, much sterling honesty, and a zealous love for their religion, their country and their Queen; but to passing strangers, like myself, they are not so polite, nor so good-humoured, nor half so pleasant as the Spaniards of the South, especially the Andalusians.

The lower orders in Castile and throughout Spain are far superior to the middle and higher classes. I was never weary of gazing at the groups of peasants, such fine-looking fellows, wearing their mantles with an air as if they were all grandees; and even when they had the appearance of being contraban-

dists, or even worse, one could not but admire them, there is so much character, courage, and independance in their mien, and they are always so civil and courteous when one addresses them; assuredly they are worthy of better institutions and a more liberal government.

Vitoria, the capital of Alava, is a thriving, flourishing place. Diligences, couriers, galeras, &c., passing through continually have created a prosperity, which is exhibited in a handsome new town, with good inns; a large plaza, with a Doric arcade; a pretty Alameda, called the Florida, ornamented with statues, mingled with rose-trees, and enjoying pleasant views, of the verdant rich vale surrounding the town, and the distant hills; a little further beyond the suburbs is another promenade called El Prado, which is more rural. The new part of Vitoria has quite a French appearance; the inn still more so; beds with curtains, and the floors of polished boards instead of flags. We explored the old town, where many of the streets are full of picturesque, Prout-like bits of tumble-down houses.

The church of San Miguel is finely situated on an eminence, and looks well from the plaza in the new town. The Gothic interior is imposing, though disfigured with yellow-wash. The retablo, ornamented with gilt Corinthian columns and coloured sculpture, is by Hernandez, and very good. The Circumcision, and the Adoration of the Shepherds,

are excellent. The shepherd, with a lamb on his shoulder, is splendid. The Adoration of the Kings and the Purification, are also fine. Over the grand altar in the centre is a large figure of the Conception, which is beautiful, but the drapery is heavy. Some of the Saints and Evangelists are also well done.

The interior of San Vicente is simple and elegant, the plain, lofty columns, which seem to be the fashion at Vitoria, are here without capitals, and the groining of the roof springs from the tops of the columns with a fan-like effect. The retablo is churrigueresque, and the sculpture not remarkable.

The porch of Santa Maria is richly decorated with pointed arches, immense groups of figures, statues, large and small, in elaborately carved niches, and a groined roof, the bosses of the groining ornamented with busts. The effect is good, though the sculpture is indifferent and much injured. The interior is destroyed by rafters, of an elliptical form which span the centre aisle, and there are also two chapels with circular arches, which do not harmonize with the pointed style of the building. The rafters, however, which spoil a pretty interior, appear to be required to strengthen the walls. The view from the summit of the tower of this church is fine, of the old town and its Alameda, and the rich and verdant plains studded with innumerable villages with their picturesque church-towers, and bounded

with ranges of hills whose soft outline is very pleasing.

This is a view, moreover, thrillingly interesting to every Englishman. The Allies crossed the hills surrounding the basin of Vitoria from the direction of Burgos, and Hill's corps entered through the defiles of Pueblo and Marquina. Near the road to Bilboa —where two ranges of hills, one more wavy than the other, slope down to the plain, and another low range of hills rises a little in the distance—were the British, under Graham. The hill of Arinez will be pointed out, where the battle was really fought, being the centre of the French forces entering right and left the road to Bayonne, by which they wished to retreat, but were prevented by the English and Spaniards (by the Spanish forces, says the custode), and the road is seen to Pamplona, in which direction, when completely beaten, they fled pell-mell, hotly pursued by the victorious Duke.

The basin of Vitoria was filled with troops. Sixty thousand Anglo-Portuguese sabres and bayonets, with ninety pieces of cannon, were actually in the field; but the Spanish auxiliaries were above twenty thousand, and the whole army including serjeants and artillery-men, exceeded eighty thousand combatants. Deducting the officers, artillery-men, sappers, miners, and non-combatants, which are always borne on the French muster-rolls, the sabres and bayonets of the enemy would scarcely reach sixty thousand,

but in the number of their guns they had the advantage.

The French escaped with the loss of their treasure, stores and papers, but lost comparatively few men. Never was an army, says Napier, more hardly used by its commander, for the soldiers were not half beaten, and never was a victory more complete. The French carried off but two pieces of artillery from the battle. Jourdan's baton of command, a stand of colours, and a hundred and forty-three brass pieces were taken. The loss in men did not, however, exceed six thousand, exclusive of some hundred prisoners. The Allies lost five thousand one hundred and seventy-six killed, wounded and missing. One thousand and forty-nine were Portuguese; five hundred and fifty-three Spanish, and the rest English. Plunder to the amount of five millions five hundred thousand dollars were carried away by camp-followers and non-combatants.*

As Napier says, the fate of Spain was decided at Vitoria, but the statue proposed to be erected to the Duke has not yet been raised. We must, however, recollect, that it has never been the custom of the Spaniards in any age, to erect statues to their great men who do not happen to have royal blood in their veins, except in the churches, where it appears to have been the policy of the priesthood

* Napier's Peninsular War, vol. v.

to represent to their admiring congregations, the great and intellectual of the land worshiping at the altars, and bowing to the Virgin and the Saints. We have seen no monuments to their brave soldiers, —to their Cid, to the Great Captain, or any of the heroes of the Moorish wars; none to the discoverers of the New World—Columbus, Cortes, or Pizarro; and, except to Florida Blanca, at Murcia, not one to their statesmen or poets, and other distinguished literary men; and strange, in this bigoted land, none even to their great cardinals and archbishops (who, however, generally took care to erect their own useful monuments in the shape of benevolent and permanent institutions). Humboldt, fifty years ago remarked, that, " we may traverse Spanish America from Buenos Ayres to Monterey, and in no quarter shall we meet with a national monument which the public gratitude has raised to Christopher Columbus, or Fernando Cortes." The Inquisition and the priests, whose influence may be traced in almost everything in Spain, may have been reluctant, perhaps, to see marble statues of the great men who have ennobled the country, erected in the market-places, lest their flocks might admire them more than the painted saints in the churches, especially when they balanced their respective achievements.

We left Vitoria at five o'clock in the morning, by the courier. The hour for departure is generally three, and having risen an hour before, I was asleep

when we passed Guevara, one of the chief strongholds of the Carlists, who have still a numerous party in the district between Vitoria and Pamplona. The Black Prince advanced by this road in 1367. The small town of Salvatierra is picturesquely situated, and the walls and towers of stone and good masonry seem to indicate that the place was formerly of greater importance than it is now. The drive from there, until a short time before arriving at Pamplona, is very pleasant, through a rich and generally well-cultivated valley, with the Sierra of San Adrian on our left as far as the village of Lacunza, and then the Sierra Aralar, and on our right the Sierra of Andia, reaching nearly to Pamplona. These mountains were like two mighty walls on our right hand and our left, sometimes partly covered with trees, and the perpendicular summits rising above the foliage, and often broken into bold and picturesque forms.

We passed numerous villages, and saw others at the base of the sierras, which in the distance appeared pretty. The peasants are hardy and industrious, and the good crops are pleasant to look at after the thin ones in Castile. The labourers earn their tenpence a-day, but provisions are not very cheap, meat fourpence and fivepence a pound. The country becomes more dreary approaching Pamplona, the valley changes into a wilder district, bounded by hills but bleak in the extreme, scarcely a tree to be seen.

Pamplona, the capital of Navarre, seems a flourishing place, buildings are erecting which would do credit to much larger towns, especially the new hall. The streets are not picturesque, but the plaza is handsome and looks gay, every balcony covered with an awning. The Plaza de Abajo is more striking, with its handsome Ayuntamiento at the end. The market was full of cherries, and the groups of peasants were characteristic, but I saw no beauty amongst the women.

The cathedral is well worth visiting. The *façade* is Corinthian, and besides its being incongruous with a Gothic interior, it is utterly wanting in simplicity. The interior is, however, simple and elegant, but the effect is injured by the choir which, as usual, fills up the centre aisle. The ancient trascoro which, to judge from the fragments of marble preserved in one of the chapels, must have been very handsome, was destroyed in the Carlist war; and now there is a plain blank wall, which, perhaps, has the advantage of not being so high. They have, however, attempted to ornament this wall by inserting in it a tomb, from the Capuchin convent, of the Count de Ganges, which would have looked well and been interesting anywhere else, being ornamented with a very beautifully executed battle-scene. The Count on his charger, and some of the other figures are excellent. The choir is ornamented with good carvings, by Miguel Ancheta, of saints and evangelists, all are

different, many of them excellent, and the wood is said to be English oak.

The royal tombs in the centre, with Carlos el Mayor and his Queen, Leonora of Castile, lying at full length, would be very imposing if they were not covered entirely with an iron railing, which destroys their effect. At the King's feet is a lion; and at the Queen's, two dogs, instead of, as usual, only one; I suppose emblematical of her being eminently faithful. The sculpture around the sarcophagus is much injured. The roofs of the choir and cimborio are excellent. The retablo of the grand altar is architecturally good, but the sculpture is indifferent. The canons leave at an early hour, and I could not see the sacristy or library. The cloisters are extremely light and elegant. There is nothing so charming as cloisters such as these, affording a delightful change from the cold and comparative gloom of a cathedral, and yet as works of art, there is always something to admire; all the capitals from which the beautiful arches spring are different, and are ornamented with flowers and figures, and Biblical representations, among others, the building of the Temple of Jerusalem, and Adam and Eve in Paradise. There is an iron palisade which came from the battle of Navas de Tolosa, but it is not otherwise remarkable; and also some tombs, but they are not particularly fine. The refectory is a handsome room with a good

roof, and curious figures, from which the arches spring.

We then visited, near the promenade, the chapel of Ignacio Loyola, which is churrigueresque, but curious as a memorial of his life. There is a painting representing him receiving a wound in defence of this citadel, in 1521; another represents him in his suit of armour, and one, as a penitent, making an offering of his sword; another, when on his way to Jerusalem, the Divinity arrests his steps and tells him he has more useful work for him in Rome. The promenades are very delightful, and the fortifications apparently extremely strong, especially the pentagonal citadel; but there seemed to be few soldiers on guard, and the discipline very loose.

Pamplona is again the field of British triumph. Jourdan retreated here from Vitoria, and the Duke blockaded the place. Soult made great efforts to restore the fortunes of France, which at first promised to be successful; at Sebastian the Allies were repulsed; at Roncesvalles they abandoned the passes, and at Maya they were defeated.* The Duke's presence changed the aspect of affairs, and several battles were fought, especially at Sauroren, a short distance from here, and the French were obliged to abandon their position on the

* Napier, vol. vi, p. 124.

heights adjoining, and were soon driven across the the Pyrences.

We left Pamplona at four o'clock in the morning, in the *coupé* of the diligence, and passing through a pretty country, abounding in corn and wine, came to the village of Bullatin, and soon afterwards, on our right, the village of Tetoli, very picturesquely situated, with a fine view beyond, of distant ranges of hills, well clothed with woods. The valley then becomes narrower, and we passed through a picturesque little forest of oaks, extending to the summit of the hills, and watered by a little trout-stream, following which we came to the village of Ulaquez, three and a half leagues from Pamplona, where the valley is again more cultivated and less woody. Occasionally the views were very extensive and beautiful, of rich plains and villages perched amongst the hills and mountains in the distance.

At the prettily situated but wretched Venta de Ruez, four and a half leagues from Pamplona, we changed horses, and ascended for half an hour a magnificent pass, mountains and rocks, covered with fine trees, villages in the rich valleys, and often fine distant ranges of mountains. We then descended into the celebrated valley of the Bastan. They say the view from the summit is very splendid, but to our great disappointment, a sudden mist came on, and we had but glimpses of the beauty around us. This valley is twelve leagues long, and

contains fourteen villages; the peasants have great abundance of cattle; wages are high (one shilling a-day), provisions cheap, and the soil excellent, if properly cultivated; but they have strong temptations to become contrabandists, and the peasantry on both sides the frontier carry on this illicit traffic to a great extent. Groceries, silks and other manufactures are brought over in large quantities, and many farms neglected for the more exciting and more lucrative trade of the smuggler. The road over this fine pass is magnificent, but for some part of it there is no barrier whatever from the precipice, though it is well protected by the *guardia civile*, not for fear of robbers, for there are none, but on account of the contrabandists.

When we had descended from the mountains, the mist was dispersed; or we had left it behind us, and we had a beautiful drive through a narrow and rich valley, the hills well clothed with foliage, and after passing Enirita, a flourishing village, the wooden balconies of the houses reminding me a little of Switzerland; in a quarter of an hour afterwards, we arrived at the large village of Elisondo, where we breakfasted deliciously on a fat green goose, and well-dressed plump chickens, a glorious treat after starving so long in the Castiles. I felt rather ashamed of my voracity, having consumed the whole of the goose myself, Mrs. H—— preferring a chicken; but my scruples were calmed when I

found the price here of such a bird is only ninepence, and chickens fourpence and fivepence each. This is truly a happy valley, so much beauty, and all the necessaries of life good and cheap.

In three hours we crossed the frontier to the French side of the Bastan, and arrived at the custom-house of Anor, where our boxes were taken down, to entitle the porters to their fees, but were not examined. We had rather a pretty drive from there to Espelette, and reached Bayonne at four o'clock. The transition from a kingdom half a century behind all others, to the civilization of France, is very striking. The neatness of the admirable French fortifications compared to Pamplona, the discipline of the guard, the superiority of the uniform, the excellence of the hotels, and above all, the transition from the most diabolical cookery, redolent with strong oil, garlic and saffron, to the most *recherché cuisine* in the world, remind us our tour in Spain is ended. I could not, however, repress some regrets that I had not seen more of that interesting country. Very early in the spring, or very late in the autumn, are the most agreeable seasons for travelling there; but now July is approaching, and the heat is already great for a lady to bear.

No one can visit Spain without feeling a strong attachment to that racy land, so unlike every other in Europe. It is a country that must

please all tastes. The wildness and grandeur of the bleak sierras, and the rich, picturesque vales, must haunt the memory of those who care only for scenery. The antiquarian and the architect will recollect the splendid ruins and temples which have excited his curiosity; the sculptor, the works of Montañes, Juni, Hernandez, &c.; the painter will think of Valencia, and its Joanes and Ribaltas; of Granada, and its Canos; of Seville and its Murillos and Zurbarans; of the Escorial, and its El Mudo; and of Madrid, and its Velasquez—artists which can never be fully appreciated elsewhere.

The politician will recall subjects without end for his speculations, the undeveloped resources of the country; plains longing for the plough, and thirsting for wells and sakeeas; the extraordinary mineral wealth of the kingdom; the defective communications; and, above all, the singular spectacle of a Cortes of three hundred and fifty gentlemen of property, almost all of them returned through the influence of the Premier. If there was a fair representation of the people without Government influence being exerted, I believe that such is the general appreciation of Narvaez' talents, and gratitude for the order and security that he has undoubtedly established throughout the realm, that a working majority would give him their support; but without this element of power, without the Government resting on the Cortes and the people,

and not as now, almost entirely on the Court, or rather the Camarilla, neither Narvaez, nor any other Premier, can dare to effect the reforms the country requires; cut down the myriads of *employés*, reduce the immense army, and redeem the national credit by bringing the finances into such a state that the nation could not only acknowledge their immense debt, but with ease pay the interest of it.

A Government with such a basis would create confidence in the future, and men would embark in commercial and agricultural speculations; and then, and not till then, there would be a prospect of brighter days for that unfortunate country.*

The cathedral of Bayonne has a very good Gothic interior without any choir to fill up the centre aisle, and destroy the effect. The journey from there to England may soon be accomplished. The diligences leave at seven o'clock in the evening, and arrive at Bordeaux at four o'clock the next morning. The *malle poste* leaves at midnight, and arrives the next day at two o'clock. The route is pleasant, through a cultivated country the first part of the way, and afterwards through forests and the *landes*, where figures, like giants, may sometimes be seen stalking along on their stilts.

Bordeaux is the finest provincial town in France;

* Since the above was written, Narvaez has been dismissed, and such must be the fate of every minister dependent upon the Camarilla; but it is very probable he will soon be Premier again.

the quay, the large open promenade, the fine theatre, streets, and squares; the cathedral, with its handsome *façade* and two elegant spires, and broad interior, consisting of a single nave; the old church of St. Croix, with its beautiful rich Romanesque architecture; the church of St. Michael, with its fine Gothic interior and cave full of skeletons; and above all, the admirable kitchen and good wine, particularly grateful after a tour in Spain, make it a desirable place to rest in.

The diligence starts from Bordeaux every morning, two hours after the arrival of the Bayonne diligence, and arrives at Tours at twelve o'clock the following day. The courier takes only twenty-four hours. The route is pleasant, but not interesting, richly cultivated, and plenty of trees, but extremely flat. Angouleme, with a cathedral, the exterior of which is ornamented with Saxon arches, is a pretty little town, situated on a hill commanding an extensive view of the verdant country around—a kind of Richmond, but not so beautiful; and the views are also extensive between Angouleme and Poitiers, which has its cathedral, and the site of the celebrated battle; but arriving there at the dawn of day, we could only observe the old-fashioned appearance of some of the houses; and the ornamental, rather than good cutlery, which they offer for sale at the hotel.

The railway is just opened from there to Paris, a

journey now of only ten hours, so that Spain by this route may be reached in four days, but there are many inducements to linger. Tours is a pretty town on the Loire, worth staying to see; and has its good Hôtel de l'Univers, on the fine promenade; an excellent street of shops; a pleasant hill on the opposite side of the river, where the English chiefly reside; and a cathedral, with a handsome Gothic *façade*, with two rather stumpy towers, and an excellent interior. The stained glass is rich, and there is a pretty little tomb of a prince and princess of France, the children of Charles VIII., and Anne de Bretagne. The ornaments are very elegant, and the boy and girl, decorated in their royal robes, are interesting. The view from the tower is fine.

We visited also the château of Blois, and ascending the beautiful stone staircase, saw the scene of one of the darkest passages in the history of France, the murder of the Guises—and then drove to the Château de Chambord, like Blois, a fine specimen of the time of Francis I.; the towers and staircases are handsome; and the domain extensive, though not picturesque. The building is in a sad state, and only a few workmen are employed in restoring it; but they may have ample time, perhaps, to finish the repairs before the Duke returns to France. The rich plains near there bristle with castles interesting for their architecture and historical associations; among others, Chenonceaux and

Amboise, where poor Abd-el-Kader is confined. Orleans, and its elegant cathedral and magnificent interior, picturesque Hôtel de Ville, and associations of Jeanne d'Arc, is interesting; but there is one place the traveller, in his hurry to get to Spain, or in his haste to return home, should not fail to see, and that is the colony of Mettray, about five miles from Tours, established by the Viscomte Bretagnères de Courteilles, and the Conseiller Demetz. As the question of prison discipline is one of the most interesting of the present day, I will conclude my tour with an account of this excellent institution.

Mettray is situated in a rich and well-wooded country, and is a pleasant and cheerful-looking place, without the least appearance of a prison or penitentiary; no guards, soldiers, or policemen—no locks or bars, or even enclosures, to prevent escape. A pretty church is the most conspicuous building, as it ought to be; for without religion, prisons may be reformed, but not the prisoners. On each side of the little chapel, but separated from it, are two large buildings, containing the school-room, hospitals, residences of directors, kitchens, and other offices; opposite the church is a large quadrangular court, which is used for the play-ground. In the centre of it is a basin, and at each angle a well, where the boys wash themselves. On two of the sides of this court are rows of five detached plain but neat

houses, with projecting roofs. They are all of the same size and form, and are erected at an expense of about £300 each, many by private individuals, whose names are inscribed on the front of them, and others by different towns in the neighbourhood. Each house accommodates a family of forty-five lads, with a master and assistants, and consists of two large rooms, which are sometimes used during the day as workshops, often as play-rooms in wet weather, and there also the boys have their meals; after supper their hammocks are let down, and each lad sleeps in his own bed, their heads being alternately in a different direction, to prevent their talking at night. The master of the family and his assistant sleep in alcoves commanding a view of each room.

There are now five hundred and sixty boys in this establishment, who have entered at different ages from five to thirteen, very few however under seven, but about half the number from that age to twelve, and none are allowed to remain beyond twenty. They have all been before the tribunals, or, as the French say, acquitted "comme ayant agis sans discernement;" that is to say, with so much of guilt attaching to them as to authorise the magistrates detaining them, under the sixty-sixth article of the criminal code, whenever there was any prospect of their benefiting by such detention, or probability of a continuance of vicious habits if they

restored them to their companions, or homes and parents, when possessed of any.

One hundred and ten of these five hundred and sixty boys are wooden-shoemakers, joiners, farriers, locksmiths, ropemakers, leather-shoemakers, blacksmiths, tailors, masons, cartwrights, gardeners, and servants attached to the Sisters of Charity, who attend the hospitals, and preside in the kitchens; and others who, in their turns, week after week, are engaged in the services, the boys performing every kind of labour required. The remainder, about four hundred and fifty, are agriculturists, and work on fifty hectares, or one hundred and twenty-three acres of land, belonging to the establishment, and one hundred and fifty hectares more, which they farm. The land is fortunately good, and affords encouragement to the young workmen, who, instead of acquiring a fondness for labour, might become disgusted, if their toil was thrown away on an ungrateful soil.

They have also, detached farms, managed by families or colonies from the institution; and, as a reward, the best lads have this confidence reposed in them.

The boys are decently and simply clothed, not as criminals, but all in the same kind of blouse and costume, which would be easily recognized, if they endeavoured to escape. They are taught, however, to consider it a disgrace to make such an attempt,

when there are no guards or bolts to prevent them. Although most of the lads are taken from central prisons and houses of correction, where there is little discipline, and in many a vicious and corrupting but attractive liberty, it is only on their first entrance that any of them ask to be restored to their former prisons, where they had fewer punishments; and scarcely any have endeavoured to escape, and those only at the commencement of their residence here, when, of course, regular labour and strict discipline would be irksome to them.

A few days' confinement in the solitary cells subdues the obstinacy of the most vicious, and soon they take to their work, and become contented and happy. They are well fed—they have meat three times a-week, and on other days, soup; vegetables, and half a pound of good bread, three times a-day.

The directors, when they founded Mettray, selected twenty-three young men of respectable farmers' families in the neighbourhood, and educated them for the important task of masters. This school is still continued as part of the establishment, and out of the numerous scholars they select the best for their officers. They have thus a constant supply of well-trained, clever teachers, whose principles and character they are well acquainted with; and the connection with their neighbours has in many ways an advantageous

effect.

Notwithstanding this expense, and the boys seldom staying beyond three or four years—leaving indeed when their labour is most profitable—the Government allowance of seven-pence a-day for each child is sufficient, with what they earn, to cover all the expenses of the establishment.

Each family elects, every month, two from their numbers, who are called *frères ainés*, to assist the masters; and so judiciously do they use this privilege, that it is very rarely that the directors exercise their power of revoking their election.

Everything is managed with military regularity. A trumpet rouses them in the morning; and after dressing, quickly arranging their hammocks, saying their morning prayers, and washing at the fountains, at the sound of the second trumpet they assemble for their work; quickly and silently they obey the call, as those who are not silent, and the one who arrives the last, are marked with a bad ticket. They march to and from their work with military precision, to the sound of the trumpet, which prevents their acquiring the sluggish and indolent gait too often a characteristic of country labourers.

At this season of the year, they work from half-past five to eight o'clock, when they have half an hour for breakfast and recreation, and then work again until one o'clock, when they have an hour for dinner and play; from two to four o'clock,

when in this climate every peasant reposes, they attend a class in the school-room, where they are taught, for ten hours in the week, reading, writing, and accounts; for two hours more, their religious duties, the same time is given to teaching them singing; and, as a reward for good conduct, the instruments of the brass band, which are not only a treat, but often an advantage to the boys in their future career, as soldiers, or enabling them to increase their weekly gains as labourers, by assisting in the music of the parish churches.

The lads are taught sitting, so that their bodies repose while their minds are occupied; and thus refreshed, they are enabled to return with vigour to their work at four, and continue until eight o'clock, when they go to supper; and, after their prayers and evening hymn, they have a few minutes' recreation, while their hammocks are preparing for bed-time, nine o'clock.

In the winter, they work from two to about six, in the fields, and have two hours' class in the evening; and when the weather is bad, they break stones under the awnings between the houses.

During the time allowed for play, they talk and do as they like; but their masters and *frères ainés* take care that they do not make use of gross language, swear, quarrel or fight. I can testify that there is no restraint; for I saw them during the time of recreation, and I never heard more

hearty peals of laughter on any playground. There was mirth, innocence and happiness in the sound; and it prepossessed me more in favour of the institution than anything the intelligent master who went round with me said. Their hours of amusement are, however, turned to account; gymnastics strengthen their bodies: they are also taught to work water-engines, and frequently they have rendered great services in extinguishing fires in their neighbourhood.

Religious instruction is carefully given them every Sunday morning, after mass, by their chaplain, and in the afternoon by one of their directors; as it is only by such instruction that they can be sensible of the errors of their previous ways. After religion, emulation is the great principle by which reform is effected. Taking places is practised in the school. Their work is often given to them by the piece, and those who have behaved well are allowed to go to the detached colonies, or are employed in the gardens, or such services of the establishment which are liked best by the boys. Occasionally they have examinations of the different workshops, and small pecuniary rewards given, which are kept for those who attain them until they leave the establishment. Emulation between families is also encouraged, rewarding those who have had no punishments during the week; and so useful is this *esprit de famille*, that some have been known to oblige their mem-

bers to restore books which they had received for their good conduct when no longer deserving of them, and other families have required the expulsion of incorrigible boys, who disgraced them by their bad conduct. The greatest incitement to good behaviour is, however, the inscription on the tablet of honour. Three months' good conduct, without bad tickets, entitle them to this privilege. Very many have been inscribed on it four or five times, some more frequently, and others during the whole time of their detention. Those who behave themselves well for two years receive a ring of merit, and their names are written on tablets.

There are slight punishments for trivial offences; such as not allowing the offenders to join their companions during play hours, detaining them solitarily in the parlour to afford them the opportunity of reflecting on their conduct, and giving them at their meals nothing but dry black bread and water. The severe punishments are degradation if a *frère ainé*, or erasure for those whose names are inscribed on the table of honour, and solitary confinement in lighted or dark cells. In the former they are employed in making the heads of nails; and during the time they are allowed to leavé their cells every day, they have to break stones.

The solitary cells are ingeniously arranged behind the chief altar of the chapel, so that when the curtain is drawn, and the doors opened, they can

hear and join the service, and lessons are in that manner read to all of them at the same time. They say that the solitary confinement is much dreaded by the boys, but there was not a single cell occupied when I was there. The severest punishment, but which has only been enforced two or three times, is expulsion from the establishment, sending back them to the central prisons and houses of correction from whence they came.

What then is the result of this institution? The influence of religious exercises and instruction, and the example of reformed and older boys; the regular habits, enforced by strict discipline; the sight, perhaps, of rich crops and green fields, the work of their own hands; the love of labour thus judiciously instilled into their minds; the cultivation of honourable principles by a prudent emulation; enrolment and erasure from the tables of honour and good conduct; and more especially the division of the establishment into small families, when the masters become, as it were, fathers of the families, and naturally take more interest in the boys, and understand their characters better, than if they all lived together in one room; have had an effect exceeding the most sanguine expectations. That success has been acknowledged by the Government, and similar institutions are now formed and forming in various districts in France.

The establishment of Mettray has only been

founded ten years; and notwithstanding the revolutions which have unsettled all the institutions of France, its prosperity continues to increase. Of six hundred boys who have left, only thirty have fallen into their previous vicious career. About one hundred and thirty have entered into the army and navy. When their time of detention here expires, there is no difficulty in finding employment for all. The farmers of the neighbourhood show rather an eagerness than otherwise to get workmen from Mettray; and they may do so in perfect safety, as their character for years is written on the tables. The highest on the list on the class of work, are of course the best workmen, and if the same names are found on the table of honour for good behaviour, they have the best guarantee for their future good conduct.

Of one thousand and forty boys who had entered the establishment up to January 1st, 1849, five hundred and ninety-seven could not read, and of these, five hundred and sixty have learnt reading, and nearly as many writing and accounts. They leave then the institution with some education, with a knowledge of farming, gardening, or a trade, and some of them with a little knowledge of music, with their minds reformed by the habits and discipline I have described, and the constitutions of many restored after an infancy of misery and vice.

This detailed, but I fear too long, account of this

institution may I hope be of some use, as undoubtedly every part of England ought to possess similar institutions. No country in the world is better provided with splendid and well-regulated charities than we are; but when we see what even the Spaniards have done at Valencia, and the French at Mettray, I think it is time for us to make greater efforts to arrest the adult convicts in their career of wickedness; and as more success may naturally be expected with the young, whose minds may not be so corrupted, not a juvenile criminal should be allowed to leave our gaols without our endeavouring, by a judicious system like this, to make him an honest and useful member of society.

# APPENDIX.

# APPENDIX.

## APPENDIX A.

### GALLERY OF VALENCIA.

There are many splendid works of the great Valencian masters in this museum. The first gallery is ornamented with a numerous series of paintings, by Fra Antonio de Villanueva (born at Lorca in 1714), representing the life of St. Francisco d'Assis, but few of them of any merit. The first picture I observed of great talent is a large one by Espinosa. The keeper, who is not always in the way, knows most of the paintings: he was not, however, aware that there had been more than one Espinosa in Spain. The great Valencian painter was Jacinto Geronimo, whom I have given an account of; but probably many of the paintings ascribed to him were executed by Geronimo Rodriguez, his father, who died in Valencia in 1630, or more probably his son, Miguel Geronimo, who imitated his style. There was also a third painter of that name, Miguel de Espinosa; who worked at Saragoza in the seventeenth century, but it is not probable that any of his pictures have travelled here. Several paintings of this collection bear the name of Geronimo only, and the distinction in style may be observed; the father's being more obscure, Jacinto, the son's,

more vivid in colouring. This painting, by Espinosa, is No. 112. A cavalier is represented on a very heavy horse, in the act of firing a pistol at a priest, St. Lüis Beltran, who had reproved him, when an image of Christ starts out of the pistol, instead of a ball. The priest, and a labourer witnessing the miracle, are finely drawn. The colouring has, I think, never been good; but the picture is much injured, and the landscape is badly painted.

No. 100, by Ribalta, is in a bad state, but the drawing is good. 145. The Adoration of the Magi, by Gaspar de la Huerta, who was born at Campillos de Altobuey, in the province of Cuenca, in 1645, and died in 1714. The Virgin and Child are beautiful, but the colouring of the painting is not good. 146. An Assumption of the Virgin, by Ribalta; the Virgin very nicely done. 167. St. Dominick beseeching the Virgin not to punish the people, by Vicente Salvador Gomez, a pupil of J. G. Espinosa's; the colouring is dark, but the drawing is good. 164. An Adoration of the Magi, by Padre Borras; well drawn. 169. St. Dominick having called to life a man he was accused of murdering; this painting, by Orrente, represents the murdered man exonerating the Saint. The dead body, thus brought to life, is finely drawn, and the peasant on the left is admirable, for the correct delineation and picturesque effect; but the colouring of the painting is not good. Pedro Orrente was born at Monte Alegre, in the kingdom of Murcia, about the end of the sixteenth century, and died in 1644, at Toledo. He was a pupil of El Greco, but retained little of his master's style. He is called the Spanish Bassano, many of his paintings being in imitation of the style of the Venetian painter; but there are others much grander and better drawn than anything Bassano ever produced. Conscious of his inimitable power in delineating sheep, really almost as well as Murillo, he made few pictures without introducing them.

173. A battle and fine architectural background, by an artist from Minorca. 466, 468, 470. By Josef de Vergara, who was born at Valencia in 1726; colouring not good. 449. By Camaron, also one of the more modern school, is a better-coloured

Deposition. La Madonna de la Merced, by Lopez; a group of children in this painting is beautifully painted. 414 to 420. A series of large works, by Espinosa, representing the history of the first Christian King. The drawing of these is frequently very good, but they are not well coloured, and much injured; still some parts of them are very fine. 380. A good Virgin and Child, by Camaron. 373 to 375 are by Espinosa. The Presentation at the Temple is well done, also Christ disputing with the Doctors, and St. Ann and other Saints. The colouring of these is better, and the drawing excellent. 370 is a very fine painting of St. Michael conquering the Devil, by Ribalta, in imitation of the style of Guido; expression good, and colouring excellent. 364. The Virgin of Porta Celi, by Ribalta; the Child, and a head to the left, very exquisite; well drawn and nice colouring, but the features of all the figures are large and uninteresting. 350 is St. Isidoro, by Juan Ribalta, a noble figure of a peasant with a cow; but the colouring is brown. 338. The Holy Ghost descending on the Apostles and the Madonnas, every head with a flame above it, which looks frightful; but the figures are well drawn, particularly one to the left; I should, however, almost doubt this painting being done by Joanes, to whom they ascribe it. It is the only large one here by this master, whose works seldom exceed three or four feet in size, which admits of their being more exquisitely finished.

297 to 314. Some curious paintings, by Padre Borras, hard in style, but some parts of them elaborately finished. In the Christ on the Cross, observe the heads of the men; and in 297, representing hell and purgatory, the angel, and also the figure of the Padre on his knees to him, are painted very well.

We then went into another room, where the best paintings of the Museum are collected. On the staircase are some large Espinosas, finely drawn; some good paintings by Borras, one very clever; and also a Ribalta. On entering, 236, the Assumption of the Virgin, rivets the attention. The exquisite faces of the angels bearing her up to heaven, are truly angelic, especially of

the two below looking up to the Saint; the Virgin is also beautiful; indeed, this is an admirable painting, the expression of all the figures perfect, and the colouring quite Raphaelesque; the background is yellow. There can be no doubt of its being an original by Joanes; no other Valencian painter could have produced such a painting as this or the two adjoining it, 239 and 244, also by the same master, representing two half-figures of our Saviour, with the wafer raised in the right hand. These heads are wonderfully drawn, and splendidly coloured, on a gilt ground, and so elaborately finished, that every hair of the beard may be distinguished. I have rarely seen a portrait by Raphael which exhibited such a combination of strength and beauty.

246. An Ecce Homo, by Joanes, is bloody, but the expression is fine; and above it is a painting by his pupil, Padre Borras, which is not to be compared to his master's. 247, the Flagellation, is by Padre Villaguera; and 248, is a very beautiful Holy Family, by the same artist (figures full-length). A very young St. Ann, St. John and the Lamb, a fine picture by Ribalta. A group carved in wood and coloured, represents St. Michael destroying the Devil, by Vergara, very well executed; but I know not whether it is by Francisco Vergara, who was born here in 1681, his nephew of the same name, born in 1713, or the son of Francisco Ignacio, born in 1715, as they were all sculptors.

264. By Ribalta, remarkable for the fine expression of St. Francis embracing Christ upon the Cross; but the colouring is too dark. 264. A Crucifixion, by Juan Ribalta. This is almost the only one that is ascribed here to this artist, and a wonderful painting, considering the inscription on it, and Bermudez' account of it, that he did it when he was only eighteen. It is much injured, but is well drawn, though I cannot think the colouring of it has ever been good. 267. A Virgin and Angels, by Espinosa, is also well drawn. 263, 266, 268, 269. By Ribalta, representing St. John, St. Paul, St. Bruno, and St. Peter; the two latter the best; the colouring better than usual; the flesh very brown. 270. The Communion

of the Magdalene, by Espinosa; the white cloth in her hand, and the head and garments of the priest are admirable. 220. The Coronation of the Virgin, by the same artist, is a sweet little painting, and well finished. 221. St. Pedro Pasqual and the Virgin, by Vicente Salvador; the colouring is dark, the Saint and the books are very well done, but the little figure of the Virgin above badly executed. 230. Jesus bearing the Cross, by Espinosa, colouring not so good as the drawing. 233 and 234, by Padre Borras, St. Sebastian and Christ bearing His Cross; the latter the best, almost equal to his master, Joanes. 252. By Savignera Andrea del Sarto, style of colouring and expression but very inferior. 468, is a good Vergara.

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# APPENDIX B.

## GALLERY AT MURCIA.

The gallery of Don José Maria Estor contains some interesting paintings. A St. Peter and a Santiago, by El Moya, who was born at Granada in 1610, and studied in London for about six months under Vandyke. There is considerable talent in the drawing and colouring, and they are rather like the first style of Joanes; the sky yellow. 18 and 20, and 32 and 34. Landscapes, by Rosa de Tivoli; some of them exceedingly good. 60. An excellent Espinosa, representing the Martyrdom of St. Stephen. The Saint with his hands crossed, and raising his eyes to Heaven, and the other figures preparing to stone him, and more especially the two looking on in the foreground, are very fine. 61. A large painting,

by Velasquez, of Don Baltasar Marradas, on horseback, unfortunately very much injured. The head of the Don has evidently been cut out to carry away. 78 to 80. By Cristoval Llorens, who flourished at Valencia towards the close of the sixteenth century, but I saw none of his works there, though I inquired for them; all these three have been taken from some altar. 78, representing St. John the Baptist, is wanting in dignity. 79. St. Joseph with the Child Jesus, is full of grace. They are all very good, and like, but not equal, to the early style of Joanes, and Bermudez I think is correct, in supposing he may have been his pupil. 82. A Dead Christ, by Roelas, or, as he was sometimes called, El Clerigo Roelas, who was born about 1560, at Seville, where only his best works are seen, and admirable they are; correct in drawing and rich in colouring as the Venetian school. They are distinguished, as Bermudez says, for their dignity and truthfulness. This painting has considerable merit, especially for the fine effect of light on the body, and the colouring of the figures arranging it. 104. The Resurrection of Lazarus, by Lorenzo Alvarez. A large picture, containing seven apostles and Martha and Maria. The drawing and foreshortening very good, and the colouring excellent. 120. A good head of St. Francis, by Francisco Zurbaran, who was born at Fuente de Cantos in 1598, and died at Madrid in 1662. He is called, by Bermudez, the Spanish Caravaggio, whom he is said to have imitated. In the drawing of his figures there is seldom any similarity, but certainly more in the breadth of his colouring and the marvellous effect of his lights and shadows, some of his draperies are truly charming. 131. Jacob's Dream, by Pedro Nuñez de Villavicencio, who was born in 1635 in Seville, where he died in 1700. He was a pupil and friend of Murillo's. This is a good painting, and the play of light from the angels on the face of Jacob is very beautiful. 137. A bust and hands of St. Peter, by El Greco, wonderfully drawn and well coloured. 139. St. Paul, by the same. 150. An excellent picture of the Virgin and Child, said to be by Leonardo da Vinci. The colouring is good, and it appears to me certainly of his school.

152. St. Matthew and an Angel sustaining the book on which he is writing, is a good painting by Joanes, the head very fine. 153. An Angel in Adoration, by the same master, expression and drapery excellent. 154. St. Ambrosio. 155. St. Jerome. 156. St. Athanasius. 157. St. Augustin. Very good picture, by Nicholas Borras, and extremely like the first style of Joanes, his master. 158. A good study of a head, by Alonso Cano. 159 and 160. St. John the Evangelist, and an Angel in Adoration, both good paintings, by Joanes; the latter has a gilt ground. 173. A Philosopher, by Ribera, carefully painted, especially the head, which is very fine. 174. A St. Peter, by Francisco Bayeu, who was born at Saragoza in 1734, and died at Madrid in 1795. This painting is very much in the style of Spagnoletto, but with more drapery. 175. A St. Onofre, said to be by Herrera, and 176, a St. Jerome, said to be by Annibal Caracci, but both much more like Ribera. 192. A curious Italian painting of the Entombment of Christ, by Vicente Campi, who, according to Bermudez, visited Spain. The foreshortening admirable, and the Saviour, and also the group of soldiers are very fine. 204. An Angel, by Antonio Pareda. This is not a very pleasing picture, though the colouring and drawing are very good. 206. St. John the Baptist, entirely naked, by Juan Ribalta. The drawing is fine, but the colouring too red. 207. Said to be by Cano, but more like Ribera's style. 209. A Magdalene, said to be by Cerezo, but I think it is a copy of Annibal Caracci's. 211. A Virgin, said to be by Murillo, but more like a Greco, a very different master. 221. Jacob, and his Sheep drinking, a pretty painting, but I doubt it being painted, as they say, by Murillo. 228. A St. Joseph. This did seem to me an original picture by that master; the Saint has the Infant Jesus in his right hand, and above is a glory; the Child is not pretty, but still it is a very nice painting. 250. A St. Jerome, hard but beautifully painted, by Joanes. 252. Said to be by Albert Durer, and much more like Perugino. 254. St. Paul, by Joanes, hard, but very good. 262. A very excellent picture of our Saviour, with a Cross, by Francisco Neapoli. 278. A good

painting of arms, said to be by Velasquez. 293 to 307. Caprices, by Francisco Goya, painted in a sketchy, but very clever style, a great effect produced by a few touches, and some of the subjects were very grotesque. 317. A Blind Man; a nice picture, said to be by Velasquez in his early days.

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# APPENDIX C.

## GALLERY OF SEVILLE.

The large room of the Museum of Seville contains some rubbish and many rare treasures of sculpture and painting. The St. Bruno is a beautiful figure, by Montañes; opposite to it is a good Madonna and Child, well carved, but apparently fresh painted. The St. Dominick, by Montañes, is an excellent statue, as is also the one in terra-cotta, of St. Jerome, by Torregiano, an Italian artist, who made the beautiful screens in Westminster Abbey and broke the nose of Michael Angelo. This fine figure is represented gazing on a cross in his left hand and holding a stone in his right, with which he is supposed to be in the act of striking his breast. The colouring is a light brown, very natural, and the anatomy admirable. Of the Four Cardinal Virtues, by Montañes, I was best pleased with the figure of Justice, a thin, poor, old woman, with a lash in her hand, and only two teeth left in her head, symbolical, perhaps, of the law's punishments and delays, as old any one must be before arriving at the end of a suit in Spain. The figure of Temperance, with a dove in her hand, is beautiful, and the one of Prudence very good. The St. John above it is excellent, and there is also a good Madonna and Child, by the same artist. These are certainly admirable coloured

statues, such as the greatest admirers of pure marble sculpture would be delighted with.

We must not forget that the Greeks frequently painted their statues of marble, a material the Spanish sculptors made little use of, preferring generally limes, sometimes cedar-wood, and frequently clay. These sculptures reminded me of the admirable painted figures at the Sacra-monte, at Varallo, which, however, are much inferior; but it is curious that some of the best of those are by Pelegrino Tibaldi, who worked at the Escorial, and probably on his return introduced the fashion. The Italian groups had all real draperies, which are rarely made use of in Spain, except occasionally for single figures.

The Apotheosis of St. Thomas Aquinas, a large painting at the end of the room, rivets the attention. It is truly considered the master-piece of Zurbaran. The figures are very fine, beautifully coloured, and the draperies are admirable. It exhibits the powerful drawing of Caravaggio and the rich colouring of Titian, and is certainly a wonderful work of art. There is a very excellent portrait of a Carthusian friar on each side, and beneath the latter, two pictures, said to be by Murillo, but not good ones. St. Augustin offering his heart to the Madonna and Child, the atter piercing it with a dart. Above the large Zurbaran is the celebrated Conception, by Murillo, from the Franciscan convent, a wonderful painting, on a colossal scale; the draperies are admirable, the cherubs beautifully delineated, and undoubtedly the finest of this subject I have seen by Murillo or any other master. The true faith is, that the Virgin was born free from the taint of original sin. When knocking at a door, and the voice within cries, "Quien es?" "Who is there?" "Gente de paz," is now the reply; but it used always to be "Ave Maria purissima," and the inmates responded "Sin pecado concebida;" and this custom is not yet quite extinct. The Virgin in these subjects is represented the perfection of youth and loveliness, free from guile and passion, and in a state of ecstacy. She is dressed in spotless robes of pale blue or white, with a moon in

a crescent shape under her feet, and is thus borne up to heaven, on which her eyes and very soul seem concentrated, by the most heavenly of heavenly choirs. On one side of this fine picture is a Nativity, and on the other an Adoration of the Magi, by Juan de Castillo, born in 1584, at Seville, and died in 1640, a weak artist, and yet the master of Alonso Cano and Murillo. Above these are four small paintings, said to be by Murillo, of little importance; and above these, the Annunciation, Visitation, and in the centre the Coronation of the Virgin, also by Castillo. These pictures are well and carefully coloured, but in composition and expression are not to be compared to Murillo's, though the Coronation is undoubtedly very good. Above the latter is a fine Padre Eterno, by Zurbaran, and on each side of it a painting by the same master. Behind the statue of St. Jerome is the Martyrdom of St. Andrew, by Roelas, a very fine work of art; the figure with the guitar is exquisite. Above this is an excellent picture of the refectory of the Carthusian convent, by Zurbaran; and by the same, the single figures of Carthusians. Zurbaran seemed to delight in their white fleecy drapery, which admitted such beautiful opportunities for delicate effects of light and shadow. The St. Hermenigild opposite, is by Herrera el Viejo; the merit of this fine painting procured his pardon from Philip IV. for a forgery he had committed. The drapery might be compared to Paul Veronese, and the Saint and some of the figures above are very graceful and yet bold. Above it is the Virgin de las Serenas, by Zurbaran, covering with her mantle the Carthusian friars, whose fleecy white garments are a fine contrast to their brown, warm, Titian-like faces. We afterwards observed a pretty little Conception, by Murillo, and a good St. Joseph and Child, by Esteban March. The San Basileo, by Herrera, is a wild, grand composition, and the angel in the foreground very fine, but the colouring of this picture is not good. Above it is a very good painting of St. Bruno before Urban II., by Zurbaran, full of dignity, and carefully finished; and beneath the Herrera is the Baptism of a Convert, by Valdes. The group of a figure in crimson, with a white cloth, wiping the

convert, is excellent. There is a large picture of the Last Judgment, by Martin de Vos, which is thought a great deal of here, but I did not admire it much. The Battle of Clavijo, by Juan de Varela, is fine. St. Isabella curing the Lepers, by Valdes, is an injured but excellent painting, as are also the Conception and a Crucifixion, by the same master; in the latter, the Magdalene is almost like Vandyke. In another room, amongst a quantity of rubbish, I observed some large half-circular pictures, by Juan Simo (born at Valencia, in 1697), which are not bad. In the fourth room is a fine Dead Christ, by Zurbaran, and a good San Gregorio (26), by Valdes. La Virgin de la Merced, by Murillo, is the great attraction of this room. The drapery of the Virgin is very beautiful, the cherubs charming, and the figure of St. Peter, on his knees with arms extended, very fine.

This museum contains only one painting by Velasquez, and that much injured, and in his earliest style, representing a Friar Begging. In the background, the houses seem tumbling down; and yet this miserable picture, which no one would observe, and, most probably not an original, is the only painting in this gallery of one of the finest painters in Spain, who was born here; nor did I see any of the great Valencian masters. We then came to the great attraction of Seville, the Salon of Murillo, containing eighteen paintings by that great master, and most of them admirable. 353. Over the door we entered is a beautiful St. Joseph, in a stooping attitude, holding our Saviour in both his arms. 358. Presents the same subject, but the figure of St. Joseph is full-length, and almost too tall; and the Child older and more beautiful than the other. Over each of the two doors, at the end of the room, is a Madonna and Child (358 and 355.) Between them is a Deposition from the Cross (357), which is fine; beneath which is the exquisite little painting of the Madonna and Child, La Servilleta, so called from Murillo having painted it on a dinner napkin, to oblige the cook of the convent, who had asked for some memorial in return for his manifold culinary attentions. This is one of those

Murillos which carry conviction with them as to their originality such eyes and flesh, such warmth and sunshine, as Murillo only could have painted, and the drapery is admirable. 354. St. John and the Lamb; the saint exhibits deep religious feeling, and the Lamb is exquisite. 352. St. Francis embracing the Infant Jesus is extremely beautiful, and the expression of the Saint quite divine; the face of the Child might have been painted by Correggio. 360. St. Francis embracing our Saviour on the Cross, is wonderfully drawn, the expression admirable, and the colouring excellent, and may indeed be considered one of the finest of Murillo's paintings. 351. The Annunciation is wanting in beauty, but still fine. 350 and 349. Conceptions, and exquisitely beautiful; I like the Virgin of 350 the best, but the cherubs in both are charming. 348. St. Anthony kneeling to our Saviour, seated on his book, is extremely fine, the colouring and composition admirable, and the expression divine; the group of cherubs above exquisitely painted, and also the foot of the Saint. Saints Justa and Rufina supporting, according to the miracle, when a mighty tempest was blowing, the tower of the cathedral, is charmingly drawn, and the colouring richer than usual; the expression, particularly of the Saint on the left, is very sweet, and the crockery, cups and saucers, and jugs in the foreground are literally starting from the canvas. Murillo always called the St. Thomas (of Villanueva) Giving Alms to the Poor, his own painting. The beggars are wonderfully truthful, especially the one kneeling at the feet of St. Thomas, with a cloth around his head, which, crossing his naked back, is wrapped around his waist; and also the miserable, diseased, ill-natured looking lad behind him. 345. The San Felix of Cantalicio is remarkably fine. The Saint has the Child in his arms, and the Virgin is leaning forward to receive him into heaven. The colouring of the Infant, struggling in his arms, is like a Rubens; the Saint and the Virgin are both beautifully drawn and admirably coloured. The white cloth, and bread in the foreground, are very effective.

The next (344), the Nativity, is very good. The last of the eighteen, San Leandro and San Buenaventura, are chiefly remarkable for the admirable painting of the drapery. Seven artists were copying in this room, but their works seemed very indifferent.

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# APPENDIX D.

## GALLERY OF MADRID.

The Museum of Madrid is a tolerably handsome building. A paltry upper story rather spoils the *façade*, and the portico is heavy; but few capitals can boast of a better one, and the situation is fine, fronting the Prado. You enter a circular domed room, filled with modern paintings. I observed two good Goyas, 531 and 594, but I was too impatient to get amongst the treasures, to linger amidst the glare of inferior works. Doors to the right and left lead into the Spanish schools, and in these rooms there are few bad, except some very modern daubs of fruits and flowers, &c., impudently placed among the finest works in the world. There is no classification of the different schools, and indeed such an attempt would only show how many names of the great Spanish artists are wanting. The paintings of Seville, Valencia, and Castile are mingled together, and good opportunities are certainly afforded for comparing the respective merits of the different provinces. Some of them have been spoilt by repainting, and very many damaged in the cleaning, but on the whole they are less injured than I expected. When the dose is not too strong, however prejudiced for time, the patient rallies, and in first-rate pictures there is such extraordinary vitality, that they often recover their tone, and sometimes their pristine beauty, even when there is almost reason to despair.

No. 116, represents Jacob's Dream, by Ribera; the light on the face is very fine, and the old tree wild and grand. 42. The Martyrdom of St. Bartholomew, by the same artist; powerful drawing and colouring. 43. A Holy Family, by Murillo; a homely scene, such as might be copied from many a cottage. The Child Jesus, with a bird in his hand, in Joseph's arms, playing with a charming little dog. The Virgin spinning, looking on contentedly. 46. A very beautiful painting of the Divine Shepherd, by Murillo. 51. A very good Crucifixion, by Velasquez, almost like a Vandyke. 50. St. John the Baptist, by Murillo, a charming picture. 54. La Porciuncula, by the same master. The Saviour and the Madonna sitting in the clouds; the Virgin, very charming. The St. Francis is also a fine figure. 53. A splendid St. Bartholomew, by Ribera, the light on the garments magnificent, and the attitude noble. 45. La Virgin de los Dolores, a tolerable Morales. 47. An interesting portrait of Murillo, by his best pupil, Tobar. 52. The Conversion of St. Paul, by Murillo. The figure of our Saviour is good, but the picture is spoilt in restoring, and the light is bad, 56. A charming Annunciation, by Murillo; the Virgin and heavenly choir exquisite, and the linen in the basket well painted. 60. A fine Magdalene, by one of Murillo's scholars. 61. A large excellent painting, representing the Game de los Dados, by Villavicencio, very much in the style of many of our Murillos, and admirable, both for the composition and the colouring; the ragged boy in the background is quite like Murillo. 65 is a beautiful Conception by the same master; the face of the Virgin is divine, and the cherubim exquisite. 71 and 78 are two charming Sisters, by Velasquez, almost starting from the canvas. 79 is a fine View of Saragoza, and its broken bridge, towers and river, by Juan Baptisto Del Mazo Martinez, born at Madrid in 1630, and died there in 1687, with figures in the foreground, by his master, Velasquez. It is less dark and more interesting than many other paintings in the gallery by the same master. 75. The Martyrdom of Santa Ines, by Joanes. The woman turning away in anguish is very beautiful, the colouring rich and Raphaelesque. 73. Visitation of Santa

Isabel to the Virgin, by Joanes—like the last, exquisitely finished and coloured; Santa Isabel's countenance, expressive of the deepest homage, is very fine, and the hands are exquisitely finished. 83. Fine Head, by Ribalta. 87. St. Antonio and St. Paul fed by the raven, by Velasquez. When the Emperor Dacian persecuted the Christians, St. Paul fled to the Thebaid, and was fed in the wilderness by a raven, who kindly brought him every day half a loaf. St. Anthony, another of those enthusiastic monks who peopled the deserts of Thebaid, is visiting St. Paul; and the raven, whom I have often seen in those wild districts hovering around every caravan, waiting until some exhausted camel or Bedouin became their prey, is here represented feeding the Saints with a whole loaf. There is a palm-tree in the painting, indicating that the scene is in the East, and that the Saints enjoyed the luxury of Arab fare, dates and bread. An angel is represented driving away the devil; and in another part two lions are making a grave for the Saints. The landscape is as wild as Salvator Rosa's, and it is truly an interesting and splendid painting. 88. St. John the Evangelist, by Alonso Cano; drawing excellent. 89. Presentation of the Virgin at the Temple, by Valdes Leal. The Virgin beautiful and delicately painted, a fine contrast to the Venetian colouring of the noble figures in the foreground. 95. The Israelites drinking the water from the rock by Roelas, but not good. It is at Seville Roelas must be studied. 96. A good Adoration of the Shepherds, by Orrente. 122. A fine St. Peter, by Ribera. 107. By Velasquez, a full-length figure, beaming with life. 115. Don Baltasar Carlos, son of Philip IV., an admirable full-length portrait, by Velasquez. 41. A charming Annunciation, by Murillo—the Archangel Gabriel announcing to the beautiful Virgin that she is to be the mother of our Saviour, is drawn in a bold and masterly manner, and the painting is richly coloured; the light streaming from the door above is exquisite. 117 and 114. Fine portraits, by Velasquez; the latter of the wife of Philip IV., Doña Maria Ana de Austria; but Velasquez has not dared to paint her with the laughing eye and the fondness for fun she is said to have possessed. When her grave and stately husband

used to rebuke her for her laughter at the sallies of the Court jester, as beneath the dignity of her high station, she would artlessly reply that she could not help it, and that the fellow must be removed if she might not laugh at him.* '81. A good portrait, by the same artist, thought by some to be of Alonso Cano. 121. A powerfully drawn but horrible painting of Prometheus, by Ribera; magnificent hands. 125. A fine St. Sebastian, also by the same artist. 127. A portrait of Barbarossa, by Velasquez, characteristic of his piratical life, and very fine. 131. Another of a Captain, by Juan Baptista Mazo Martinez. This painting, with the exception of the hand, is as fine as his master's, Velasquez. 138. Los Borrachos, the celebrated painting by Velasquez. A naked figure, seated on a barrel, representing Bacchus, with his head encircled with vine-leaves, is dull and heavy-looking. As his eyes are turned in a different direction you do not at first see that he is crowning with laurels, and admitting as a disciple, a fine figure in the foreground, drawn in a Caravaggio style. The flesh, and drapery on the knee, of this personification of the God are beautifully painted. The figure next to him, grinning over a cup of wine, is the life of the picture; the sly expression of his neighbour, and the vacant stupidity of the figure in the brown cloak, are admirable. The head also behind the last figure is cleverly painted. These are the six chief figures in the picture. The figure behind is not remarkable. One figure to the left, in the foreground, is a senseless brown mass; and the naked man, with a wreath around his head, behind the principal figure, is not interesting. The attention is riveted to the group in the centre; and certainly anything more masterly or more admirable in that style cannot be conceived; the drawing is excellent, and the effect magnificent. 129. A Head of our Saviour, by Murillo. 130. A charming Virgin, de los Dolores, by the same master. 134. A good painting of the Calling of St. Matthew, by Juan de Pareja, a slave of Velasquez, who was born in 1606, and died in 1670; he

* Sterling, vol. II, p. 653.

was employed to mix his master's colours, and for a long time copied his paintings without his knowledge. Having, in 1651, returned with Velasquez from Italy, he painted a small picture with more than his usual care, and put it in the way of Philip IV., who was in the habit of visiting his master. The King asked who had done it; and Pareja, throwing himself on his knees, confessed his fondness for the art, and his dread of offending Velasquez. Philip at once said, an artist of such ability must not be a slave, and his master gave him his liberty. 142. A fine painting of Philip IV., by Velasquez. 145. A View at Aranjuez, by the same artist, is very good. 148. St. Benito Abad, by Cano. 150. A remarkably fine Head of our Saviour, with the host in his hand, by Joanes. 147. A fine Head of a Sybil, by Ribera. 151. The English, under Lord Wimbleton, attacking Cadiz in 1625, by Caxes, who was born at Madrid in 1577, and died there in 1642. The figures in the foreground are powerfully drawn 154. A very good portrait of Doña Isabel, daughter of Philip II., by Alonso Sanchez Coello, who was born at Benyfayro, near Valencia, at the beginning of the sixteenth century; and after studying in Italy, lived at Madrid in the sunshine of Court favour; no less than seventeen royal persons having, according to Pacheco, favoured him with their patronage;* and he deserved it, for some of his portraits are equal to many by Velasquez. He died at Madrid in 1593. 177. The Count Duke Olivares, the favourite minister of Philip IV., on horseback; a splendid painting. The Count is an admirable figure; the expression of his countenance sharp and cunning, and his dress well drawn and beautifully coloured. He is seated very forward, almost on the shoulders of the horse; an enormous animal with a shining coat, which appears almost galloping out of the canvas. Landseer never painted anything nearer to reality. The landscape is wild and quite Spanish. 158. A good Ecce Homo, by Joanes. 159. St. Fernando, by Murillo. 161. A Conception, by Ribera; the head is

Sterling, 233.

like Murillo, and the cherubim are nicely coloured, though not well grouped. 165. Christ bearing his Cross, by Joanes; the women in the crowd beautifully painted. 163. The Angel and St. Francis d'Assis, by Ribalta. 166. The Body of our Saviour, supported by a charming angel, by Alonso Cano. 169. A splendid half-portrait of Don Luis de Castelvi, by Joanes; quite equal to Titian. 173. San Francisco de Paula, by Murillo; a fine half-figure. 174. A repetition of this subject, by the same artist, but the composition is different, with a pretty landscape. 155. A large, splendid painting, by Velasquez, representing his studio. The Infanta Doña Margarita of Austria, with her pleasing eyes, light hair, and pale face, is decked out gaily in the centre. One of her maids of honour is on her knees, trying to amuse the child; and another very good-looking, on the other side of the Princess, is adjusting her hoop. In the foreground is a noble dog, bearing with admirable temper the teasing of a wicked little page; and near the latter, and assisting him, a hideous dwarf, the usual accompaniment of royalty in those days. Velasquez is in the background at his work, painting the portraits of Philip IV. and the Queen, which are seen reflected in a mirror; two other quiet figures are looking on at the royal games, and in the distance a door is open, admitting a gleam of light, tempered by a figure in black. Nothing can be finer than the grouping of this picture. The colouring is in some parts coldly dark, but the aerial perspective, and the effect of light and shadow, are truly admirable. 182. The Martyrdom of St. Andrew, by Murillo. 186. A very fine St. Jerome reading in the Desert, by the same artist; the drapery and book excellent. 189. Santiago, also by the same. 190. The Angel showing San Pedro Nolasco the Heavenly Jerusalem, by Zurbaran, is remarkable for the beauty of the draperies. 179. An Infant Christ Sleeping, by Murillo, is very good.

In the room leading to the left from the circular saloon, at the entrance of the Museum, the paintings which appeared to me best worthy of attention are; 195. The Forge of Vulcan, by Velasquez.

The figure working at the armour in the foreground, and the three at the anvil, are finely drawn, and admirably coloured; Vulcan, however, even in his forge, should have a dash of divinity; but Velasquez must have selected for his model of the God the meanest and most common-place mortal he could find. In the Puerta del Sol such a face and figure could scarcely be discovered, and certainly none such in Andalusia. As to the Apollo relating, without an atom of feeling or passion, the infidelity of his wife with Mars, such an insignificant figure never represented Divinity. It is as stiff as a painter's block, without form and without beauty; and yet from this figure flows all the light of the picture. The colouring of the flesh of the figures is good, and the background is a quiet brown.

No. 196. St. Stephen on his way to Execution; a hard but fine painting, by Joanes. The crowd mocking the Saint admirable for expression, drawing and colouring. The figure of the Saint, resigned and full of religion, is beyond all praise; his feet and hands most carefully painted, and his garments equal to the magic draperies of Paul Veronese. 197, represents the Martyrdom of the Saint, by the same master. The Saint is on his knees, looking to heaven for support, and the savage glee of the wretch hurling the first stone is finely depicted. 199. The Interment of the Dead Saint, also by Joanes, is coloured like a St. Sebastian del Piombo. The boy with hands clasped, and the other figures weeping around the sarcophagus, are very beautiful. 198, represents Doña Maria de Austria, daughter of Philip IV., with a gown puffed out like a balloon, and hair frizzled and loaded with ornaments, making her thin, sickly face still more ghastly. The drapery and colouring of this portrait, by Velasquez, are however admirable; but our Charles had no loss in not obtaining such a bride, the object of his visit to Spain. 200. Philip IV. going out a-shooting, by Velasquez; the light on the landscape is very beautiful. 201. A good painting of the Infant Jesus and St. John, by Juan Antonio Escalante, who was born in Cordova in 1630, and died in Madrid in 1670.

288 is a beautiful Landscape, by Murillo. His vapoury style suits the calm lake and the distant rocks; and though the touch of his foliage is not very good, the effect of the light and shadow in the foreground is excellent, and the picture very pleasing. 208. Rebecca and Eliezer, by Murillo, is a charming picture. The four female figures at the broken well, with their pitchers starting out of the canvas, are all beautiful. 204. A Holy Trinity, by Ribera, exhibits great power, but it is not a pleasing composition. 211, 212, 216 and 217. Small paintings, by Murillo, representing the history of the prodigal son; 212, the departure from home; and 217, the Prodigal, on his knees, repenting, I liked the best. 219. A Conception, by Murillo; a small but charming repetition of the large painting of the same subject at Seville. 255. A foreshortened Dwarf, seated in the most unpicturesque of attitudes, by Velasquez. The ugly little monster seems opposite to you, from whatever point you look at him. 225. A wonderful fine Last Supper, by Joanes; the Apostles have all their names over them; the countenance of St. James is full of feeling, and the painting is exquisitely finished, even the hair of the beards painted like Albert Durer's. There is not one face in the composition that is not well done, but our Saviour's is the most beautiful. Joanes may truly be called the painter of Christ, for certainly in this subject he surpasses every Spanish artist. The colouring is quite Raphaelesque, and though this picture is certainly inferior in drawing and composition to the Last Supper by Leonardo da Vinci, it is nevertheless one of the best paintings of that difficult subject in the world.

226. The Divine Shepherdess, by Tobar; very much in the style of Murillo. Bermudez may well say some of this artist's paintings were for a long time taken for his master's. 227. St. Jerome in the Desert meditating on the Last Judgment, by Cano, a powerfully drawn, though not a pleasing painting; the Saint is such a gaunt, emaciated figure; but the landscape in the distance is good. 229. An exquisite Conception, by Murillo; the Virgin is represented as a lovely and innocent child of about six-

teen years of age. There is more of the ideal in this painting than is usually found in the works of Murillo; the style is more elevated, more divine beauty, and deeper thought and seriousness; the cherubs alone are joyous in the vapoury clouds. 230. A large painting of Philip III. on horseback, by Velasquez; a dashing, bold picture, full of force and vigour, the very perfection of an equestrian statue. Philip is excellent, but the horse is perhaps too stiff. The landscape of the sea and distant rocks very good, but the colouring of the landscape is rather too grey and chalky, and the same may be said of the horse; yet still it is a magnificent painting, and finer than the pendant to it, 234, by the same master, representing Margaret of Austria, wife of Philip III. 243 is a fine Magdalene, by Ribera, with a rocky background, like Salvator Rosa's. 242. Jesus questioned by the Pharisees, by Antonio Arias, who was born at Madrid, and distinguished himself, at the age of fourteen, by his excellent paintings at Toledo; but, with all his talent, ended his days, in 1680, in an hospital at Madrid. This painting is not a bad one; the draperies are like Zurbaran's.

237 and 238. Very fair paintings, for Pachecos. 245. A good portrait of an old man, known by the name of Mœnipo, by Velasquez. 221. A fine boldly-drawn Magdalene, full of expression, by Jacinto Geronimo de Espinosa. 247 to 253. Busts, by Ribera; some very good. 254. Æsop, by Velasquez, an excellent painting; but it might be called Diogenes. 259. Our Lord on the Mount of Olives, is not good for a picture by Joanes. 268. An excellent Descent from the Cross, by the same. The Christ is admirably painted, and the female figures full of expression and beauty. It is hard, as is usual with this master, especially the landscape and sky, which have been repainted; but the colouring of the figures in the foreground is excellent. 261, 263 and 267. Fine Heads, by Ribera. 270. By Velasquez, representing the Prince Baltasar, with his dog and gun, is very well done; and the landscape is excellent. 322. Portrait of P. Cabanillas, by Murillo. 276. A pleasing rocky Landscape, by Murillo, with an effect like Claude's. 277. Philip II., by Velasquez, is good. 279.

By the same master, a full-length portrait of a Dwarf, with a noble dog almost as big as himself; the costume is splendid, and the features accurate, there can be no doubt. It makes a fine contrast to 278, above it, also by Velasquez, representing a sickly, insipid Don Ferdinand of Austria, with his dog and gun. 284. El Nino de Vallecas, a fine piece of colouring, by the same artist. 283. Abeautiful Santa Casilda, by Zurbaran; draperies excellent. 287. St. Jerome meditating on the Last Judgment, by Pareda, who was born at Valladolid in 1599, and died in 1699, and was one of the many precocious artists of Spain, astonishing Madrid with a beautiful painting of the Conception, when only eighteen years of age. This painting exhibits great power and rich Venetian colouring, but is not pleasing. 202. By Murillo, a charming picture, representing the child St. John giving the Infant Jesus a drink out of a shell, the lamb in the foreground looking on as if it would like to drink also, and above is a heavenly choir of cherubim. 291. Another hideous laughing dwarf, by Velasquez. 295. Mercury and Argus, by Velasquez. Argus, a noble figure. 299 and 303. A pair of large paintings of Philip IV. and Doña Isabel le Bourbon, his first wife. The King has a marshal's staff in his hand, and is mounted on a heavy, but noble brown charger with white feet and face, and an eye full of life, which literally sparkle on the canvas. Velasquez is certainly the prince of equestrian portrait painters. The Queen's horse is white and old, and ambles at a ladies' pace; the cold colour of the steed forms a fine contrast to the pleasing looking Queen's rich brown dress brocaded with gold and painted with the skill of Paul Veronese. The landscapes of both the paintings are good. 307 is a good Virgin and Child, by Cano. 308. Don Baltasar Carlos, by Velasquez, is excellent. 423. La Virgin del Rosario, by Murillo, full of warmth and loveliness, the drapery is also finely coloured. 310. St. Ann teaching the Virgin to read, by the same artist; the Child wants beauty, but the Saint is admirable. 313. An excellent Gipsy, also by him, one of the very few in Spain in the style so familiar to those who have seen the Dulwich Gallery. 315. The Virgin and

Child appearing to St. Bernard by Murillo. The figure of the Saint and the Virgin are very fine, and the crosier and books in the foreground are also excellent. 319. The Surrender of Breda is the finest of Velasquez' paintings. The Marquis Spinola, accompanied by his captains, receives the keys with true Spanish courtesy, placing his hand on the shoulder of the conquered General, as if consoling him in his misfortune. Many of the heads are splendid, but most of the bodies of the Spanish Captains are screened by Spinola's noble horse. In the corner is a portrait of Velasquez himself, with white hat and plumes. The group on the other side is eminently Flemish, men of lofty stature, but not like the aristocratic Spaniards. The landscape is delicious and characteristic of the country, but the effect of the picture is injured by a row of thirty spears, which, although well drawn, tower four feet above the heads of the Spaniards, look very stiff and veil the beautiful view. The colouring of this painting is excellent. 275. A half-figure of the Conception, by Murillo, is very exquisite. 326. The Virgin appearing to St. Ildefonso, by the same master, colouring better than the composition ; the angels in the corner re admirable, and the old woman with a candle is excellent. 323. San Francisco de Paula, a very good picture, in Murillo's early style. 324. An Old Woman Spinning, by the same master, is very good. 329. A half-figure of our Saviour, with the wafer in his hand, on a gold ground, by Joanes, is hard, but very clever, every hair of the head can be distinguished. 331. St. John and St. Matthew, by Ribalta, are very good. 332. Don Baltasar on horseback ; the countenance of the child is like that of a man's, so serious and thoughtful. The pony is too fat, but there is a wonderful spirit and life about this portrait, his garments flying and the horse galloping out of the canvas; but the landscape is rather too blue and green. 328 and 330. Melchisedek and Aaron, by Joanes, on a gold ground are excellent. 336. St. Stephen preaching the Gospel, by Joanes, part of the series I have mentioned, and same size. Some of the Jews seated are admirable, and the colouring, as usual, rich. 337. The same subject. The

figure of the Saint more angelic, being represented, as he says, looking to the vision painted above: "I see the heavens opening, and the Son of Man sitting at the right hand of God the Father." The furious Jews are covering their ears to shield themselves from what they consider blasphemies, others are pouring anathemas upon the Saint, "gnashing on him with their teeth." It is a truly splendid painting for the composition as well as colouring.* 335. By Velasquez, representing several noble ladies looking at some carpets exposed for sale, and in the foreground women are spinning; the style is sketchy, but very effective.

These are the two principal rooms of the Spanish school; a certain number of paintings is all that can be digested in sight-seeing, or I fear in description. In the same museum is a gallery for sculpture, but nothing can illustrate more strongly the division of the different provinces in Spain than the total absence of the works of the great sculptors in wood often so beautifully painted. There are tolerable heads of a man and woman, carved in pine and coloured, but nothing good, and of the really fine Spanish sculptors there is literally not one work; and the collection of antiques is but poor. The rooms are handsome, the floors paved with marble, and the lights well distributed. Of the modern sculpture there is a group of children worth observing, three playing with a goat, and one with a trumpet, another with a drum, and two playing with a bunch of grapes. There is also a good St. Jerome and a fine lion in bronze, by Piquera. There are also some very beautiful Florence pietro duro tables; and a small figure of Christ at the Column is not bad. 175 is a fine fragment. 276. A Deposition from the Cross in ivory is very beautiful. 1874. There are curious paintings in a room adjoining, of the Inquisition in all its glory. An Antinous, good, with a modern head. There are two figures in alabaster, with faces, &c., gilt, in wretched taste. A figure of Isis is well done. The Urania is a tolerable statue, if it had

* I have followed the numbers as they are placed round the room, but these of course ought to have been with the Martyrdom on the other side of the door.

been well restored. A Nymph, in dark marble, and a fine colossal female figure reposing on a tomb. Castor and Pollux, very light and graceful figures. A cast of an Hermophrodite in bronze. 365. A figure seated, with one hand over her head holding a vase, and the other with a cloth in her hand. The long rooms are full of marbles, but so indifferent and when antiques so badly restored, I saw nothing else at all worth observing.

The Italian school of paintings is in the gallery opposite the entrance of the Museum, though over the door is written, Spanish school. It is undoubtedly the finest collection of Italian paintings in the world, comprising the works of masters which are not to be found in the collections in England, and rarely to be seen in Italy. Passing from the examination of the ancient Spanish artists, the Murillos, Velasquez, Joanes, Ribaltas, Canos, &c., to what is always acknowledged to be the best school in the world, one could not but confess that the comparison is not injurious to the Spanish. The Joanes do not equal the Raphaels nor the Leonardos, but take them altogether, I doubt whether most persons would not be almost as much delighted with the two rooms of Spanish paintings as with the large collection of the Italian schools. There is a charm and beauty about the Murillos which make them favourites with all; and then the paintings by Velasquez are wonderful. I shall only mention those which have a high reputation, which appeared to me originals, and which are good paintings of the different masters.

629. A fine Carita Romana, by Crespi. 632. A very good Bassano; this style is so very easy to recognise; many will be observed by him which I have not mentioned. 634. A remarkably clever St. Sebastian, by Guido; the colouring of the flesh and drapery is admirable, the background is very dark. 637. A Nativity, by Barroccio; the child is in a manger, a cow's head is seen and other figures in the distance, but the only prominent figure is the Virgin, beautifully painted, on her knees before the Infant Christ. 638. A very good Descent from the Cross, by Carducci. 645. A good portrait, by Tintoretto. 643. St. John the Baptist preaching in the

desert, by Caballero Maximo, very fine; the woman and child in the foreground, excellent. 647. The Genius of Painting, by Guercino, a doubtful painting. 660. The Toilet of Venus, pretty good, by Albano. 664. By Andrea del Sarto, a pleasing portrait of his wife. 665. A good Bellini, representing the Virgin and Child worshipped by two saints. 666. The portrait of Mona Lisa, by Leonardo da Vinci, a sweet painting; the lady is very lovely, and her drapery and hands exquisitely finished. Doubts have been expressed of this being a Leonardo, but it appeared to me a fine one. 661. Rebecca and Eliezer, a good Paul Veronese. 670. A Conception, by Tiepolo, very spirited and clever, but the expression of the Virgin is stern and sulky-looking. 671. The Judgment of Paris, by Albano; the faces of the cherubs looking on are charming, and the Venus is admirable. 675. A Last Supper, by Bassano, very richly coloured, and though our Saviour's head is not fine, it is one of the best paintings of this master. 681. A very good picture of the Virgin and Child and St. John, by Andrea del Sarto. 689. A small painting of Christ bearing his Cross, by Sebastian del Piombo; the expression very beautiful, and exquisitely coloured. 711. A Sacrifice to Bacchus, by Caballero Maximo, is very good. 712. Orpheus, by Paduanino, is finely coloured and well drawn. 719. A rich and beautiful painting, by Paul Veronese, representing saints worshipping Jesus, held on an altar by the Madonna. 720. A portrait of Piermaria, a celebrated physician of Cremona, by Anguisola, is extremely good. 723. A charming picture, by Raphael, of the Holy Family, called Agnus Dei, from the inscription in St. John's hand; Joseph is leaning over a fragment of a column, and the Madonna at the foot of a tree, a perfect Grecian beauty, has her arm around the Infant Jesus, who with his round St. John, is looking up to her face with an arch look. The foreground is beautiful; the capital of the column, the grass, and the basket of white linen are carefully finished, and the composition and colouring of the painting excellent, but there are blues about the distant landscape which I do not think Raphael painted. 725. Christ bearing his

Cross is a good Titian. 726. The Pearl, a Holy Family, by Raphael, is close adjoining, and is a still more wonderful painting. The contrast between the lovely Madonna and the old wrinkled St. Ann is charming, and nothing can be more exquisite than the artless innocence of the Saviour on the Saint's knee, seated in one of those charming attitudes which children only can assume. The background of most of the picture is a very dark, rich brown, throwing out splendidly the different figures. St. John is standing, and his face in shadow, but his back, and especially his leg, are beyond all praise. The landscape and sky appear to me to have been painted over by restorers. The basket in the foreground and the grass are beautifully finished. 727. The Flight into Egypt, by Turchi; the angel might have been painted by Guercino. 731. Caballero Maximo, a St. Jerome writing, very good. 733. The Marriage of St. Catherine, by Palma Giovine, is nicely done. 741. The Virgin of the Fish, by Raphael, is an exquisite painting, so simple and classically beautiful; there is far more of mind in this composition than in the other great Raphaels of this collection. The Virgin, with a blue dress and white scarf over her head, is seated on a throne, with rich green drapery falling behind her. She has in her arms the Infant Jesus, who is attending to an angel (perhaps the most graceful figure Raphael ever painted), who is introducing the timid Tobit with the fish in his right hand. St. Jerome, with a noble face, fine beard and crimson dress, is holding a book, as if reading from it, but the angel appears to have succeeded in drawing the attention both of the Virgin and the Saint to Tobit, who is represented with flowing locks, almost feminine in beauty. The expression of the Madonna is full of majesty and grace, and the colouring of the painting is admirable. 743. A charming picture, by Salvator Rosa. The almost too black clouds are the only indications of the wildness of this painter's usual style, otherwise this composition has all the softness of a Claude. 748. A fine representation of Lot inebriated by his daughters, and in the distance the burning cities, by Vaccaro. 751. La Virgin de

la Silla, by Guido; the Child's face is good, and also one of the angels crowning the Virgin, otherwise the painting is stiff, and not pleasing. 752. The Gloria, by Titian. The Holy Trinity is represented above, and Charles I. and Philip II. and other princes and princesses of the House of Austria, are introduced, and several saints and prophets below. It is a wonderfully clever picture; the female figure and Moses and others floating in ether, powerfully drawn and superbly coloured. 739. Christ taking some Holy Fathers out of Limbo, by Sebastian del Piombo, is a very fine painting, the light on the white garments around the loins of our Saviour quite magical. 762. A Dead Christ, by Crespi, is very good. 771. A Charity, not bad for Vasari. 772. An exquisite Andrea del Sarto. The Virgin is dressed in crimson, with a blue mantle on her head, and the Child is naked, and both are looking towards the angel at their feet, holding a book, whilst Joseph, a fine figure in the foreground, is admiring his adopted son. In the distance, is a pretty landscape, and woman with a child. For colouring, drawing and composition, one of the best paintings I have ever seen by this master. 775. St. Margaret, by Titian, a charming picture. 779. Christ bearing his Cross, by Sebastian del Piombo, very fine. 778. A Holy Family, called in the catalogue a Leonardo da Vinci; but I think it is by Luini. 784. El Pasmo de Sicilia. Christ is represented sinking under the weight of the Cross, and a group of women bewailing his suffering, when he exclaims: "Weep not for me, but for your children!" Some of these figures are excellent, and the Saviour is admirable; but the soldier drawing the cord is unnatural and exaggerated. The groups in the background are good, and also the landscape, with Calvary in the distance. With the exception of the figure, whose overstrained attitude almost spoils the whole painting, the composition is good. The colouring is excellent; there is a strength and depth, such as Raphael almost alone possessed; but I like this the least of the four great Raphaels of the gallery, and the Madonna of the Fish the best. 786. A good Adoration of the Shepherds, by Palma

Vecchio. 787. A Prometheus, by Titian, a wonderfully powerful painting. 789. A good Holy Family, by Pantormo. 792. St. Bridget and her Husband offering flowers to our Saviour in the Virgin's arms, a delightful picture, by Giorgione. 794. A Holy Family, called by Raphael, but I think it more like the style of Parmigiano. 799. The Daughter of Herodias receiving from the executioner the head of St. John, by Luini. Her head is very graceful, and charmingly painted; but the present background was never done by Luini. 798. A small Holy Family, by Raphael, in his early style; the Child Jesus is mounted on the lamb. 797. Said to represent the Marriage of Ferdinand V. and Isabella, by Lotto. 801. Venus and Adonis, by Titian, far superior to ours of the same subject, and truly an admirable painting; the colouring as fine as can be conceived, and the figures and dogs reality itself. 804. Moses saved from the waters of the Nile, by Gentileschi; the draperies and the drawing are charming, and the Egyptian on her knees very beautiful. 809. Our Saviour Appearing to the Magdalene, by Correggio. The Magdalene kneeling is a sweet figure, and her garments well painted, but not at all resembling his style. The Saviour's head is fine, and this is the only part and the colouring of the body which are like the usual manner of that great master. Some of the trees in the garden are repainted in the most detestable manner, without form or grace — badly enough to spoil the best picture in the world. 812. Adam and Eve, by Titian; very powerful, but not pleasing. 817. A splendid Crucifixion, by Barroccio, starting from the canvas, so natural and delicate is the flesh. The drawing is also very good, and the expression divine. 821. The Marquis of Vasto addressing his soldiers, by Titian; a fine figure. 825. Christ and the Centurion, by Paul Veronese; an excellent painting. 822. The Entombment of Christ, by Titian; very fine. 834. The Visitation, by Raphael. This is a charming picture, the St. Elizabeth a noble figure, with splendid drapery and turban; the Virgin graceful in the extreme, and modesty itself, concealing her pregnancy with her blue mantle. Nothing can exceed the grace of these two figures,

and never was the Virgin's face painted with a more loveable mien. The landscape also is pleasing, but would have been better without the baptism of our Saviour in the river; and the Father Eternal and angels, of a miniature size, above. 836. Santiago, a fine Guido. 899. Christ disputing with the Doctors, a very excellent Paul Veronese; some of the figures noble in the extreme. 843. Venus and Adonis, is a good painting, by the same master. 851. A fine St. Margaret, by Titian. 852. Ofrenda à la Fecundidad, by Titian, an extraordinary collection of children. 854. A large painting, twelve feet by ten, by the same master, when he was ninety-two, representing Philip II., after the battle of Lepanto, making an offering to God of his son, who is in his arms: this part of this large picture is good. The rest of the composition, except the captive figure, representing Lepanto, is but poor. 855. An excellent Magdalene, by Guido. 858. A good Vanni. 861. A head of a violin player, by Bronzino. 864. A fine Bacchanalian Scene, by Titian. 865. St. Catherine praying, by the same master; well done, but vulgar. 870. A nice portrait, by Tintoretto. 871. A well-painted Madonna and Child, by Andrea del Sarto. 879. A Holy Family, by Parmegianino, beautifully coloured. 880. A good Bassano. 882. An Adoration of the Magi, by Titian. 886. A Magdalene; and 888, a Virgin and Child; both by Sasso Ferrato, and excellent. 898. Susanna and the Elders, by Paul Veronese. 905. A fine portrait, by Raphael. 909. Still finer, by the same. 906. A Lucretia, by Guido, in his pale style. 910. An immense View of Venice, by Bassano. 912 and 914. Very pretty Panninis. 914. A good Ecce Homo, by Titian. 917. The Virgin and Child, and St. Ann and a Lamb, called by Leonardo da Vinci, but it certainly appears to me a very fair Luini. 926. Alfonso, Duke of Ferrara, with his dog, a very fine portrait. 925. A Last Supper, by Carducci, exhibiting a great deal of beauty in some of the figures.

The gallery of various schools contains some good paintings. 357 is a nice portrait, by Carreño, of Charles II. 375. A Dead Christ, by El Greco; the Christ well done, but the angel badly drawn.

Some paintings by Martin de Vos, for those who like them. After descending the stairs, we saw in the first room: 414. Jesus giving the Keys to St. Peter, by Bellini; and a group of three female figures, two very good. 422. A Conception, by Rubens, doubtful. 424. A Virgin, by Quintin Metsys. 311. Stripping our Saviour of His clothes before binding Him to the Column, by J. G. Espinosa; the head of Christ is wanting in dignity, but the rest of the figure is excellent. 429. A Virgin and Child, by Lucas de Leyden; very sweet expression, though hard. 438. A good Santiago, by Ribera. 439. A Dead Christ in the arms of the Virgin, not much like the colouring of Rubens, but the effect of the white body and cloth is fine. 440. St. Rock, a good painting, by Ribera. 442. A Magdalene, by Vandyke. 449. Philip IV., a good Velasquez. 450. Dona Maria, of Austria, by the same; fine drapery. 451. A Holy Family, by Rubens; the St. Ann and St. Joseph are Flemish homely figures, but very well done; the colouring and draperies excellent. 453. The Marriage at Canaan, by Paul Veronese; a brown-coloured picture, but some parts very good. 454. Old Flemish paintings of the fifteenth century. 461. A Calvary, by Daniel de Volterra, is nicely done, but wants varnish.

Second room:—475. A Magdalene, by Carbajal, who was born at Toledo in 1534, and worked in the cathedral there at the age of twenty-one. This picture is wanting in refinement and simplicity of composition, but the expression is pleasing, and the colouring rich. 480. St. Joseph and Child, by Ribera, is good. 482. Archimedes, an excellent painting, by the same master, exhibiting a splendid effect of light and shadow. 484. Ixion tied to the Wheel, also by Ribera, is very powerfully drawn. 485. The Blessing of Isaac is a magnificent picture, by the same master; drapery like Paul Veronese: the mother urging on her favourite child is excellent. 496. The Crowning of Christ with Thorns, is a very fine Vandyke, exhibiting great power; the figure kneeling before Him like Caravaggio. 495. St. John and the Lamb, by Ribera.

In the doorway of the second room:—509 and 511. St. Paul and St. Peter, by El Mudo. 520. A good St. Francis, by D. Francisco Rizi, who was born in Madrid in 1595, and died in 1675, and has the credit of caring too much for rapidity of execution, and introducing a vicious style. 526. A good Landscape, by Iriarte, who was born at Azcoitia in 1620, and died at Madrid in 1685. He was a pupil of Herrera, the elder, and almost the only good professed landscape painter Spain has produced; but his works are not to be compared to the landscapes of Velasquez or Murillo. 527. Portrait of the poet Gongora, by Velasquez. 531. St. Hernenigild, a very clever painting, by Herrera el Mozo, who was born in Seville in 1622. 540. Avenue at Aranjuez, by Velasquez; trees dark, and a fine broad effect of light and shadow. 541. The Marriage of St. Catherine is a good picture, and the draperies excellent, by Mateo Cerezo, who was born at Burgos in 1635, and died at Madrid in 1685. 543. A Magdalene in Ecstacy, by Antolinez, born in Seville in 1639. 542 and 545. Cleaning, by Ribera. (This notice is put up when a painting is in the hands of the cleaner: "Pray for their safe deliverance.") 546. The Passage of the Red Sea, by March, is very good. 550. St. Jerome, by Murillo, in his early style.

At the end of the long gallery of the Italian school is a circular room, which contains many indifferent French paintings, and some admirable works of art. The greatest treasures are eight Claudes. 1049. A Morning Scene, with the Magdalene in the foreground; the distance very beautiful. 1080. Sunset, and the figures of the Angel and Tobit, by Courtois, in the foreground; the sky perhaps too red, but the water excellent. 1081. A splendid painting, representing Sunrise, and a composition of architecture, trees, and sea-view; the figures representing Santa Paula embarking for the Holy Land, by Courtois; a truly charming landscape. 1082 and 1086. Two smaller Claudes, Morning and Evening, figures by Filippo Laura. 942. View in the Forum Romanum, the Colosseum in the distance; figures also by the same artist; a charming painting. 947. A beautiful composition of Water and

an Aqueduct; figures by Courtois; a delightful landscape. 975. A reddish Claude, with an anchorite in the foreground. These eight Claudes are all very beautiful, but 1082, 942 and 947, are as fine as any I ever saw by this great painter.

948 is a very good Bacchanalian Scene, by Nicholas Poussin. 956 and 1069. Adam and Eve, by Albert Durer, are well done. 972. Albert Durer, a portrait of himself. 976. A Landscape, by Poussin. 983. Bacchus receiving Ariadne, and Cupid in his Car, and other figures, by Poussin. 992. A splendid Head, by Albert Durer. 989. Mount Parnassus, by Nicholas Poussin. 1009 and 1017, by Albert Durer; the last represents the three ages of woman: infancy, the young woman, and the old one, with Death at her elbow; of course, there are never any intermediate stages. 1018. Portrait, by Holbein. 1050. The Chace of Meleager, an excellent painting, by N. Poussin, less brown than usual. 1023. St. Cecilia, by the same artist. 1149 and 1150 are portraits in the passage, by El Greco.

The retiring room for the royal family, when wearied with pictures, is very comfortably furnished, with a rich carpet and sofas, and amongst many bad French paintings there are several gems, four by Titian. A naked woman reposing on a couch, and Cupid whispering to her, while a cavalier at the organ is turning round to observe her. The same subject is repeated, without the Cupid. The beautiful woman is playing with her dog, and this painting is much better than the other; indeed, it is a first-rate Titian. In the distance, in both these paintings, is a stiff avenue of trees, with a fountain.

There is also in this room a still more exquisite picture, by Titian, of Danae. The colouring is splendid, and the contrast between youth and age admirable. These two paintings are the best of this master in the museum. There is, however, a fourth picture by Titian, Perseus and Andromeda, but it is entirely spoilt by repainting. There are also two excellent Goyas in this room. In the passage (1121) is a good Bathsheba, by Giordano.

1132 is a good painting of Time destroying Beauty, commencing with her hair, by Cessi.

In the Flemish school, to the left of the circular room, I noticed: — 1200. A good Brueghel. 1199 and 1203. Portraits of the Archduke Albert and his wife, by Rubens, with landscapes. 1210. A good Fair, by Teniers. 1217. A small spirited Hunt of a Wild Boar, by Snyders. 1220. A Holy Family, and other Saints, and Landscape, by Rubens, in his best style. 1216. Contest of the Lapithæ, by the same artist, very powerfully drawn. 1222. The Triumph of Bacchus also by Rubens. 1245. The Countess of Oxford, by Vandyke. 1257. Landscape and Figures, by Monper, very soft and beautiful. 1269. A Pastoral Subject, by Teniers. 1270. A splendid Rural Fête, by the same. 1274. The Archduke Albert in a gallery of paintings, by the same; Teniers and the Grand Duke examining them. This is a wonderful effort of industry, the pictures are so well done. 1282. Our Charles I. on horseback, very good, by Vandyke. 1292. Adoration of the Magi, by Rubens; an immense painting, and certainly very fine. The Madonna presenting the Infant Jesus to the Kings, is very beautiful; and the Magi are noble figures, with gorgeous draperies. 1295 and 1297. Excellent Brueghels. 1296. The Temptation of St. Anthony is a good Teniers. 1300. The Banquet of Tereus, by Rubens, is very fine. 1301. Marriage of St. Catherine is an excellent Jordaens. 1309 and 1311. Flight into Egypt, and Repose of the Holy Family, by Woofaerts. 1307 and 1315. Tolerable Rombouts. 1320. Mercury and Argus, very excellent, by Rubens. 1321. Fine Brueghel. 1330. The Queen Artemisa, by Rembrandt. 1345. Maria de Medicis, by Rubens. 1344 and 1354. Tolerable Boths. 1350. Don Ferdinand of Austria on horseback, by Rubens. 1361. The Sciences and the Arts, by Brueghel; a laborious painting, but very beautiful. The Judgment of Paris, by Rubens. 1379. The Incredulity of St. Thomas, by Hinthorst is very good.

In the room to the right of the circular saloon: — 1391

and 1404. Fine Snyders. 1392, 1393, and 1394. Excellent Portraits, by Vandyke. 1400. Philip II. on horseback is very fine, by Rubens. 1402. Sciences and Arts, by Brueghel. 1403. A Lady reading, by Van Eyck. 1407. Vandyke and the Earl of Bristol, Charles I.'s Ambassador at Madrid, by Vandyke. 1411 and 1412. Monkeys Feasting, by Teniers. 1415. Jesus in the House of Martha and Mary Magdalene, by Seghers. 1418. A pretty Interior, by Neefs. 1425 to 1436. Subjects taken from Tasso, by Teniers, in rather a hard style. 1443 and 1444. Good Brueghels. 1448. An admirable Teniers, representing a Village Feast; figures larger than usual. 1449. Achilles in the Court of Licomedes, disguised as a woman, discovered by Ulysses, from his caring more for a sword than jewels, a fine painting by Rubens. 1457. A beautiful Both. 1470. Another, by the same artist. 1464. A charming Interior, by Teniers, representing a Feast, called Le Roi Boit. 1467. A nice Wouvermans. 1501. A good Landscape, with figures, by Teniers. 1509. A fine St. Peter, by Rubens. From 1509 to 1514, Heads of Apostles, by Rubens. 1515. Portrait of Sir Thomas Moore, by the same artist. 1531 to 1536. Apostles and Saints, also by Rubens. 1546. La Virgin de las Angustias. A Dead Christ, and the Virgin, is an exquisite Vandyke; for colouring and drawing beyond all praise. 1558. Wild Boar, by Snyders, attacked by dogs. 1567. A Surgical Operation, by Teniers. 1568. Snow-scene, by Beextrate. 1569. Smokers, by Teniers, 1571. A Private Family, by Jordaens, richly coloured. 1576. The Garden of Love, by Rubens; a splendid painting, in which are represented cavaliers, and all Rubens' favourite beauties, wives, &c. 1575. A charming Rubens, representing Rudolph of Hapsburgh, placing on his own horse a priest who was bearing the host; the landscape is beautiful. 1579. Dogs baiting a Bull, by P. de Vos, very good. 1578. Vulcan, by Rubens. 1588. The Rape of Europa, by the same artist. 1602. Paysage, by Monper. 1603. A Palace near a Lake, by Brueghel. 1607. The Taking of Jesus, a splendid painting, by Vandyke; the figure of our Saviour very

noble. 1615 is a good Teniers. 1617. A beautiful Interior, by Neefs.

In the passage to the third room of the Flemish school:—1646 is an interesting copy of a portrait of Queen Isabella, by Rincon, representing her as pretty, with a sweet and amiable expression. 1654. Perseus and Andromeda, by Rubens. The figure of Perseus in armour is excellent, and the face of Andromeda fine, but her figure is detestable. 1661. A very pretty Brueghel. Venus, Cupid, and Flowers. 1665. Diana and Actæon, and a pretty landscape, by Van Artois. 1662. Ceres and Pomona, by Rubens and Snyders, is a beautiful painting. 1666. Eve tempting Adam, copied by Rubens from a painting of Titian's; a beautiful painting, Adam a very fine figure. 1670. Flora, said to be by Brueghel and Rubens, but I should think the figure was by Cornelio de Vos, who painted also 1675. 1673. Adoration of the Magi, by Pietro de Lignes. 1679 and 1683. Tolerable views of Tivoli, by Both. 1680. A fine Meleager by Jordaens. 1681. A charming picture by Rubens, representing Nymphs surprised by Satyrs, an admirable painting, full of life and alarm, except one nymph, sleeping beautifully in the foreground. 1686. Nymphs and Satyrs, by Rubens, pretty, but not equal to 1681. 1689. Orpheus and Eurydice, fine. 1696. By Rubens; Juno, a dreadfully flabby figure, having descended from her car, drawn by peacocks, is nursing Hercules, and missing his mouth, creates the Milky Way. 1704. The Judgment of Paris, by Rubens, not to be compared to ours, the divinities are all Flemish mares. 1710. The Graces, without grace (by Rubens), but beautifully coloured. 1713. The Four Elements, by Brueghel and Van Balen. 1715. Diana and Calisto, by Rubens, a splendid painting, and admirably coloured. 1720. Fortune, a graceful figure, with one foot on a sphere, and the other on the sea, and garments floating in the wind, by Rubens. 1717 and 1719. Two good female portraits, by Sir Anthony More. 1721. St. Francis d'Assis in ecstacy, is very fine, by Vandyke. 1729. A fine Snyders. 1739. A Goat suckling a young Wolf, and a pretty landscape, very

good, by the same master. 1743. A beautiful Landscape with figures, by Brueghel. 1742. A Forest, water, and figures shooting, by Ansloot, very good. 1745. Animals and Fruit, by Snyders; the dog snarling at the cat excellent. 1746. A stiff Palace and Paysage, with a pretty group of figures, by Brueghel. 1751 and 1754. Good Landscapes, by Snayers. 1758. Dogs hunting Deer, by Snyders. 1767. A Both, with a fine effect of sunset, and figures representing Philip baptizing the Eunuch. 1768. A good Porbus, a portrait of Mary of Medicis. 1770. A beautiful Naval Battle, called by G. Van Eyck. 1772. A good Vandyke. 1774, 1782, 1784, and 1786. Good Boths; the rocks in the foreground of the two latter very well painted; and 1774, a Sunrise, is very beautiful. 1787. A procession at Antwerp, in honour of the Virgin, by Ansloot; descriptive of the place and costumes. 1788. St. Paul preaching, and a Landscape, by Swanefeld. 1793. A better Landscape, by ditto. 1800. Cupid on a Dolphin, by Quellyn. 1816. In the style of Both, and very good. 1820. Animals and Fruit, by Paul de Vos. 1826. A good Portrait of a Lady, by Porbus. 1829. A pleasing Sea-view, said to be by Gaspar Van Eyck.

On the upper story there is a collection of royal portraits, commencing with the Austrian dynasty; Juaña and her husband, and afterwards, the Bourbons, including Isabella II.; the best are duplicates of the paintings in the gallery, by Velasquez and Carreño. We were in the Museum for at least three hours every morning, for ten days together; and when we had at last got through the Dutch paintings, we were too weary to examine this collection of portraits as they deserve, few being attractive as works of art, though many are historically interesting.

# APPENDIX E.

## GALLERY OF VALLADOLID.

The gallery in the church of Santa Cruz, at Valladolid, contains some good paintings and interesting sculptures. On entering there are some carved stalls, from the Franciscan convent, said to be by Berruguete, and many of the figures are good. On the staircase are two colossal statues of female saints, by Hernandez. In the upper gallery are some medallions, from the convent of the Majorada, said to be by Berruguete. In the front room: 9. By Carducci, is rather a clever picture. 10. A good Christ at the Well, by Barco, who was born at Madrid in 1645. 12, is a nice old painting. 15. San Domingo de Guzman giving bread to the poor, by Bartolomé Cardenas, who was born in Portugal, in 1547, and was a scholar of Coello's. Bermudez praises him for his composition, correct drawing, drapery, knowledge of anatomy, and his pleasing colouring. Portions of this large picture are very good.

In the second room, St. Peter in Prison, is a fine Ribera. 4 and 10. Adoration of the Kings and Shepherds, by Bartolomé Cardenas, much injured, but good. In the third room: 14 and 19. Two Bishops, from San Benito, by Alberto Perez, well drawn and nicely coloured. Fourth room: 1. A Holy Family, signed Didacus Dizaz, 1621, is excellent; the Madonna, and especially the Child in her arms, very lovely, and the St. Ann and the angels above admirable. 4. The Assumption of the Virgin, by Rubens, is very well done, and may be an original, which I think it is, though it has not quite Rubens' strength of colouring. The others assigned to that master in this room, appear to me copies: certainly 5, the Adoration of the Shepherds, though 6, the Triumph of the Sacrament, is more like his style. The model of the convent of the Prado, by Palacios, is nicely made.

20 and 22, in the fifth room, two large paintings, illustrating the life of St. Domingo, by Cardenas, are good, especially his Baptism. The Pearl of the Majorada is a Holy Family, said to be by Giulio Romano, but it is not like his style, and though the colouring is good, the drawing is very faulty. In the sixth room: St. Joachim and Child, said to be by Murillo, is a good picture, but not, I think, in any of the styles of that master. 5. An Annunciation, by Jusepe Martinez, who studied at Rome, and died in 1612; it is a good painting, but the attitude of the angel is bad. St. Luke painting our Saviour, from the convent of the Franciscans, is well done. Seventh room, up stairs, Madonna and Child, by Martinez; the Madonna beautiful. The life of St. Jerome, in a singular old retablo, from the convent of Majorada, containing some other very ancient and curious paintings. 15. A good portrait of St. Jerome. Eighth room contains a curious collection of old paintings, from the Cartuja d'Anaja, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, in old-fashioned frames decorated in the same manner. The heads in all these paintings are remarkably fine. They represent the Passion of Our Lord; the Last Supper is very well done. In the ninth room is a carved figure of St. John, which is good. 18. An Annunciation, by Alessandro Bronzino, not badly coloured. The Temptation of St. Anthony, by El Bosco, is clever.

In the tenth room an expressive head of the Virgin is said to be Becerra, a painter, architect and sculptor, born at Baza in 1520, and died at Madrid in 1570. He was remarkable, especially as a sculptor, for his correct Italian taste, and was a great favourite of Philip II. A Holy Family, not bad, by Peti, who was born at Salamanca, and was a pupil of Luca Giordano. St. Bartholomew, by Ribera, much injured. A Conception, not bad. 14. Curious paintings, with heads of Saints.

The grand saloon, one hundred and twenty-seven feet long, twenty-five wide, and fifty high, contains some fine paintings. 8 and 10, by Ribera. The carved stalls from St. Benito, by Berruguete, are superb; some of the figures of Saints, indi-

cating the particular seats of the heads of the different Benedictine convents in Spain, who assembled here occasionally in grand chapter, are excellent. In the centre of the room are two fine gilt bronze figures of the Duke and Duchess of Lerma, by Pompeio Leoni, who died at Madrid in 1610. He was born in Italy, and came into Spain with his father, Leo Leoni, who was employed by Charles V. 11. St. Francis and a brother Saint, by Rubens, exhibits fine drawing. 6. A Crucifixion, by Morales, is very good. 12. A very fine painting of the Angels bearing St. Anthony into Heaven, by Rubens. 2. A portrait of the Count Duke of Olivares, but not like the one by Velasquez at Madrid. The Assumption of the Virgin, a large painting, by Rubens. 16. St. Bruno, by Zurbaran. A Bodegan, 6, said to be by Velasquez.

It is at Valladolid that two of the best Spanish sculptors can alone be studied. Juan de Juni was believed by Palomino to have been a Flemish artist, and Bermudez, in his dictionary, suspects he was an Italian, but in another work has no doubt he was a Castilian;* and from his style, and none of his works existing in Italy, which seems as if he went there to stay only, I think he was a Spaniard. There is no doubt, however, that he lived at Valladolid about the middle of the sixteenth century. Bermudez may be right in suspecting him to have been a pupil of Michael Angelo, for he is distinguished beyond all others in Spain for his knowledge of anatomy, and strength and vigour carried to such an excess, that Bermudez may well say the contortions of his figures are more calculated to create terror than inspire devotional feelings.

Gregorio Hernandez, born in Galicia in 1556, passed his life in Valladolid, and was probably a pupil of Juni's, but his works possess infinitely more feeling and beauty than those of his master. Like Fra Angelico and Joanes, he used to prepare himself for his work by religious exercises, and their influence may be traced in all his works. With more vigour than Montañes, and less than

* Sterling, 296.

his master, I think he excels them both in correctness of form, and the deep, pious expression of his figures. There are some sculptures here also of Alonso Berruguete, who was born at Peredes de Nava, in Old Castile, in 1480, and studied under Michael Angelo, and like his master, was a painter, sculptor and architect; his carvings in the choirs are admirable, and also exhibit a very correct Italian taste.

On entering the first room, containing the sculpture, it was almost startling to see so many figures so like life. A vast space is allowed in this museum to trash, and here real treasures of art are crowded together in a manner which greatly injures their effect. The Deposition first rivets the attention. The two thieves on their crosses are by Pompeio Leoni; and all the other figures of this group and in this room are by Hernandez; the figures represented as pulling the ropes, and the one making a tomb, are very spirited. The Virgin is exquisite, the Magdalene very fine, and the Dead Christ also admirable; altogether, this is a wonderful group. The figures representing the Baptism of Christ in the Jordan are extremely fine, both for the sculpture and colouring, and the drapery is excellent. The group representing Christ in the Sepulchre is very good. The angel at each end, and the four sleeping soldiers at each angle of the sepulchre are grand. There are also several large figures in the room, portions of groups of the Crucifixion, very bold and like life. In the same room 1, 2, and 4, are good, by Hernandez; and there is a curious old Gothic retablo. 10, 12 and 16, are by Juan Juni. 14. St. Teresa, by Hernandez, is well executed. In the centre of the room is a Conception, by Hernandez, very beautiful. 23. A Christ on the Cross, and the two Marys, fine. 22 and 25. Madonnas, by Hernandez; the latter, with the Child, very lovely. In the third room are some curiously carved cases, which are very handsome. 2. St. Teresa, by Hernandez, is very good. Some little figures, by Berruguete, and indeed all the small sculptures in this room are by this artist. A Christ bearing the Cross, by Hernandez, is remarkably fine; the two figures guarding him are excellent. Christ in the Sepul-

chre, by Juan de Juni, is splendid. Nicodemus and St. Joseph at each end are very fine; also the Magdalene and St. John supporting the Virgin and the Veronica. This is truly a magnificent group. 18. La Signora del Carmen giving the scapulary to Simon Stock, by Hernandez, colouring not so good. St. Juan, by Berruguete, is excellent. 20. St. Bruno, by Juni, is a noble statue, colouring like life. 22. Virgin and Child, by Hernandez. 23. St. Christopher, by Berruguete, is very fine. 24. St. Anthony, by Becerra, is superb. 4. St. Sebastian, by Berruguete, is very excellent. There is now no catalogue to this room, or the museum; nor could I procure a sight of the edition which has long since been exhausted. The woman who goes round with strangers seems to have committed it to memory; but I was not able to learn who the old paintings were by, and she said the catalogue is silent on the subject; another is making, and will appear perhaps in a few years.—Cosas de España.

THE END.

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